

DELL

NO. 3

A GIANT COMIC

25¢

the Lone Ranger's

# GOLDEN WEST





# THE AMERICAN INDIAN



Years before the age of written history, from the endless stretches of eastern Asia, a series of migrations began which led to the gradual occupation of North and South America by the ancestors of the first people of the Western Hemisphere . . . THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

As the years passed, the Indians wandered to every section of the new continent. They formed separate tribes, each with their own culture, customs and beliefs. All, however, were united in their bravery, skill and cunning.

The natural environment of the country greatly determined the way in which a tribe would live. For example, the Blackfoot people of the Great Plains became excellent hunters, especially of the buffalo who traveled in great herds across the Dakotas and Nebraska. The Iroquois, on the other hand, living in the eastern woodland forests, turned to farming, raising such crops as corn, squash, beans, pumpkins, watermelon and sweet potatoes. They also developed Indian handicrafts into specialized ways of living.

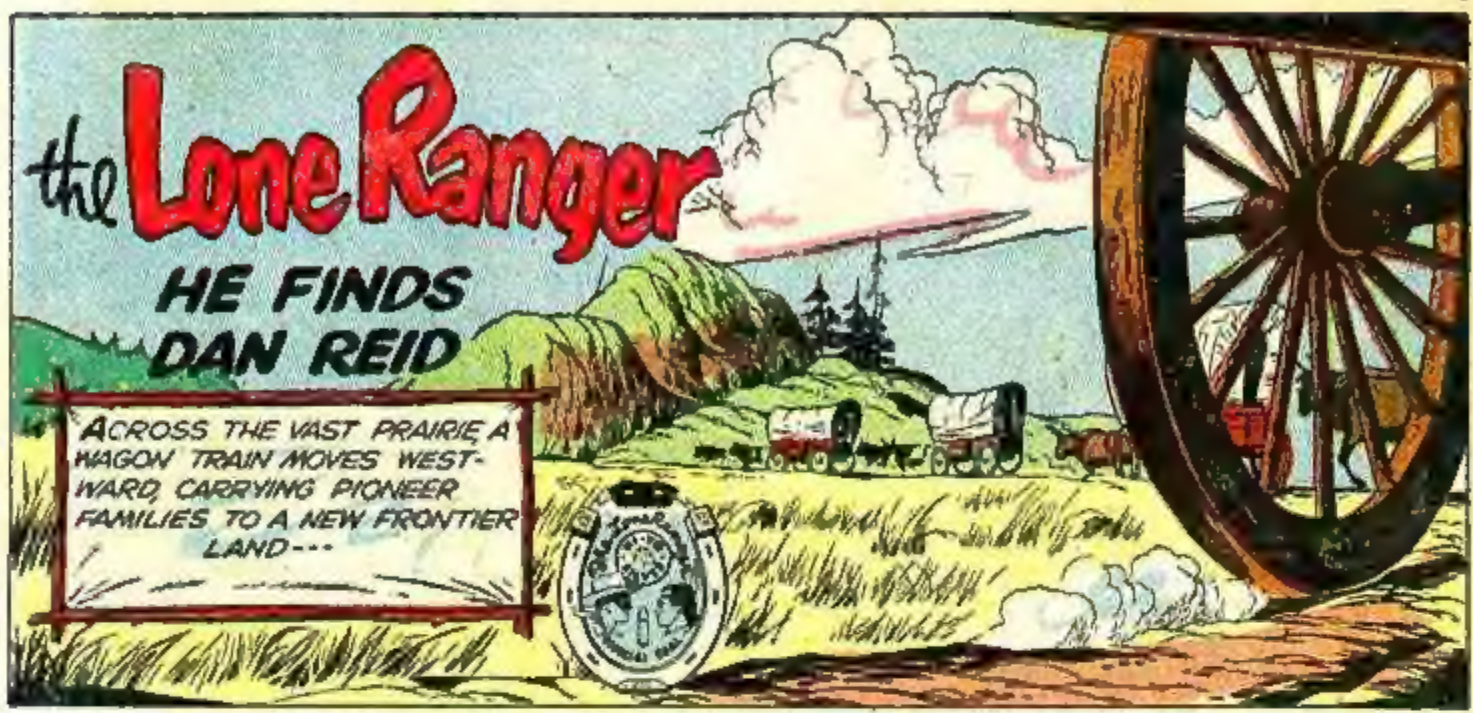
Few peoples in the world, armed with the same primitive tools, could create such wonderful ornaments as have the Indians. Exquisite necklaces, decorative breastplates and delicate beadwork for belts and clothing, intricately designed with unceasing patience, are but a few of the products resulting from Indian craftsmanship.

Music and the dance have always been important in Indian life and religion. Almost all Indian activities are either celebrated or lamented in song and dance. There is the witchdoctor's chant to chase the evil spirits from the sick man's body; there is the famous war dance; the songs accompanying prayers for good harvest or happy hunting; and the ceremonial dances in commemoration of great events in Indian history.

As warriors, the Indians' bravery is legendary. History is rich with examples of their courage from early times against the Spanish conquistadors up to the bloody battles against units of the U. S. Cavalry after the Civil War. Fighting sometimes against overwhelming odds, their amazing skill with bow and arrow, and their ability to adapt their warfare methods to conditions of the land and the size of the enemy force, has often given the Indian victory where the others would find defeat.

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# the Lone Ranger

## HE FINDS DAN REID

ACROSS THE VAST PRAIRIE A WAGON TRAIN MOVES WESTWARD, CARRYING PIONEER FAMILIES TO A NEW FRONTIER LAND---



YOU KNOW, MRS. REID, LITTLE DANNY LOOKS LIKE HE'S REALLY ENJOYING THIS TRIP!

HE IS, BUT WE'LL BOTH BE HAPPY WHEN WE REACH FORT LARAMIE!



YOUR HUSBAND MEETING YOU THERE, MA'AM?

YES, IF HE CAN GET LEAVE FROM THE COMPANY OF TEXAS RANGERS HE COMMANDS!

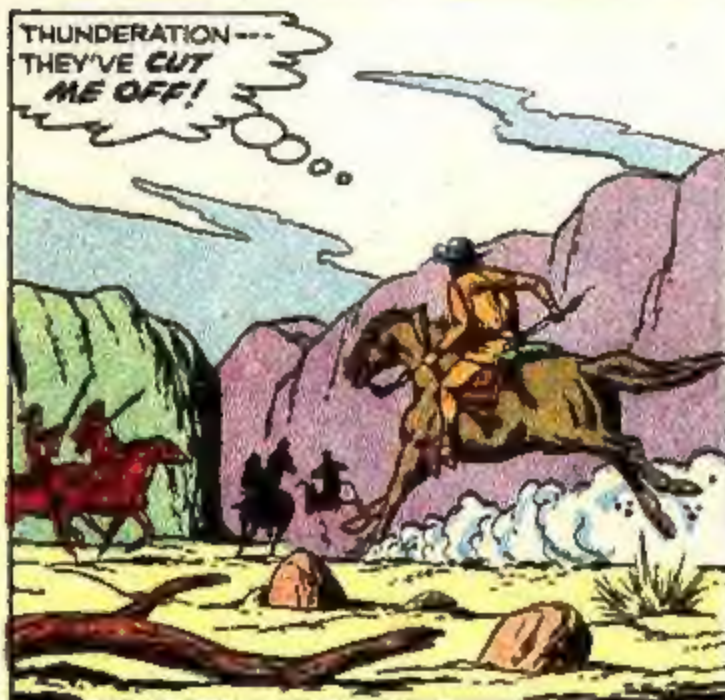


SEE YOU LATER! I AM TO BRING US INTO LARAMIE BY NOON TOMORROW! RIGHT NOW, I'LL HAVE TO SCOUT THE VALLEY YONDER FOR INDIAN SIGNS!

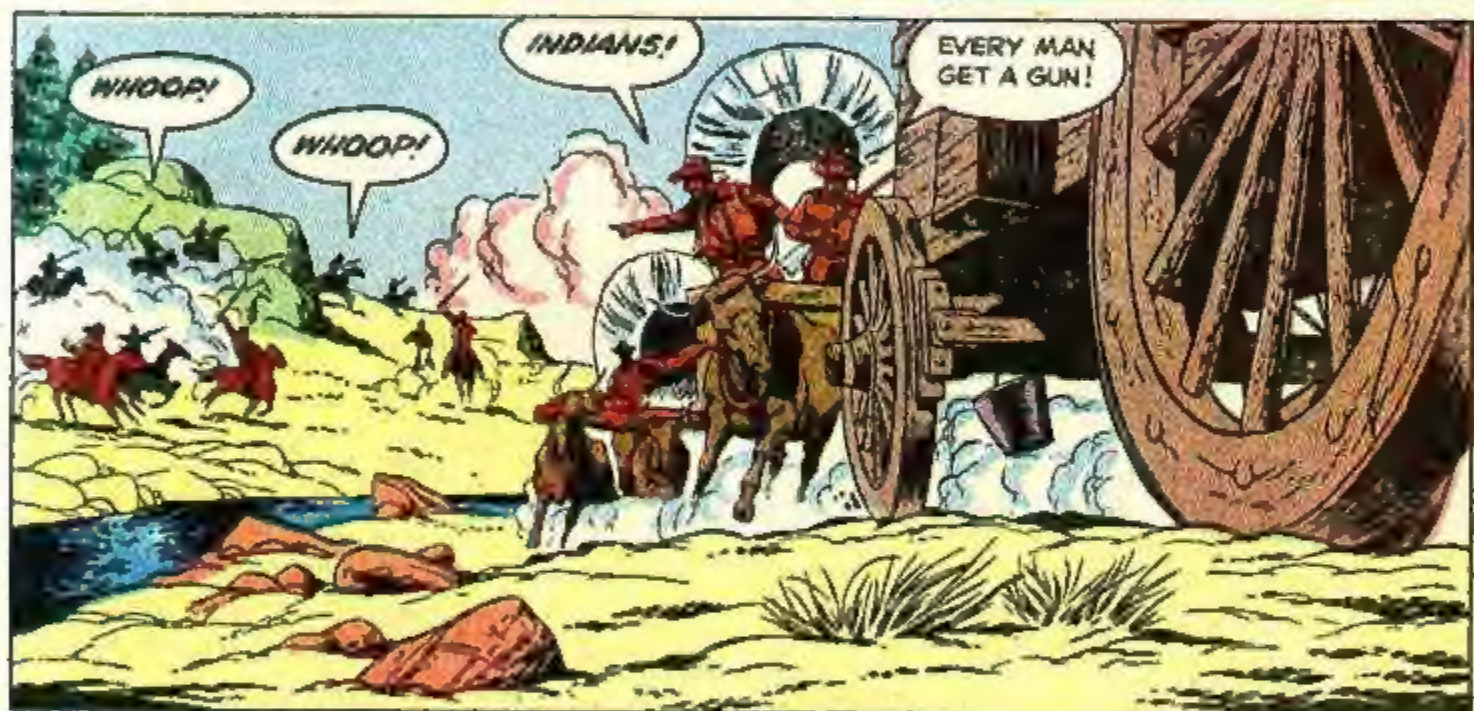


AND AS THE SCOUT TROTS CAREFULLY INTO THE PASS, HOSTILE EYES FOLLOW HIM---











AS GUNS BLAZE ACROSS THE VALLEY, THE WOMEN VALIANTLY RELOAD THE WEAPONS---



BUT AS MORE AND MORE OF THE MEN FALL FROM THE FIRING LINE, THE PIONEER WOMEN TAKE UP THEIR RIFLES---



DANNY, THERE'S LITTLE HOPE THAT WE'LL DRIVE THEM OFF! BUT MAYBE I CAN *HIDE* YOU IN THE FALSE BOTTOM OF THIS TRUNK!



THERE! --- HE CAN BREATHE EASILY! NOW TO GET THIS TRUNK TO A PLACE WHERE IT MAY BE SAFE!



IF I PUSH THIS WAGON SO IT WILL GO OFF FAR ENOUGH, THE APACHES MAY BE SO BUSY LOOTING THE REST OF THE TRAIN THEY MAY NOT FIND THE TRUNK! THEN, IF I SURVIVE, I MAY BE ABLE TO RESCUE DANNY LATER!





AS THE FIRING CONTINUES, THE LONE WAGON JOGS DOWNHILL, COMING TO A STOP BY THE BANK OF THE ROCKY STREAM---



WE CAN'T ESCAPE! BUT MAKE 'EM PAY DEARLY FOR THIS!

BLAM!

OWW!

BANG!



THE NEXT MORNING---

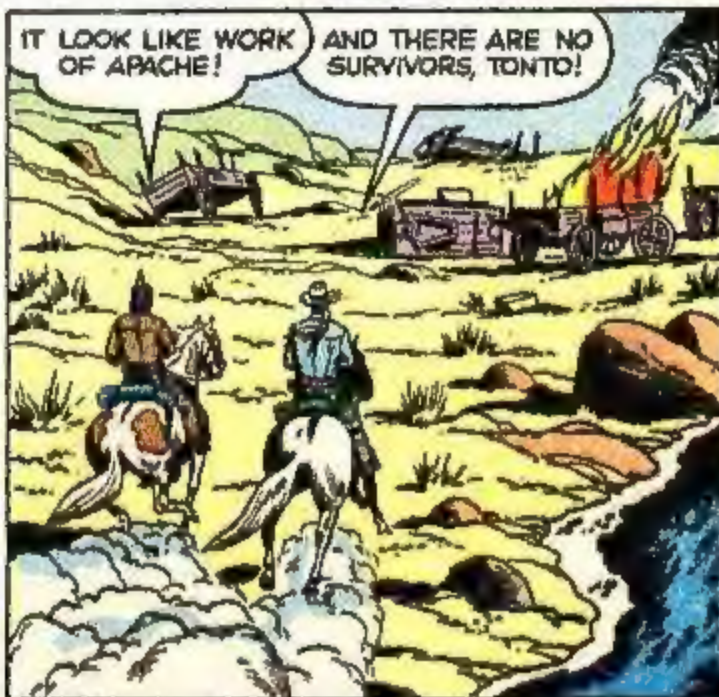
BLACK SMOKE, TONTO!  
IT MUST MEAN TROUBLE!  
---COME ON, SILVER!

KEMO SABAY,  
SMOKE!

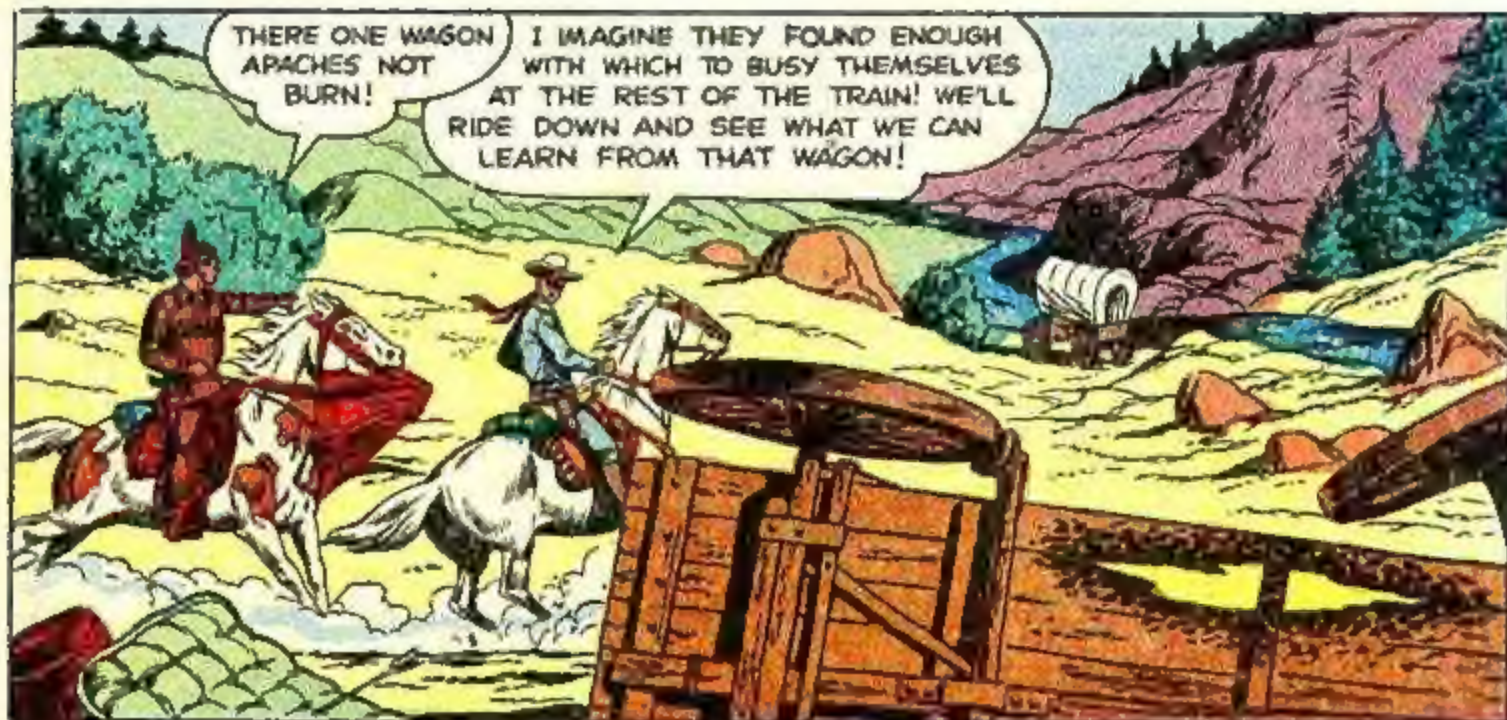


IT LOOK LIKE WORK  
OF APACHE!

AND THERE ARE NO  
SURVIVORS, TONTO!









"I GAVE HIM MY WORD I WOULD AND LAUGHED OFF HIS REQUEST! SUDDENLY, AS WE ENTERED THE VALLEY, WE WERE ATTACKED! IN THE FIGHTING, MY BROTHER WAS MORTALLY WOUNDED--"

DAN!

I-I'M NOT GOING---TO MAKE IT BACK---



REMEMBER YOUR PROMISE-- RESIGN FROM THE RANGERS... WORK THE SILVER MINE WE STAKED OUT---USE THE--- MONEY---HELP LINDA AND DANNY---

I PROMISE! I PROMISE!



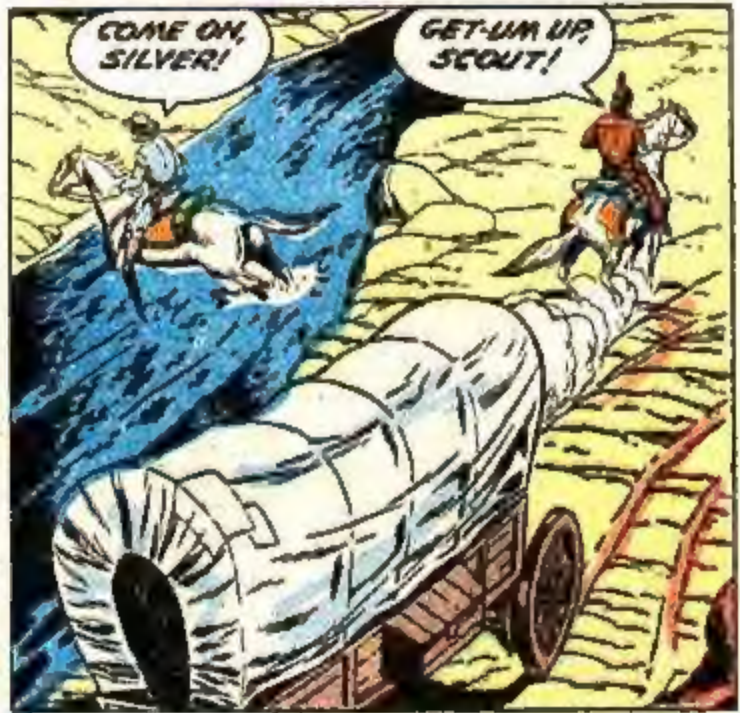
SOMETIME INDIAN CARRY OFF WOMEN AND CHILDREN! MEBBE THEY CAPTIVES--- MEBBE THEY ALIVE!

IT'S A FAINT HOPE, TONTO! I'LL FOLLOW THE RAIDERS' TRAIL! RIDE FOR FORT LARAMIE AND TELL THEM WHAT HAPPENED! LET THEM SEND SOME MEN HERE TO TAKE CARE OF THOSE POOR SOULS WHILE THE REST FOLLOW THE TRAIL I'LL BLAZE TO THE APACHE CAMP!



COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



UNTIL NIGHTFALL, THE LONE RANGER FOLLOWS THE RAIDERS' TRAIL DESPITE THEIR EFFORTS TO COVER IT, UNTIL SUDDENLY---

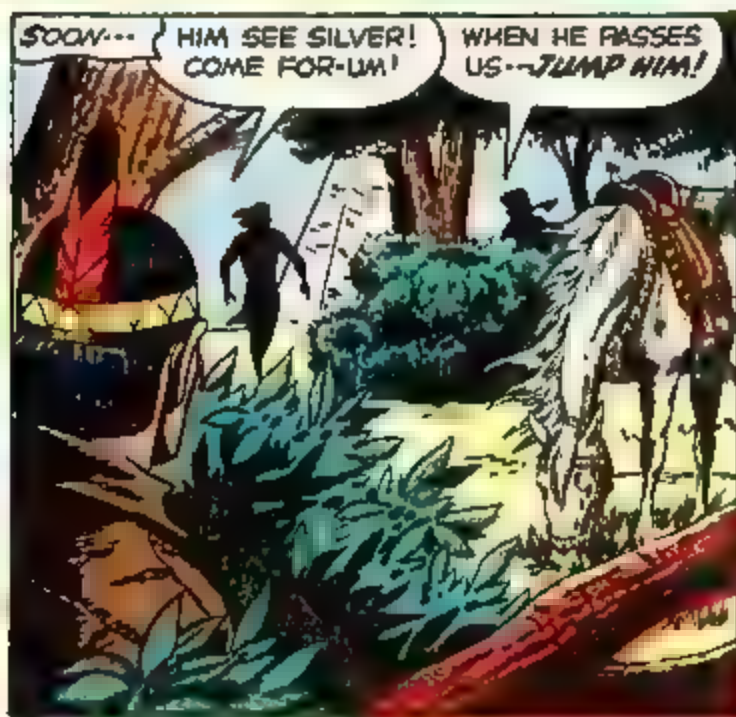
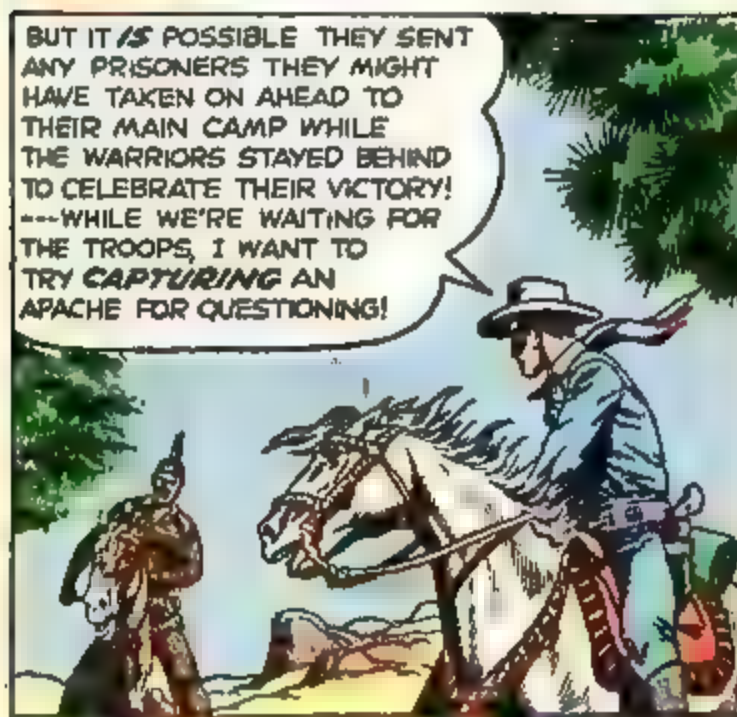
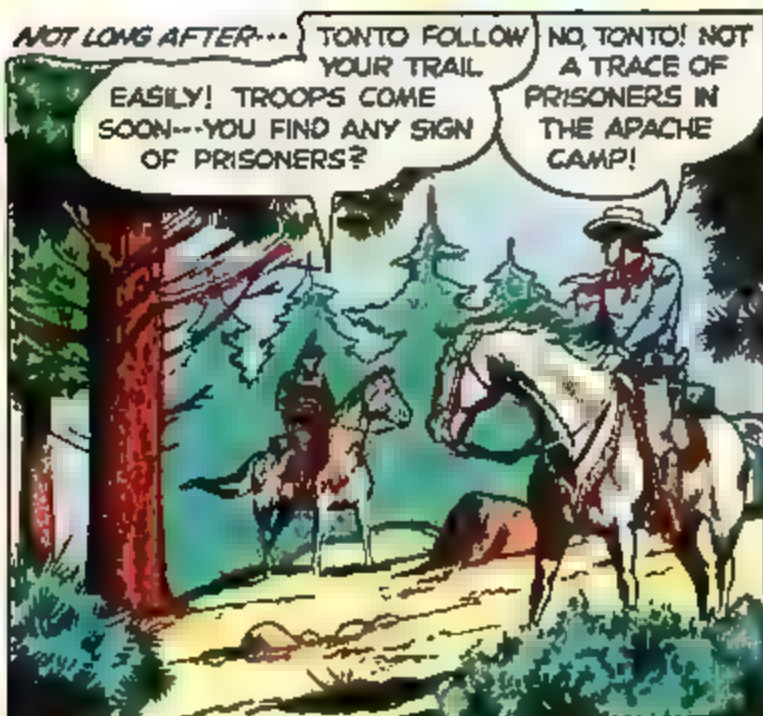
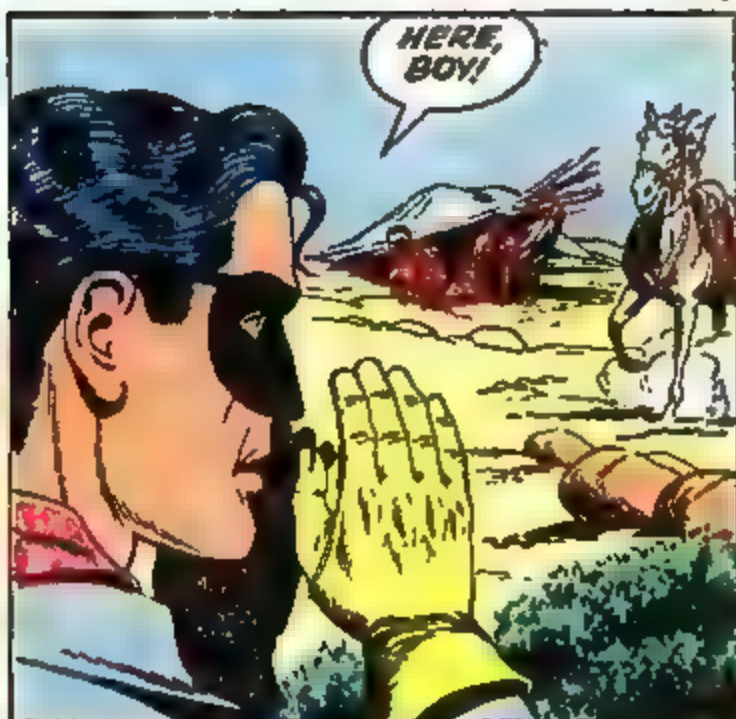
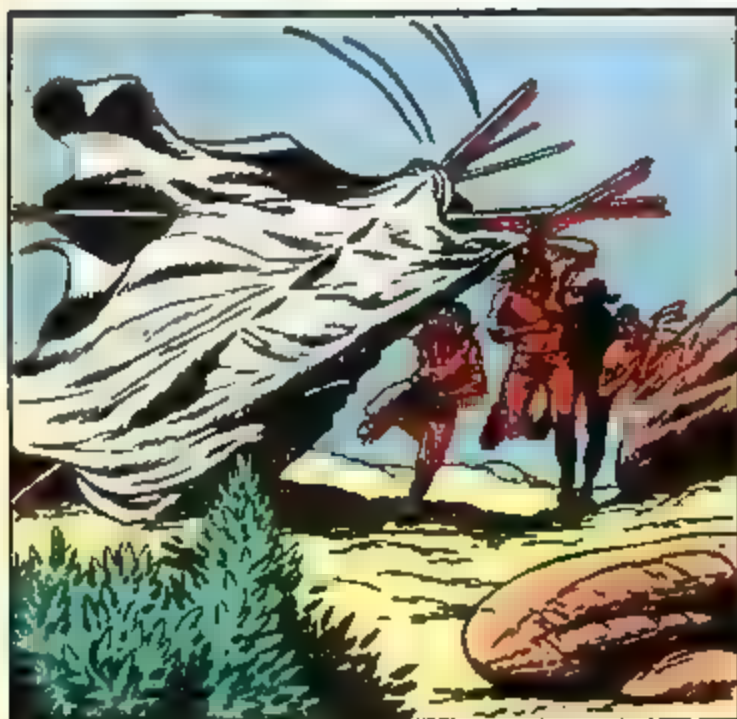
THEY'VE MADE CAMP! --- BUT WHILE THEY'RE HOLDING THEIR VICTORY DANCE, PERHAPS I CAN CRAWL CLOSER AND FIND OUT WHETHER LINDA AND DANNY ARE PRISONERS!



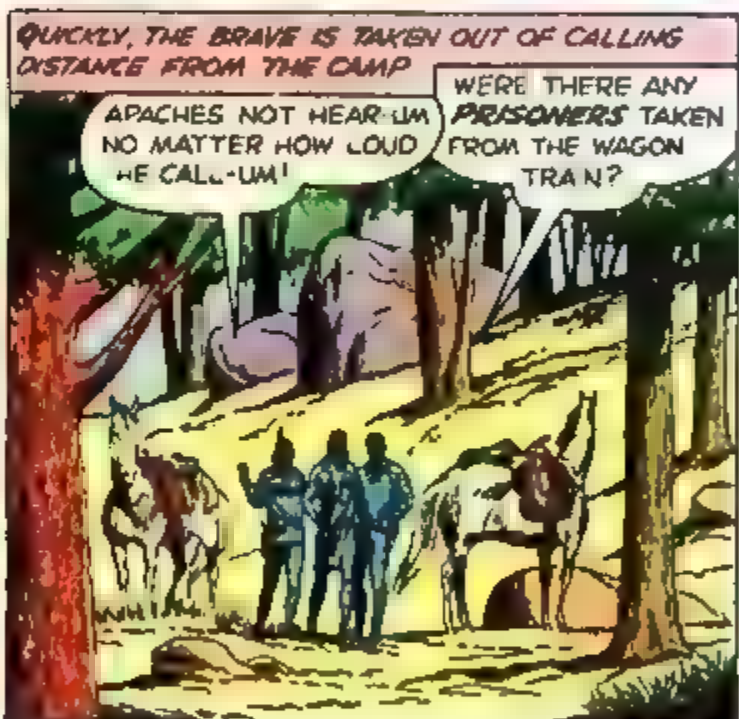
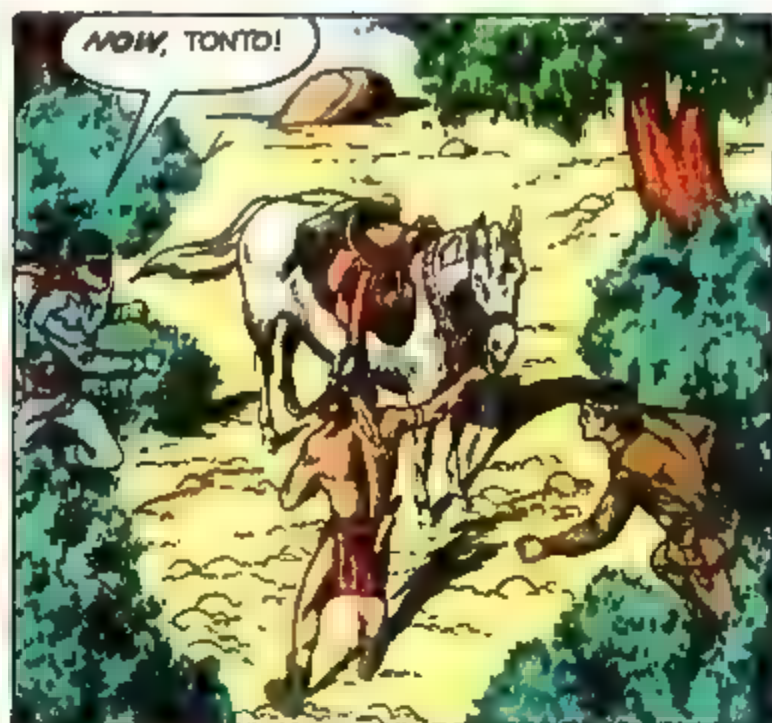
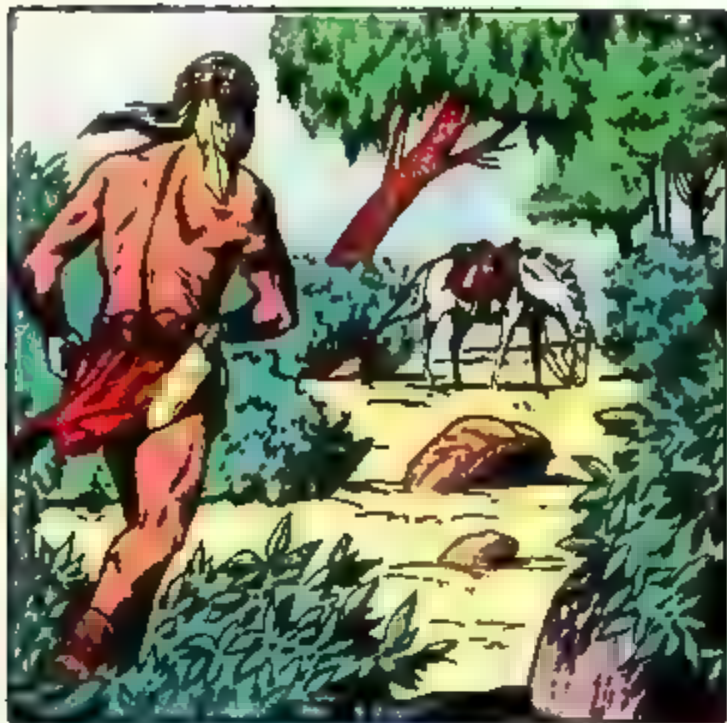














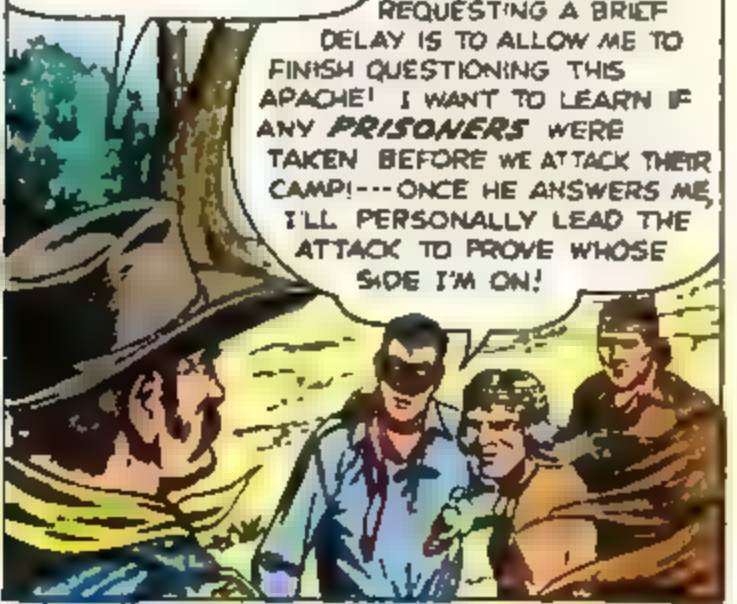
I SUSPECT  
TREACHERY---

YOU'RE WRONG, COLONEL! I'VE  
LOCATED THE APACHE CAMP  
AND I'LL TAKE YOU THERE! BUT  
GIVE ME A FEW MINUTES MORE TO  
QUESTION THE APACHE BRAVE  
BEFORE YOU ATTACK!



WHY THE DELAY, RENEGADE  
---NEED MORE TIME TO  
SET UP YOUR AMBUSH?

DON'T LET MY MASK  
MISLEAD YOU COLONEL!  
MY REASON FOR  
REQUESTING A BRIEF  
DELAY IS TO ALLOW ME TO  
FINISH QUESTIONING THIS  
APACHE! I WANT TO LEARN IF  
ANY PRISONERS WERE  
TAKEN BEFORE WE ATTACK THEIR  
CAMP!---ONCE HE ANSWERS ME,  
I'LL PERSONALLY LEAD THE  
ATTACK TO PROVE WHOSE  
SIDE I'M ON!



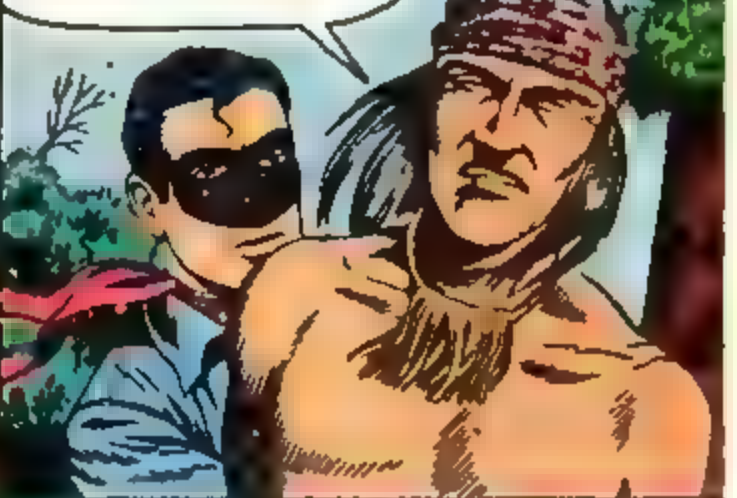
ALL RIGHT, MASKED  
MAN! YOU'LL BE  
LEADING THE WAY---  
BUT I'LL BE RIGHT  
BEHIND YOU WITH  
THIS PISTOL!

NOW SPEAK UP! WERE  
ANY PRISONERS TAKEN?  
--- WAS A BABY  
RESCUED FROM THE  
WAGON TRAIN?



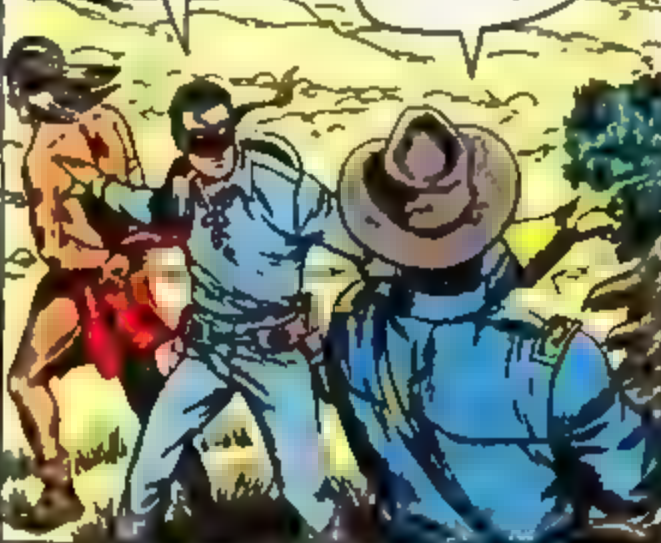
AS THE LONE RANGER QUESTIONS HIM, THE  
APACHE FINALLY SPEAKS---

NO PRISONERS---ALL  
KILLED! BUT ME NOT SEE  
ANY BABY KILLED---OR  
TAKEN BY A BRAVE!



THEN THERE'S STILL  
HOPE FOR DANNY!---  
ALL RIGHT, SIR! I'LL  
SHOW YOU THE WAY!

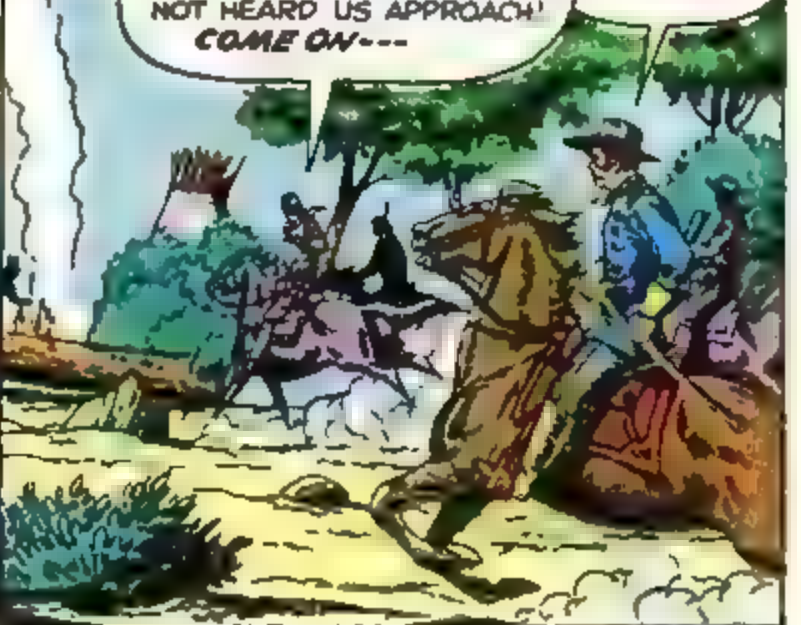
RIDE! AND  
REMEMBER---  
ANY TRICKS AND  
YOU'LL STOP A  
BULLET!



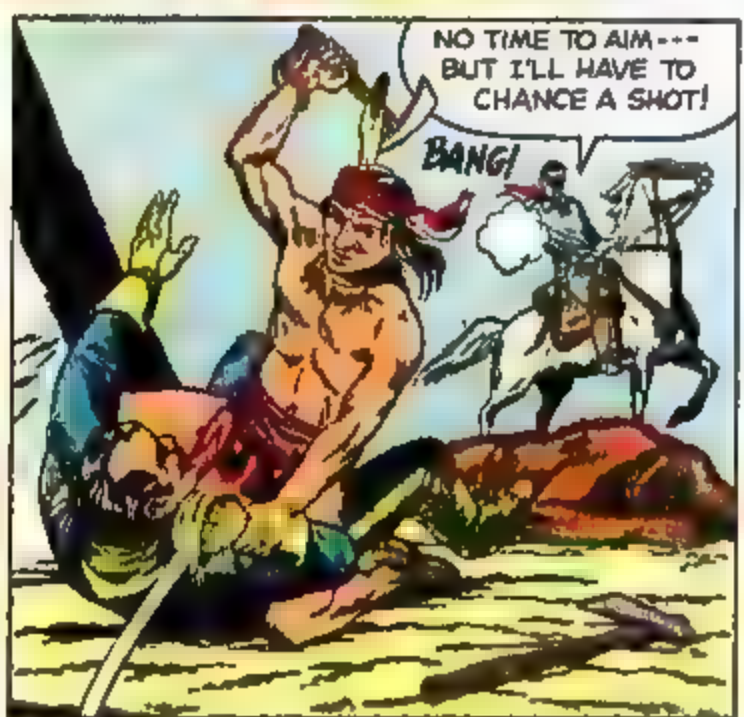
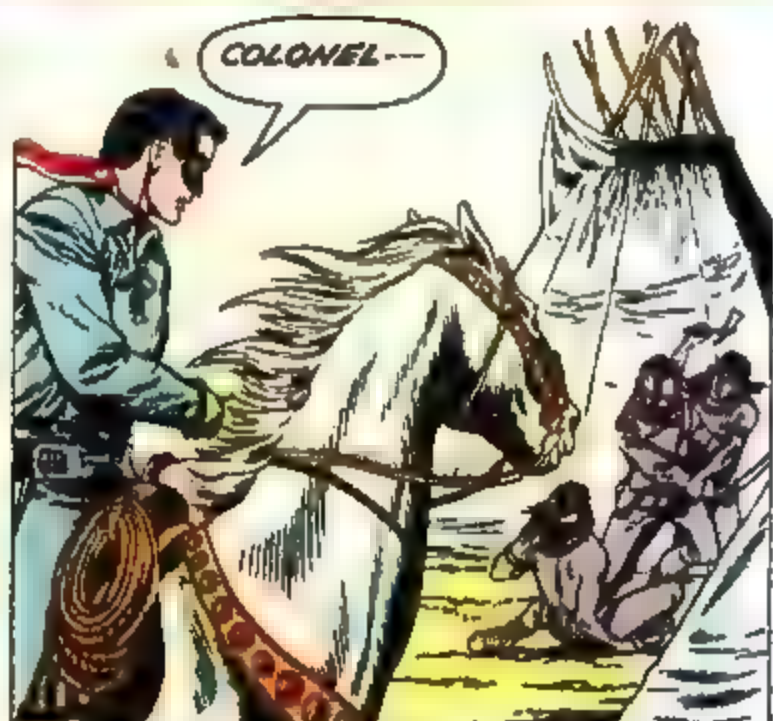
SHORTLY---

THERE'S THE APACHE  
CAMP COLONEL! THEY'VE  
NOT HEARD US APPROACH!  
COME ON---

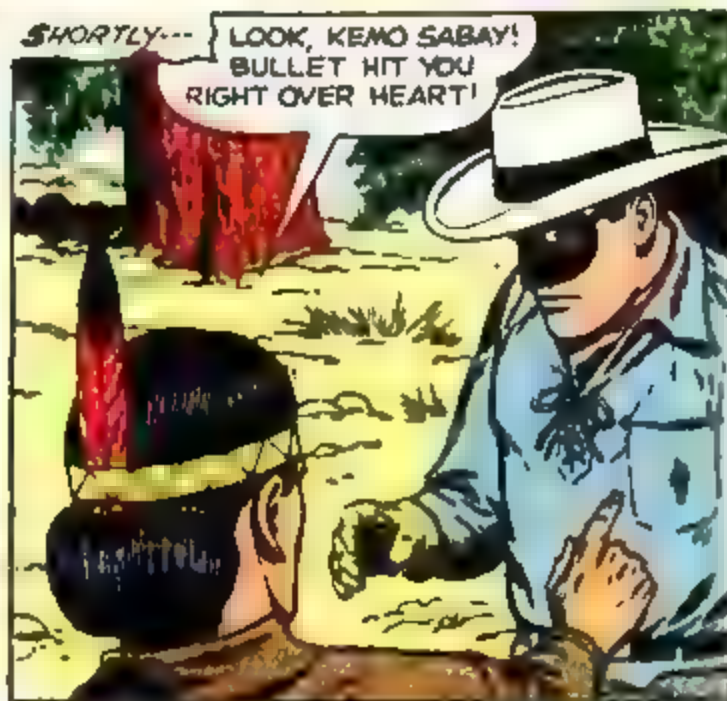
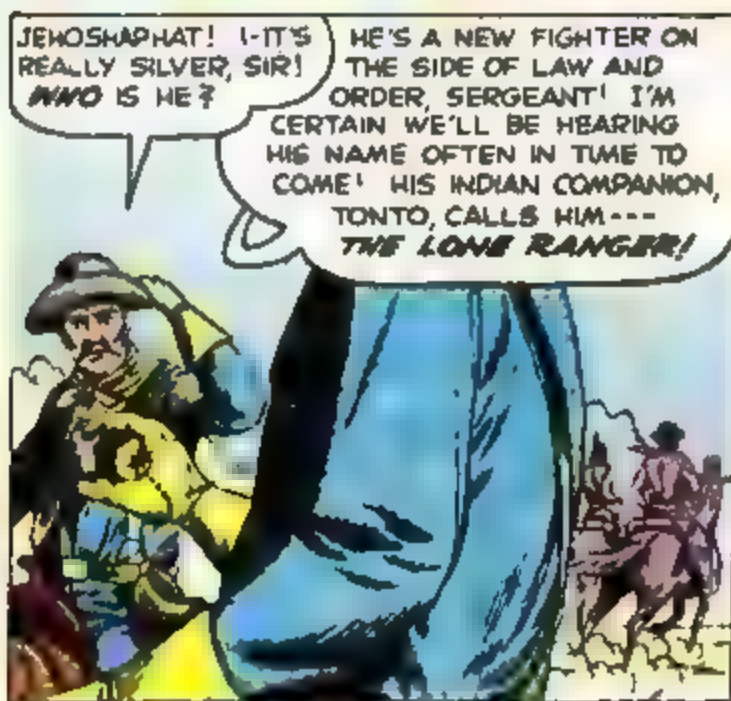
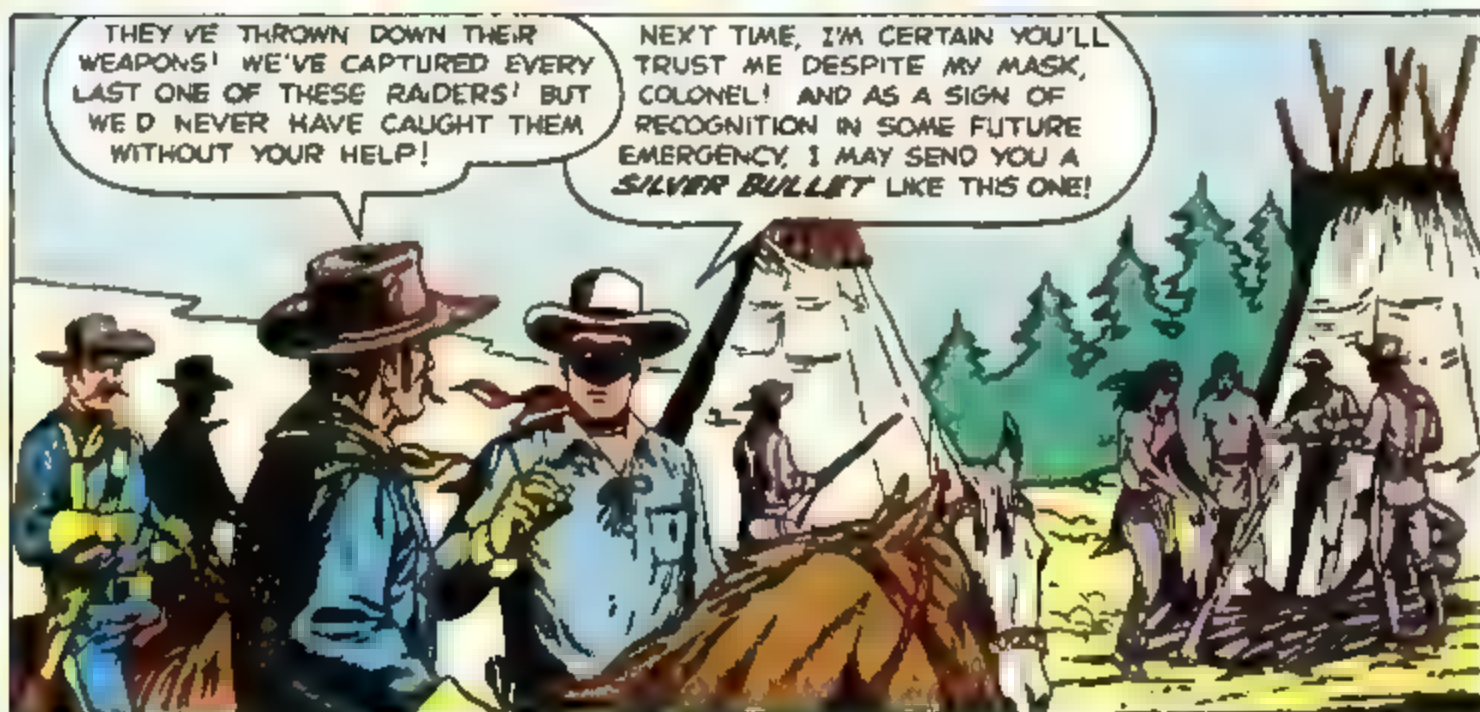
COMMENCE  
FIRING!











YEOOW!

TH-THANKS, MASKED MAN! YOU'VE MORE THAN PROVED WHOSE SIDE YOU'RE ON!

ON THE SIDE OF RIGHT, COLONEL! THE APACHE HAVE HAD ENOUGH!

THEY'VE THROWN DOWN THEIR WEAPONS! WE'VE CAPTURED EVERY LAST ONE OF THESE RAIDERS! BUT WE'D NEVER HAVE CAUGHT THEM WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

NEXT TIME, I'M CERTAIN YOU'LL TRUST ME DESPITE MY MASK, COLONEL! AND AS A SIGN OF RECOGNITION IN SOME FUTURE EMERGENCY, I MAY SEND YOU A *SILVER BULLET* LIKE THIS ONE!

JEWOSHAPHAT! I-IT'S REALLY SILVER, SIR! WHO IS HE?

HE'S A NEW FIGHTER ON THE SIDE OF LAW AND ORDER, SERGEANT! I'M CERTAIN WE'LL BE HEARING HIS NAME OFTEN IN TIME TO COME! HIS INDIAN COMPANION, TONTO, CALLS HIM--- *THE LONE RANGER!*

SHORTLY---

LOOK, KEMO SABAY! BULLET HIT YOU RIGHT OVER HEART!



THIS METAL NAME PLATE SAVED MY LIFE, TONTO! AND IF MY SISTER-IN-LAW AND NEPHEW ARE ALIVE, WE MUST **FIND THEM!** IF THEY'RE DEAD, WE MUST LEARN WHAT HAPPENED TO THEM! THE SEARCH WILL **CONTINUE!**—IN THE MEANTIME, WE'LL TRY TO MAKE THE WEST A PLACE WHERE A MASSACRE LIKE THAT ONE CAN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!



**BUT, THIRTEEN LONG YEARS GO BY WITHOUT ANY NEWS OF THE LONE RANGER'S FAMILY. THEN ONE DAY IN THE HIGH BORDER COUNTRY OF THE NORTHWEST THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO PREPARE TO BREAK CAMP.**

SO FAR, KEMO SABAY WE NOT FIND ANY TRACE OF GANG THAT RAID LONE FARMHOUSES!

WE'LL CONTINUE MAKING OUR SWEEP THROUGH THE AREA, TONTO, UNTIL WE **DO** GET A LINE ON THOSE VICIOUS OUTLAWS!



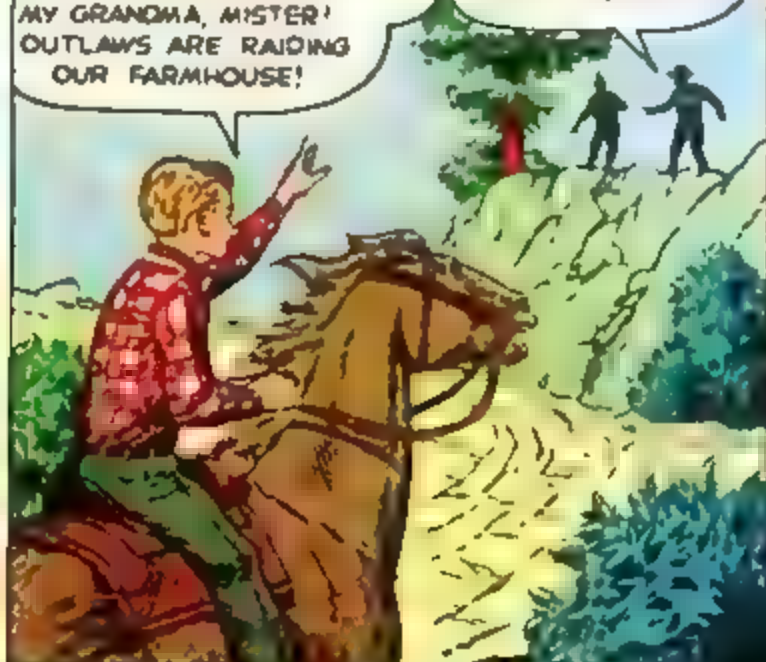
KEMO SABAY, LISTEN!

A HORSE!...SOMEONE'S COMING UP THE ROAD QUICKLY!



HELP! YOU'VE GOT TO HELP MY GRANDMA, MISTER! OUTLAWS ARE RAIDING OUR FARMHOUSE!

MOUNT UP, TONTO!



Y-YOU...YOU'RE **ASKED!** YOU'RE ONE OF THE GANG!

NO, SON, I'M **NOT** AN OUTLAW, BUT I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN WHY I'M MASKED! WHERE'S YOUR FARM?



**N-NO!** I'M NOT LEADING YOU THERE...YOU'D **HELP** THE OTHER OUTLAWS!

IF YOU DON'T LEAD US THERE THEY MAY RAID THE FARM ANYWAY!...IF YOU TRUST US AND TAKE US THERE, THEN THERE'S A CHANCE WE WILL DRIVE THEM AWAY!



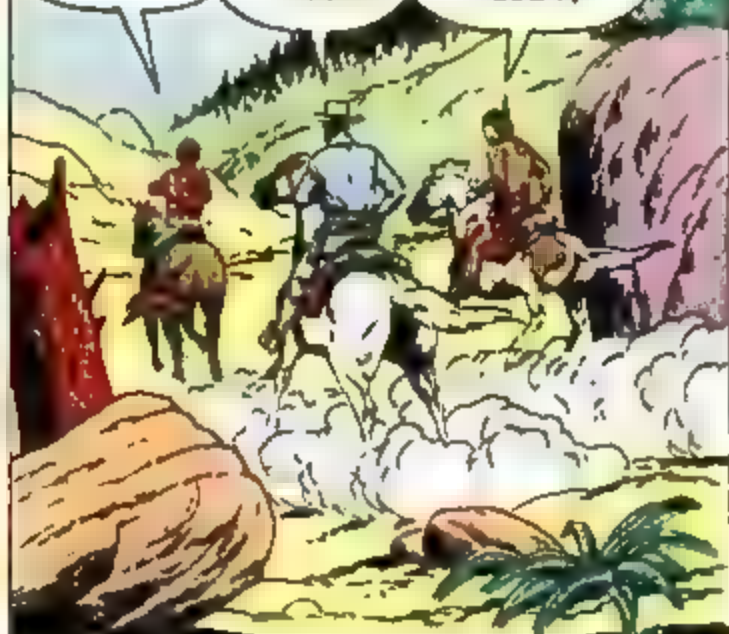


FOR A MOMENT, THE BOY WAVERS, BUT THEN THE MASKED MAN'S KIND, REASSURING VOICE CONVINCES HIM.

A ALL RIGHT I'LL TAKE YOU TO THE FARM! GRANDMA FRISBY CAN'T HOLD OUT ALONE!



FOLLOW ME! COME ON, SILVER! GET-UM UP, SCOUT!



MEANWHILE--



BANG!  
BLAM!

WHOEVER'S FIRING WINGED TWO OF US ALREADY!

YEOOW!

IT'S JUST AN OLD WOMAN! BUT IF SHE'S FIGHTING THIS HARD, THERE MUST BE SOMETHING REALLY *VALUABLE* INSIDE THIS PLACE!

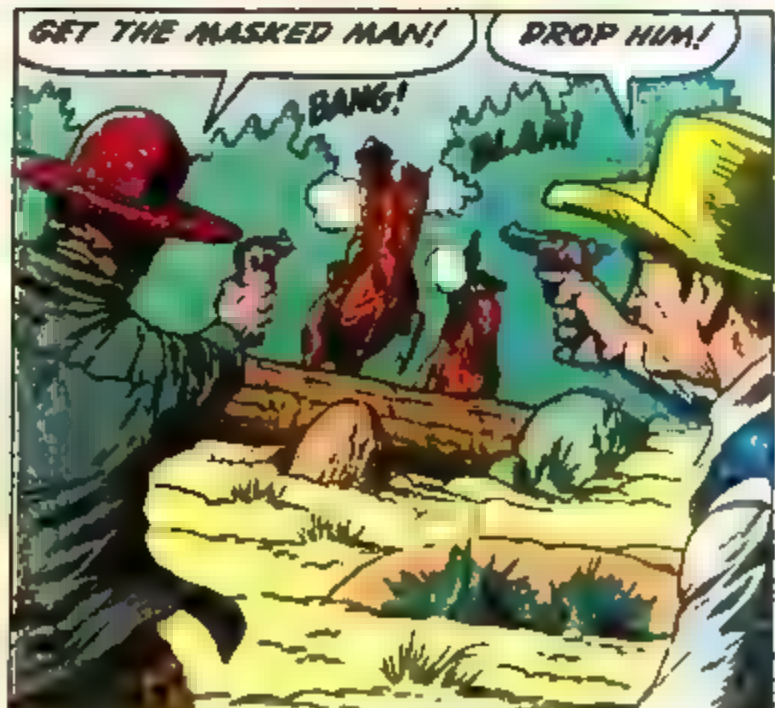
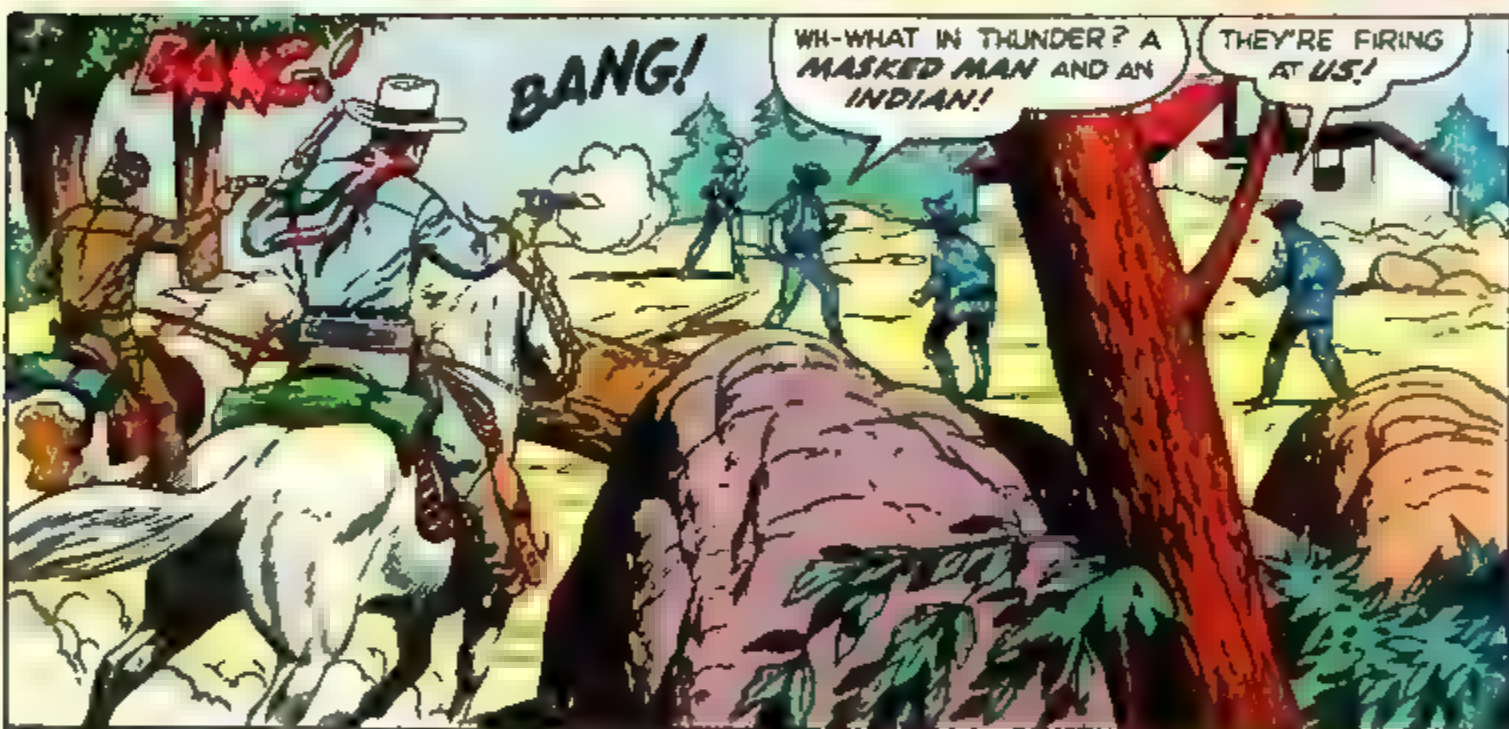
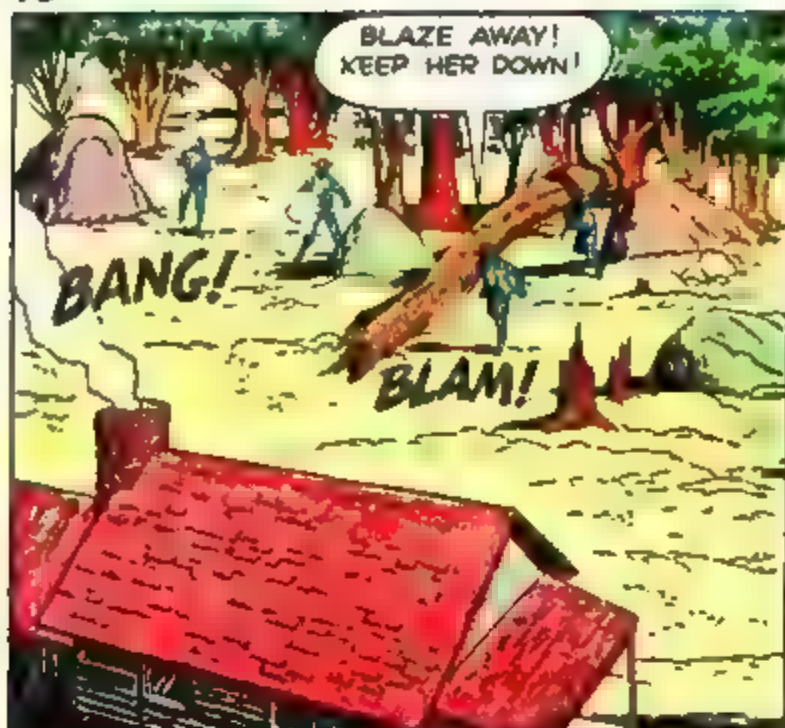
RECKON DAN D.D.N'T REACH HELP---AND I'VE NOT MANY BULLETS LEFT!



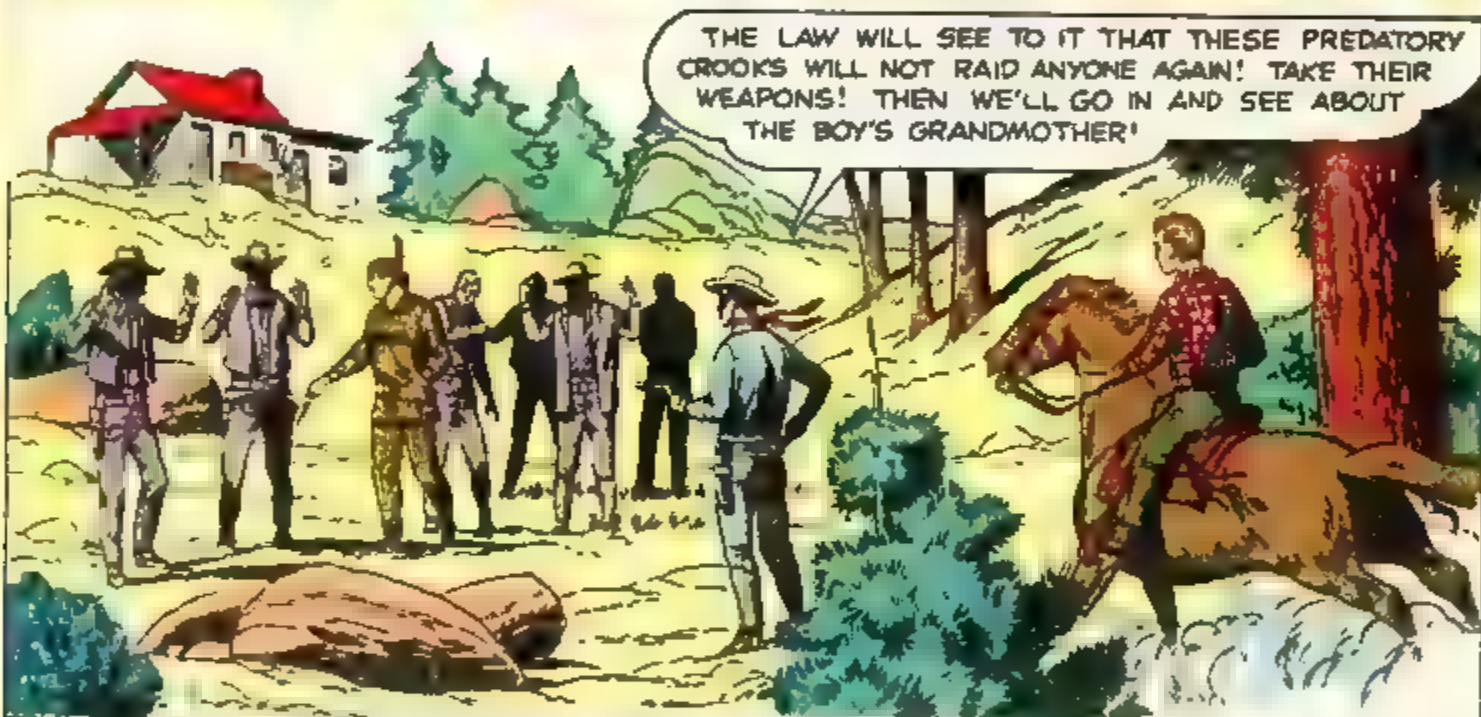
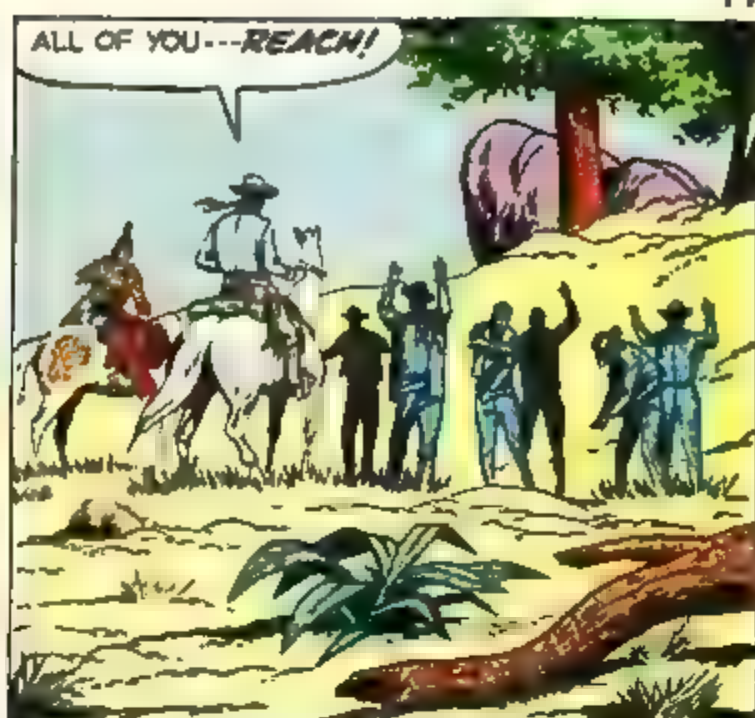
HER SHOOTING'S TAPERING OFF---RUSH THE HOUSE!











WITH THE IMMEDIATE DANGER PAST, GRANDMA FRISBY SEEMS WELL AT FIRST, BUT LATER, AFTER THE GANG HAS BEEN TURNED OVER TO THE LAW, SHE FINDS THE FIGHT HAS BEEN TOO GREAT A STRAIN ON HER AGING HEART---

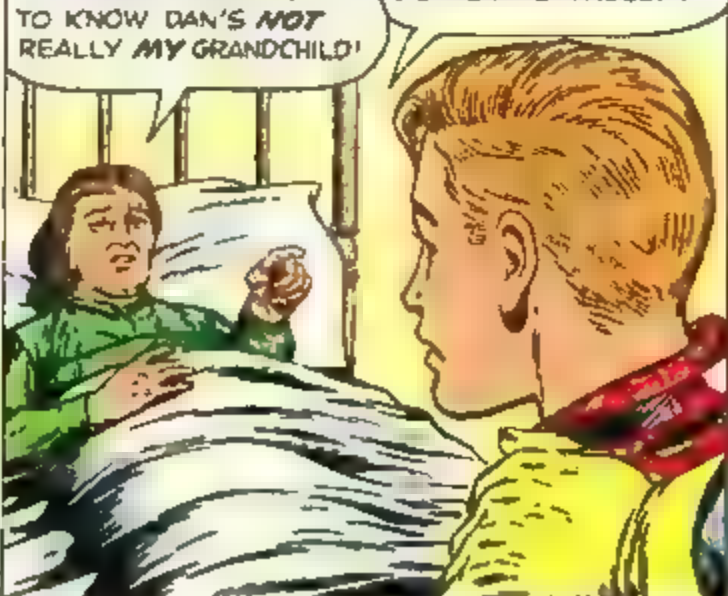
I-I KNOW WHO YOU ARE - YOU'RE THE LONE RANGER I THINK YOU'VE COME JUST IN TIME---I'LL NOT BE HERE MUCH LONGER --I'D LIKE YOU TO TAKE CARE OF DAN!

YOUR GRANDSON WILL BE TAKEN CARE OF!--- NOW TRY TO GET SOME SLEEP!



THERE'LL BE PLENTY OF TIME FOR SLEEP SOON-- BUT FIRST YOU OUGHT TO KNOW DAN'S **NOT** REALLY **MY** GRANDCHILD!

I-I'M NOT? BUT, GRANDMA FRISBY, I-I ALWAYS THOUGHT---





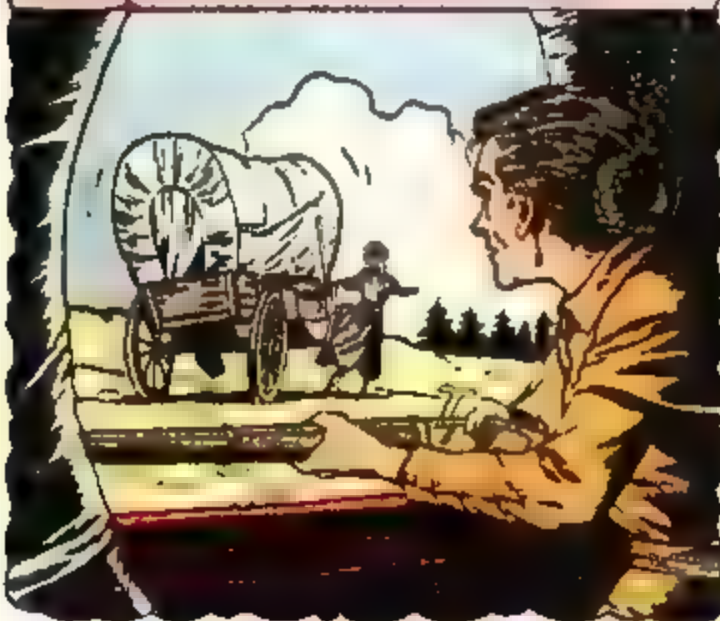
LET ME FINISH, DAN! THERE'S A SMALL BOX UNDER MY BED---HAND IT TO ME! IT CONTAINS DAN'S BABY CLOTHES, LONE RANGER, AND A GOLD LOCKET HE WORE THIRTEEN YEARS AGO---



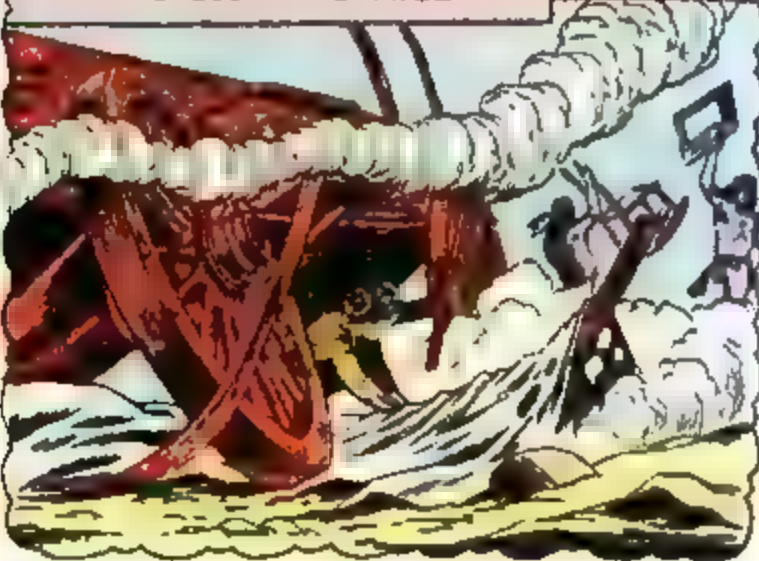
"YOU SEE, I WAS COMING WEST WITH A WAGON TRAIN WHEN WE WERE ATTACKED BY APACHES! THERE WAS A FINE YOUNG LADY TRAVELING WITH OUR PARTY AND SHE HAD A BABY BOY! IN THE LAST DESPERATE MOMENTS OF THAT UNEVEN BATTLE, I SAW HER HIDE HER SMALL SON IN THE FALSE BOTTOM OF A TRUNK!---



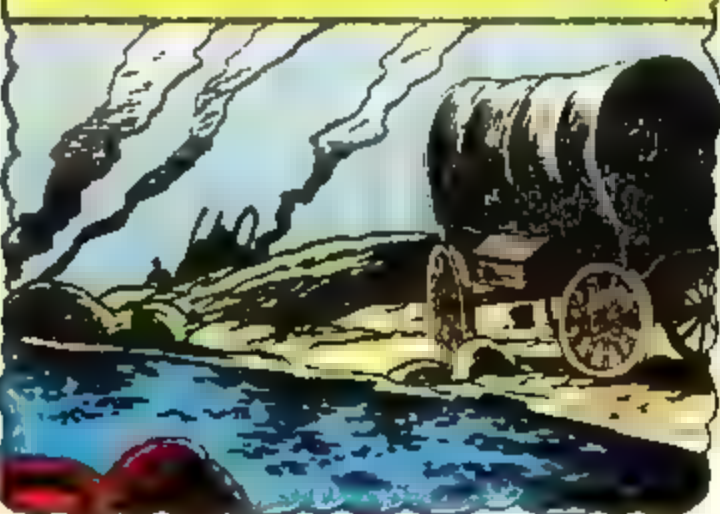
"THEN SHE SENT THE WAGON ROLLING OFF BY ITSELF, HOPING BY SOME MIRACLE, THE APACHES WOULD LEAVE IT ALONE---



"THE FIGHT ENDED WHEN THEY BROKE THROUGH OUR CIRCLE OF WAGONS! BY LUCK, I WAS HIDDEN UNDER THE DEBRIS AND SOON, THE SMOKE OF THE BURNING WAGONS FURTHER CONCEALED ME FROM THE LOOTING BRAVES!---



"ALL DAY I REMAINED HIDDEN, EVEN WHEN I COULD FEEL THE HOT FLAMES NEARING ME! AT NIGHTFALL, AS THE APACHES SLOWLY MOVED OFF, I CRAWLED FROM THE DEBRIS! I LOOKED TOWARD THE STREAM FIRST---THE LONE WAGON WAS UNTOUCHED---

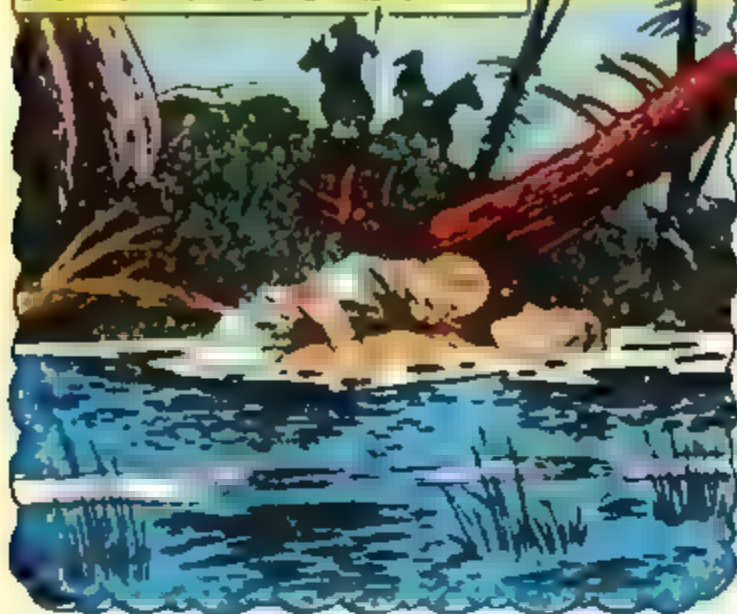


"QUICKLY, I CREEPT TO THE WAGON! THE BABY WAS STILL SAFE! BUT AS I LIFTED HIM OUT OF THE TRUNK HE CRIED LOUDLY AND I KNEW THE APACHES WERE STILL WITHIN HEARING!---

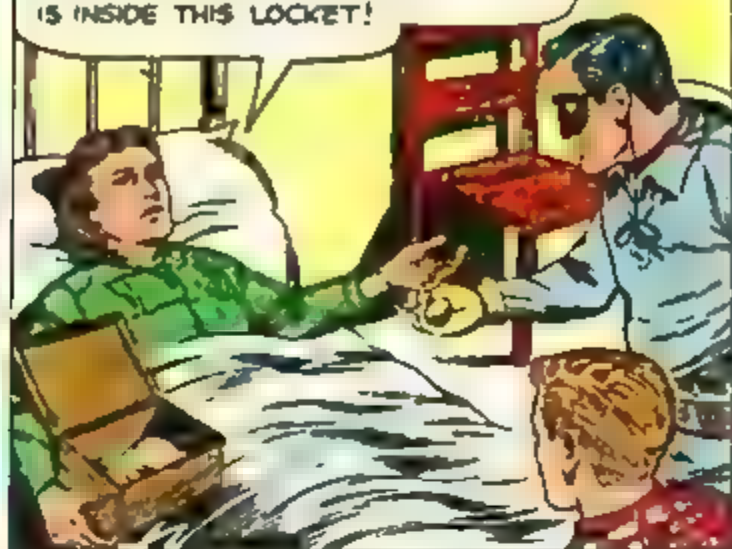




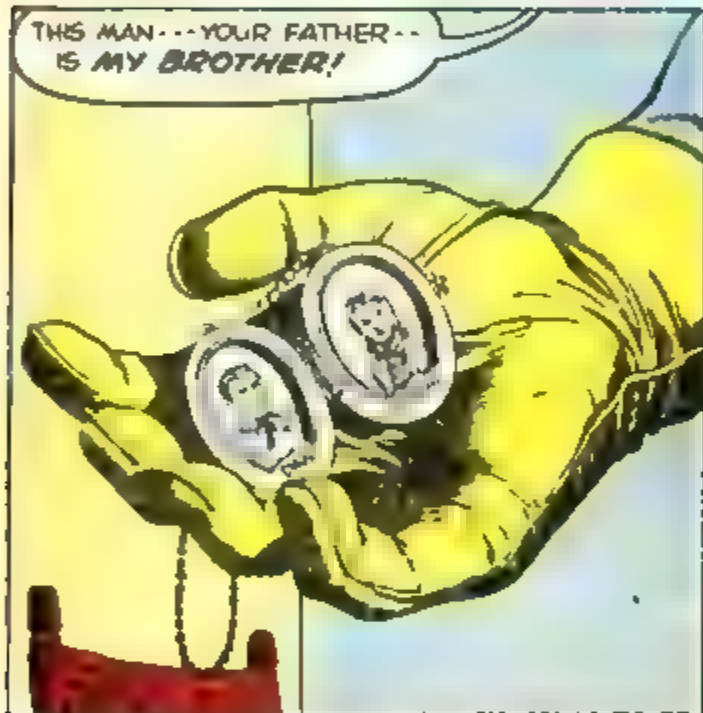
"I COVERED THE BABY'S MOUTH GENTLY AND FLOATED DOWNSTREAM AS THE APACHES RODE BACK TO INVESTIGATE THE CRY."



HEAVEN WATCHED OVER US! WE REACHED A SETTLER'S CABIN SAFELY! THEN I JOURNEYED UP NORTH HERE AND RAISED DAN AS MY GRANDSON! I CALLED HIM DAN BECAUSE THAT WAS THE NAME OF THE MAN WHOSE PICTURE IS INSIDE THIS LOCKET!

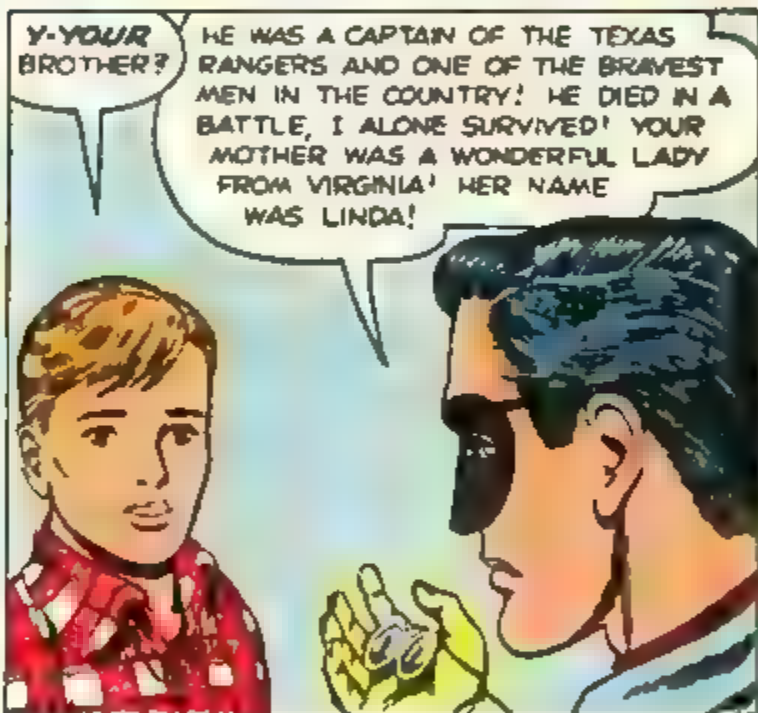


THIS MAN...YOUR FATHER... IS MY BROTHER!



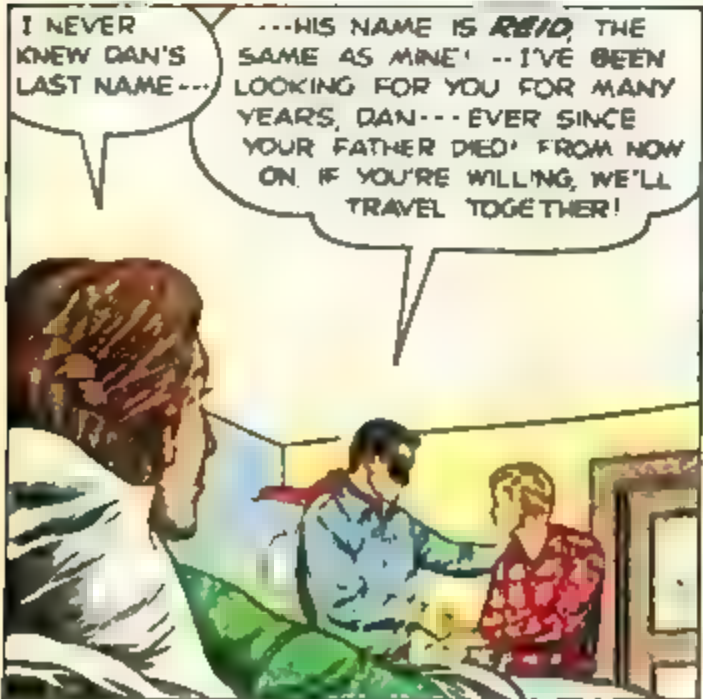
Y-YOUR BROTHER?

HE WAS A CAPTAIN OF THE TEXAS RANGERS AND ONE OF THE BRAVEST MEN IN THE COUNTRY! HE DIED IN A BATTLE, I ALONE SURVIVED! YOUR MOTHER WAS A WONDERFUL LADY FROM VIRGINIA! HER NAME WAS LINDA!



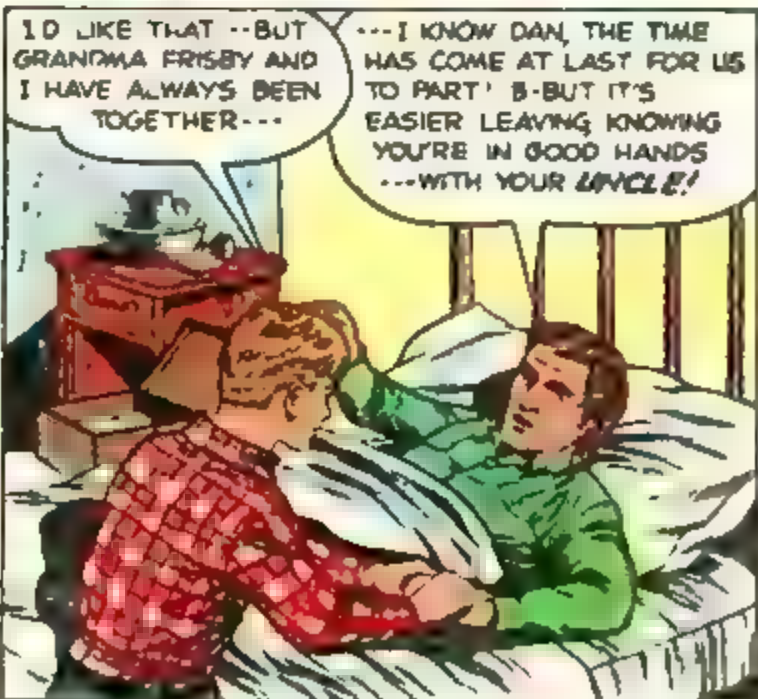
I NEVER KNEW DAN'S LAST NAME...

...HIS NAME IS **REID**, THE SAME AS MINE! --I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR YOU FOR MANY YEARS, DAN...EVER SINCE YOUR FATHER DIED! FROM NOW ON, IF YOU'RE WILLING, WE'LL TRAVEL TOGETHER!

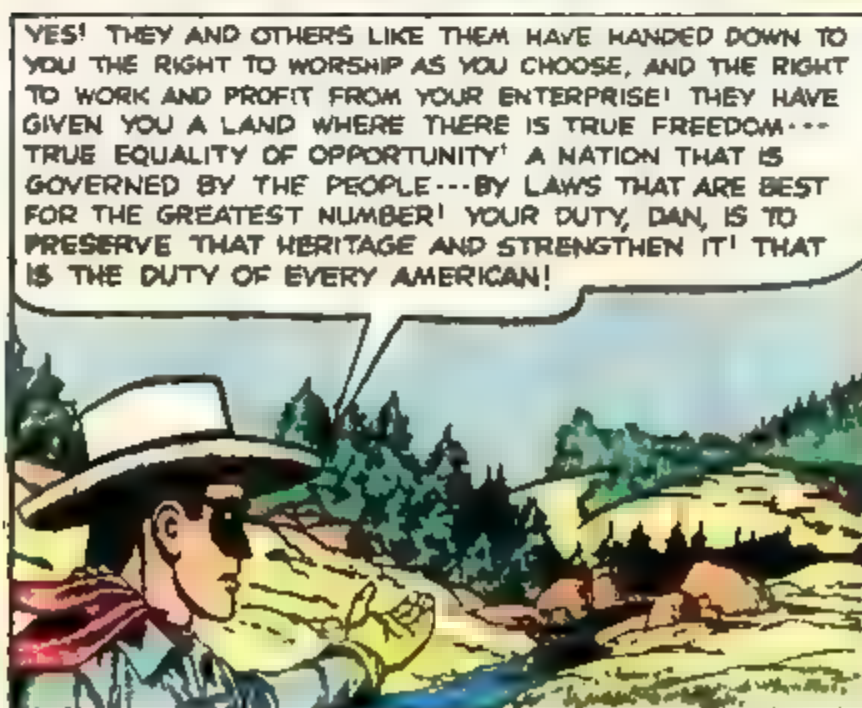
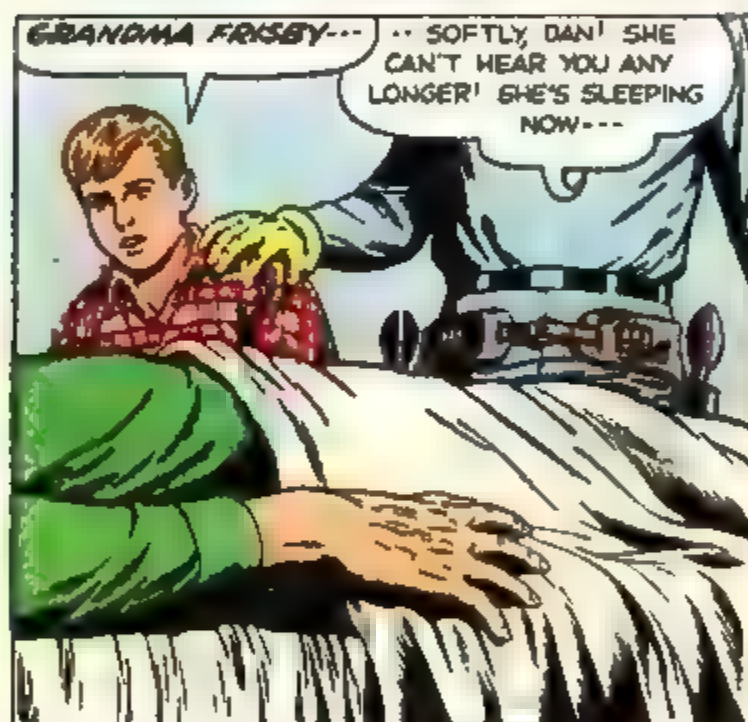


I'D LIKE THAT --BUT GRANDMA FRISBY AND I HAVE ALWAYS BEEN TOGETHER...

...I KNOW DAN, THE TIME HAS COME AT LAST FOR US TO PART! B-BUT IT'S EASIER LEAVING KNOWING YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS --WITH YOUR **UNCLE!**









# the Lone Ranger

## A MESSAGE IN TIME

AT THE RAILROAD STATION OF GUARDO, NEAR THE BORDER, SOON AFTER THE MAIL IS UNLOADED FROM THE TRAIN.

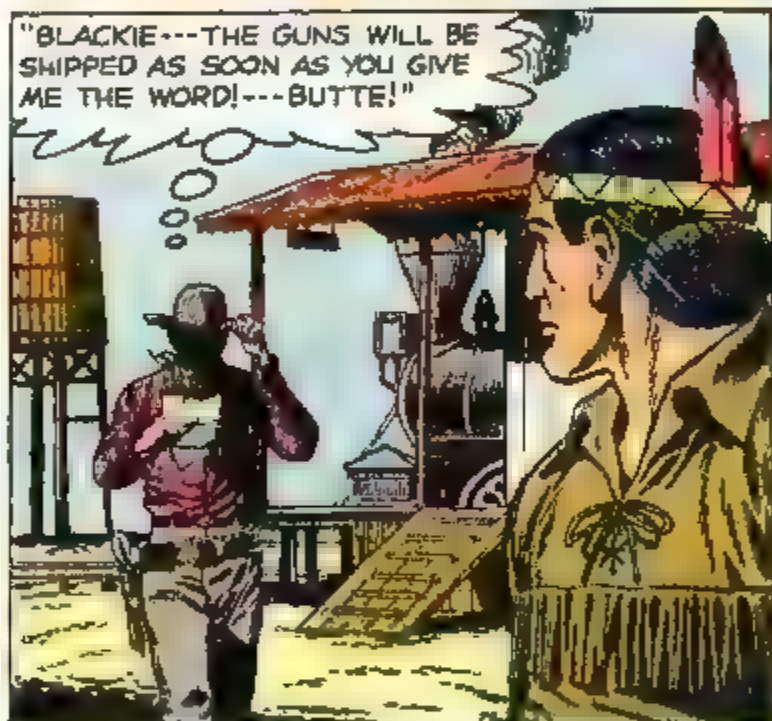
YES---HERE'S A LETTER FOR B. WILTON!

THANKS! THIS MAIL SERVICE IS SURE DEPENDABLE!

U.S. POST OFFICE GUARDO



"BLACKIE---THE GUNS WILL BE SHIPPED AS SOON AS YOU GIVE ME THE WORD!---BUTTE!"



AN HOUR LATER, TONTO REINS IN AT A NEARBY CAMPSITE---

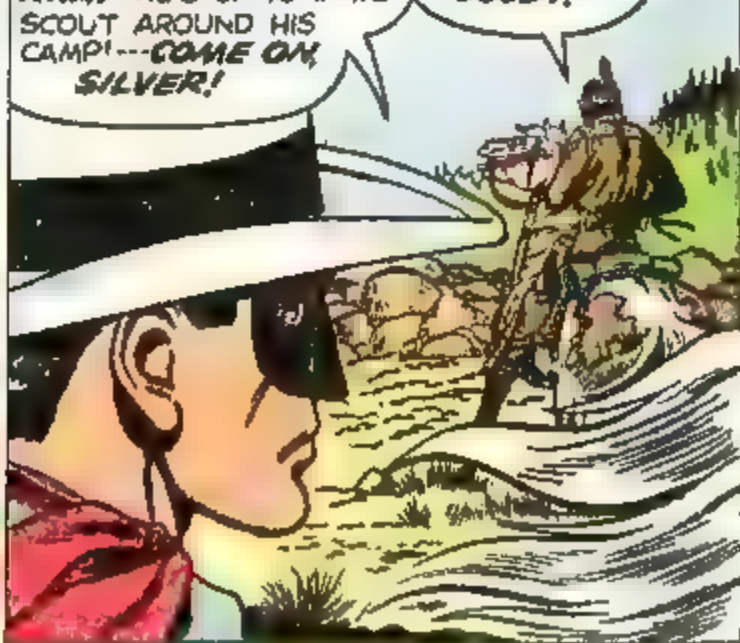
ME WATCH BLACKIE WILTON, KEMO SABAY! HIM WAIT FOR EASTERN MAIL TRAIN! GET LETTER AND THEN RIDE FOR BORDER HILLS!

WILTON'S BEEN RECRUITING A LOT OF HARDCASES, TONTO---



PERHAPS WE CAN LEARN WHAT HE'S UP TO IF WE SCOUT AROUND HIS CAMP!---COME ON, SILVER!

GET-UM UP, SCOUT!





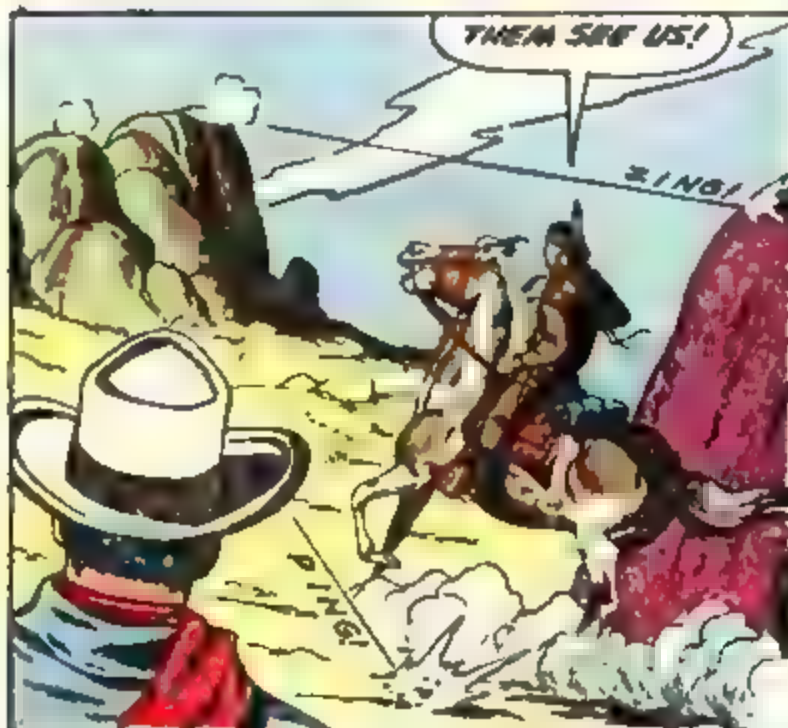
BUT AS THEY APPROACH THE CAMP IN THE WILD BORDER HILLS, A GUARD'S BINOCULARS FOCUSES ON THEM---



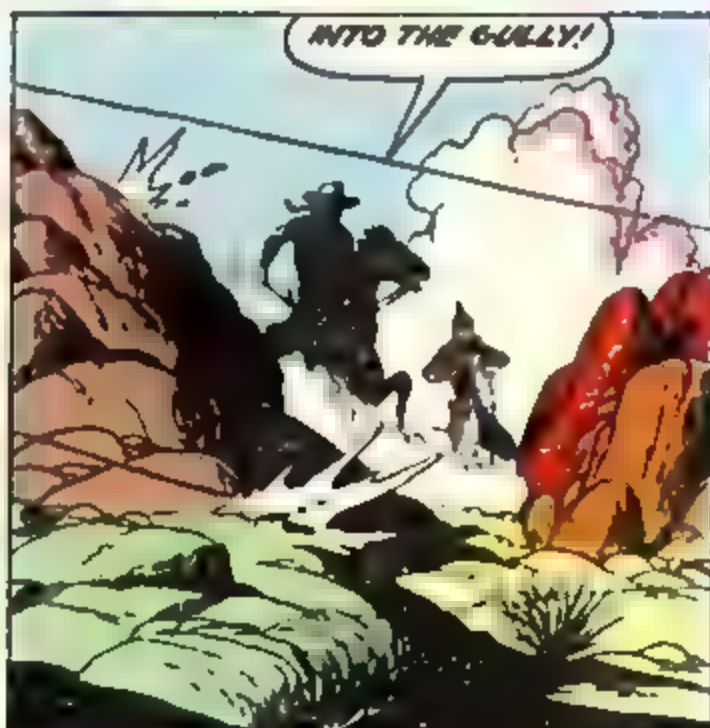
RECKON WE'VE MORE THAN A SCORE OF MEN WHO DON'T WANT THEIR FACES SEEN, BUT BLACKIE WARNED ME AGAINST LETTING IN ONE MASKED MAN WHO RIDES A WHITE STALLION--GET HIM!



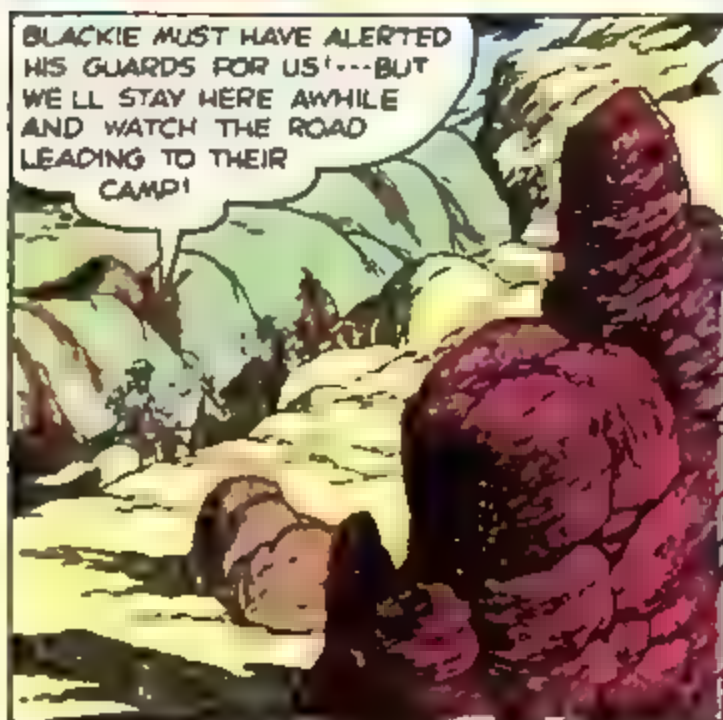
THEM SEE US!



INTO THE GULLY!



BLACKIE MUST HAVE ALERTED HIS GUARDS FOR US!...BUT WE'LL STAY HERE AWHILE AND WATCH THE ROAD LEADING TO THEIR CAMP!



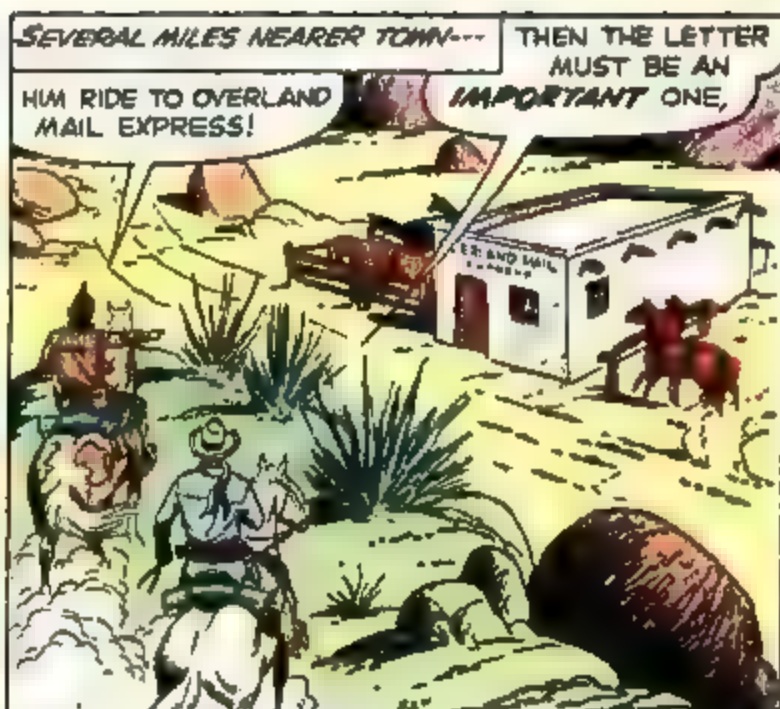
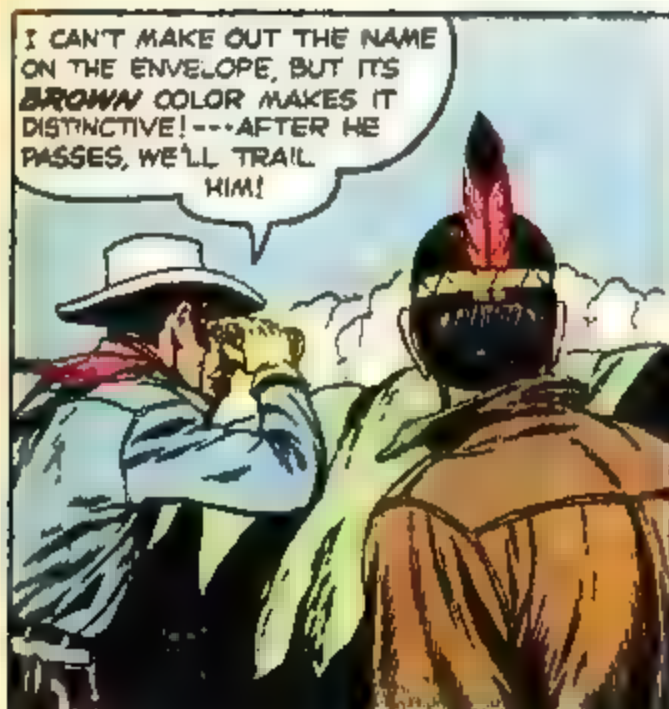
AN HOUR LATER---

RIDER HEAD FOR GUARDO PLENTY FAST!

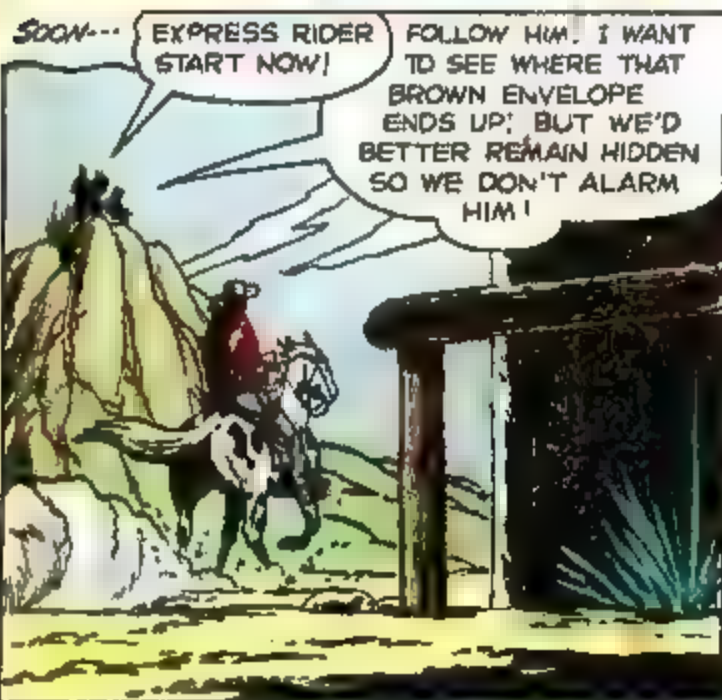
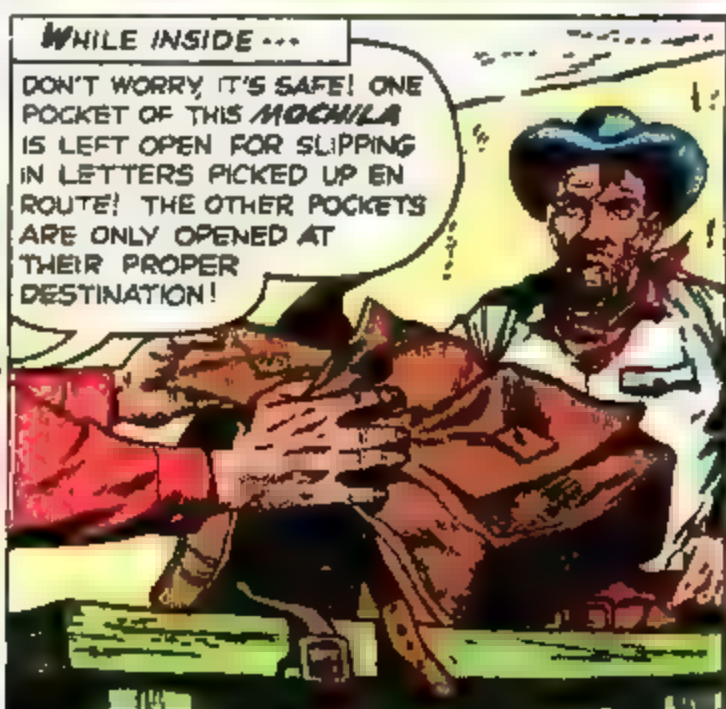
HE'S CARRYING SOMETHING IN HIS HAND TONTO!...A LETTER!





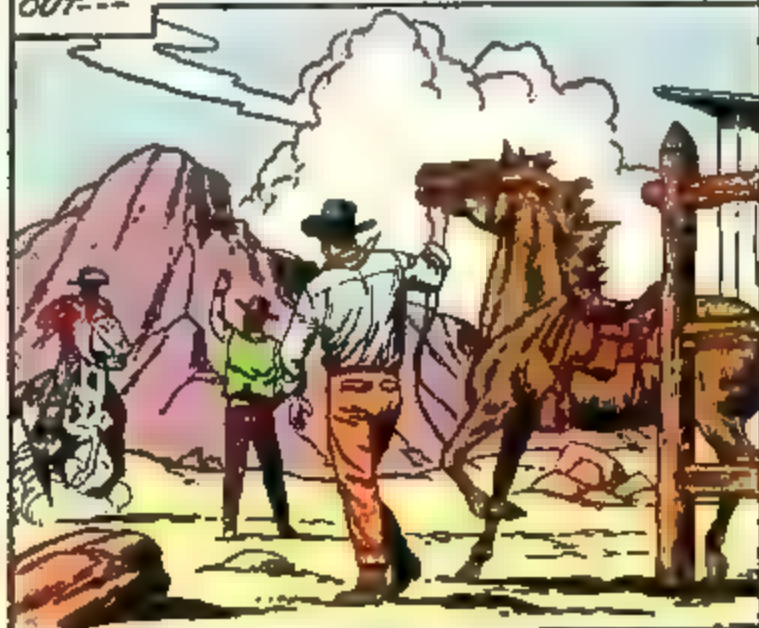


OVERLAND'S MODELED AFTER THE ORIGINAL **PONY EXPRESS** THAT RAN FROM ST. JOSEPH, MISSOURI! TWO THOUSAND MILES TO SACRAMENTO, CALIFORNIA! THE DISTANCE WAS TRAVELED IN JUST NINE DAYS! BUT, AFTER A YEAR, IN 1861, THE TELEGRAPH PUT IT OUT OF BUSINESS! ---OVERLAND MAKES SHORT RUNS NOW, BUT WHAT COULD BLACKIE WRITE THAT'S WORTH TWO DOLLARS AN OUNCE?





AT THE NEXT RELAY STATION, AS SOON AS THE RIDER IS SIGHTED, A RESTED HORSE IS LED OUT---



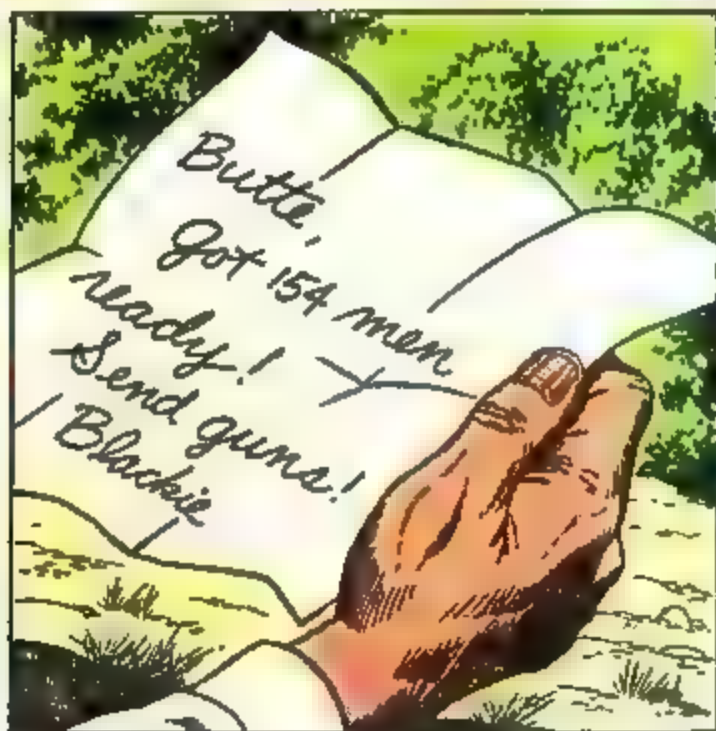
AS THE RIDER VAULTS ON TO THE NEW HORSE, THE MOCHILA IS QUICKLY TRANSFERRED---



BUT THREE RELAY STATIONS LATER, THE MOCHILA POCKET IS UNLOCKED AND THE LOCAL RIDER MAKES THE DELIVERY---

THANKS!

NOW TO SEE WHAT THE MAN WHO RECEIVED THE BROWN ENVELOPE DOES!



Butte,  
Got 154 men  
ready!  
Send guns!  
Blackie

LATER...  
WHATEVER'S IN  
THOSE CRATES  
---SURE MAKES THE  
STAGE SAG, MR  
COLLINS!

YOU'RE GETTING WELL  
PAID TO HAUL THOSE  
**MACHINE PARTS!**  
JUST GET THEM TO  
GUARDO SAFELY!

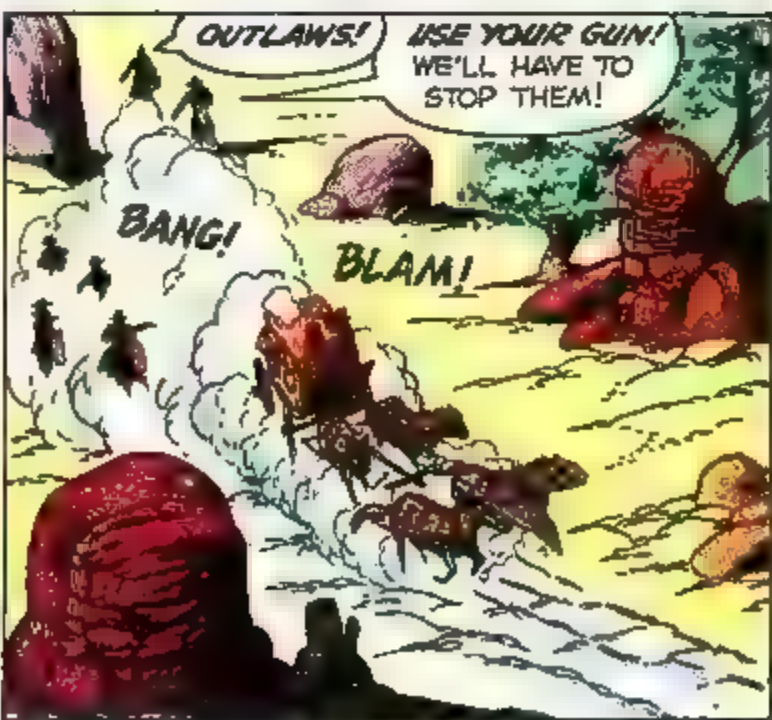
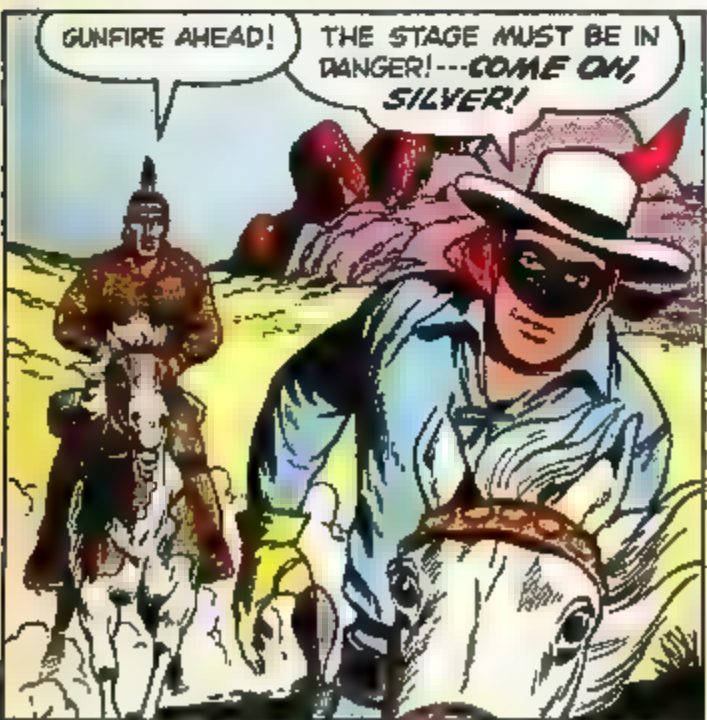
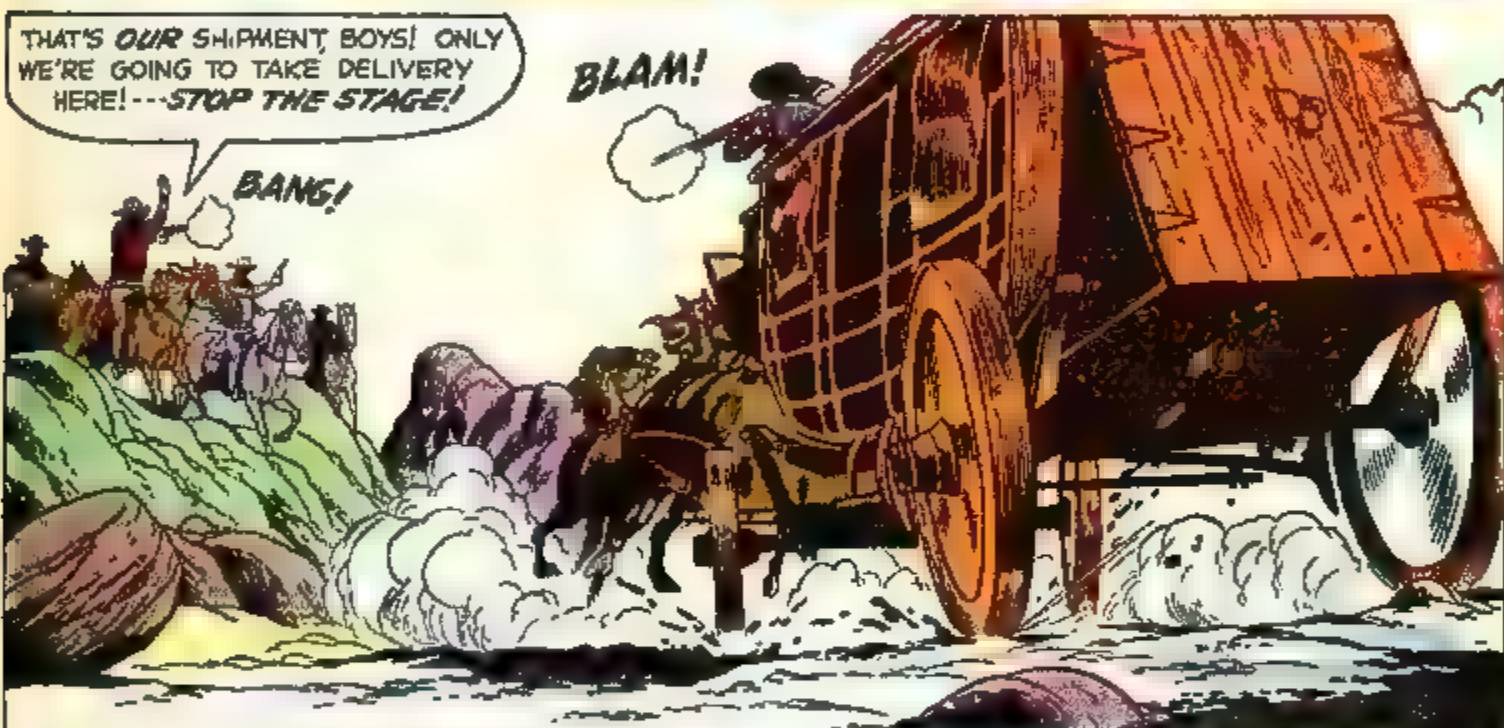
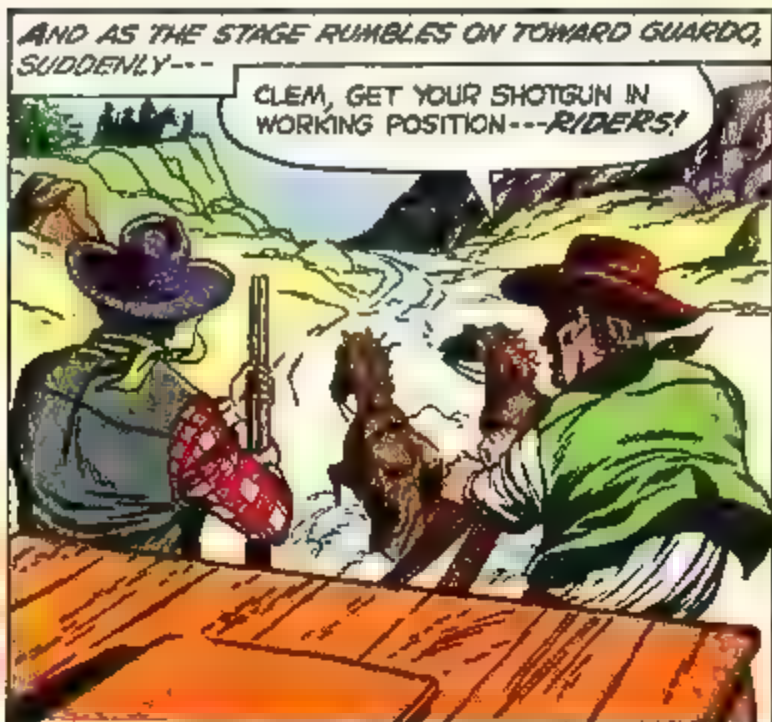
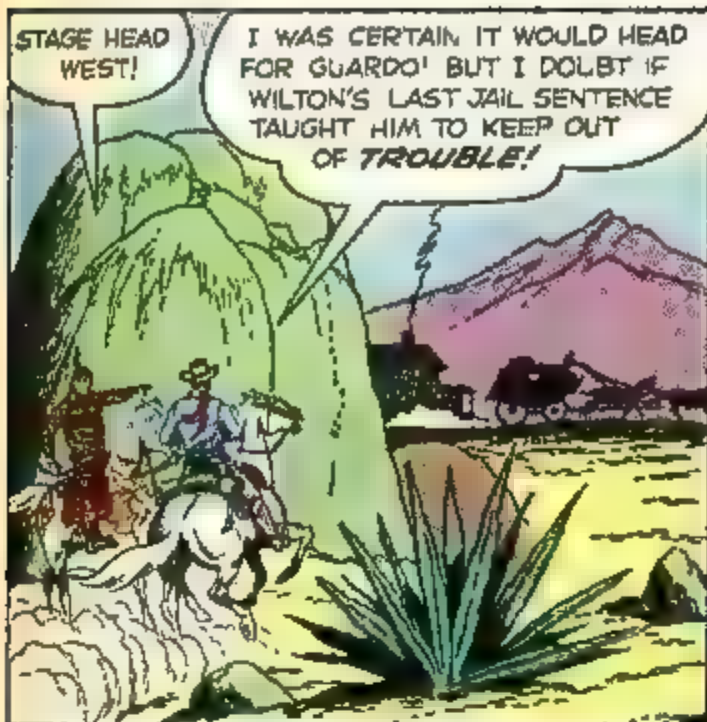


HIM LOAD PLENTY  
CRATES ON TO  
STAGE!

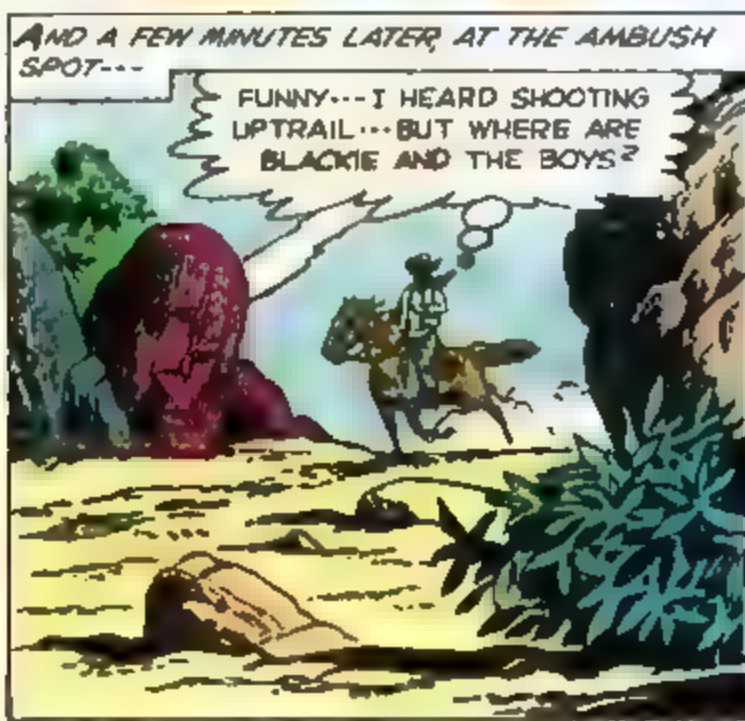
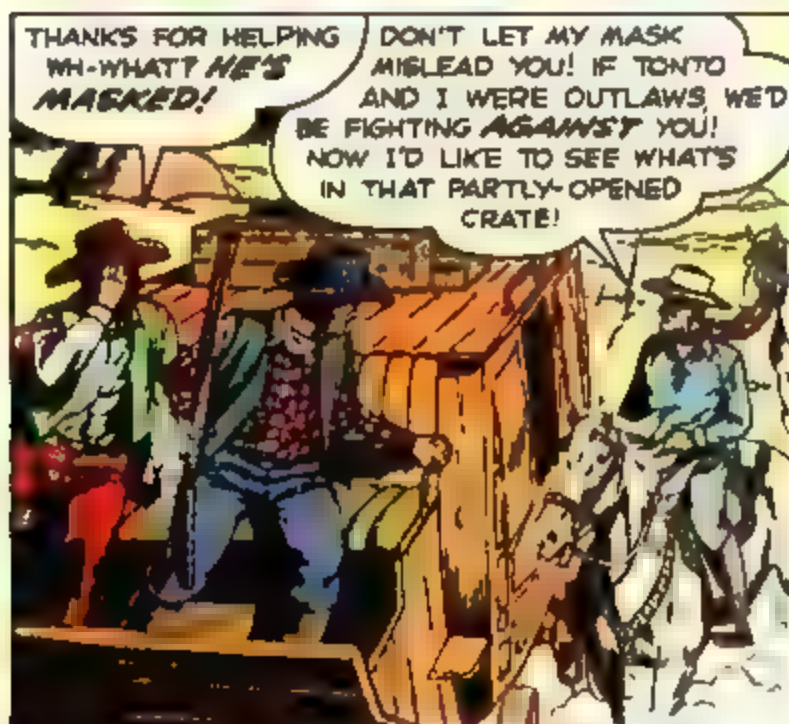
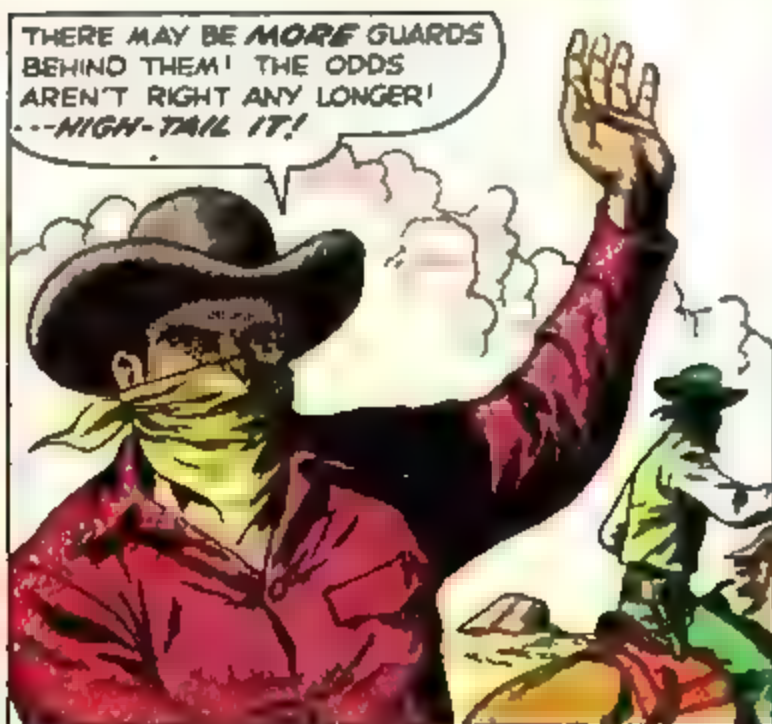
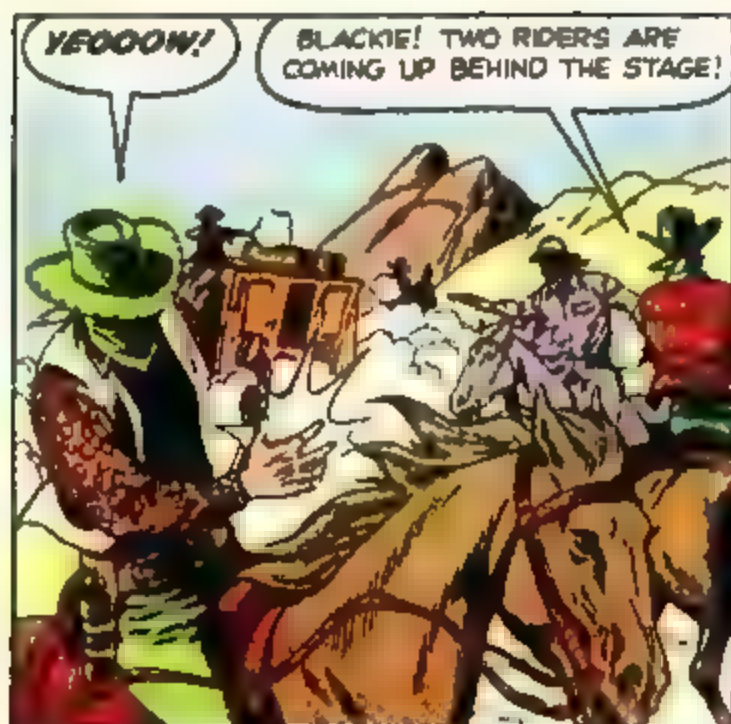
IF WE FOLLOW THAT STAGE,  
TONTO, WE MAY LEARN  
**WHAT BLACKIE SENT  
FOR!**





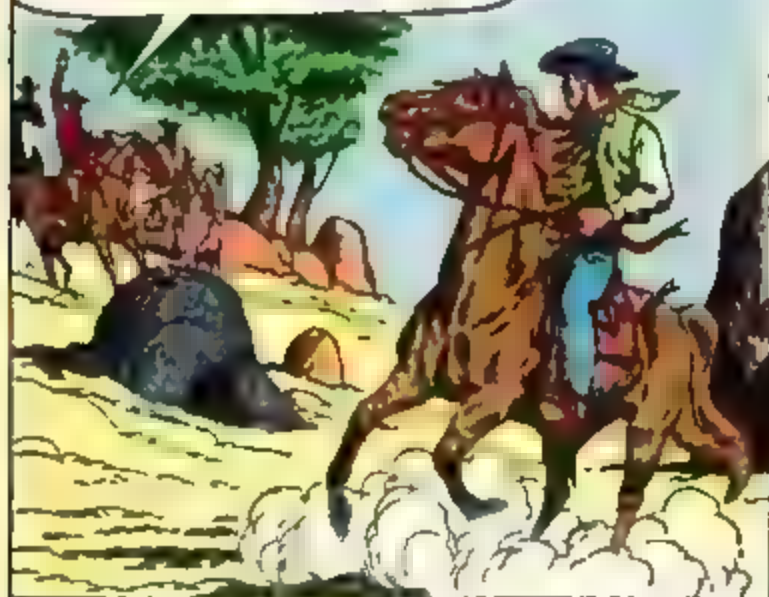








BUTTE! BUTTE!...WE'RE OUT OF LUCK!  
TWO LEADSLINGERS JOINED THE  
STAGE CREW AND DROVE US OFF!

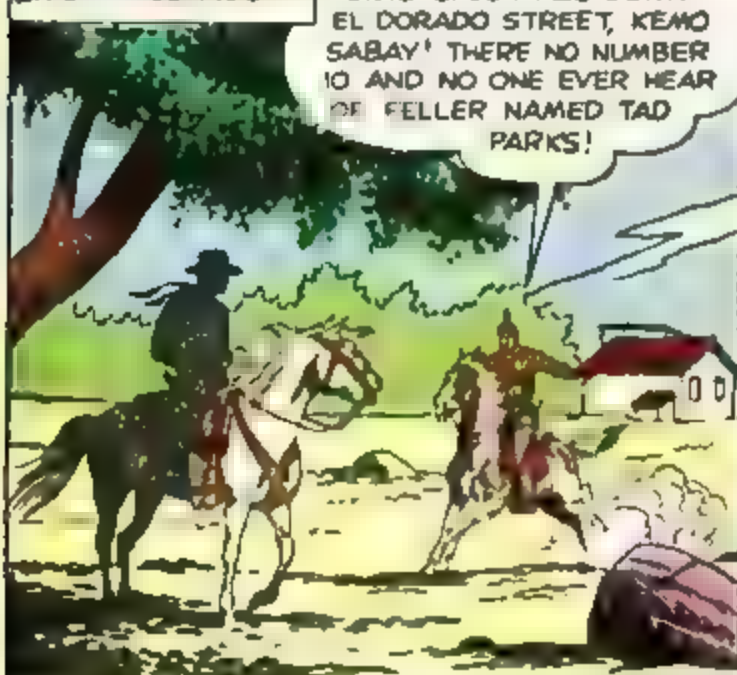


GREAT! I DELIBERATELY ADDRESSED THOSE  
CRATES TO A *NON-EXISTENT* PERSON SO  
THEY COULDN'T BE TRACED TO US! NOW  
THAT YOU'VE BUNGLED STEALING 'EM ON THE  
HIGHWAY---YOU'LL HAVE TO GET 'EM BY ROBBING  
THE EXPRESS OFFICE IN GUARDO!



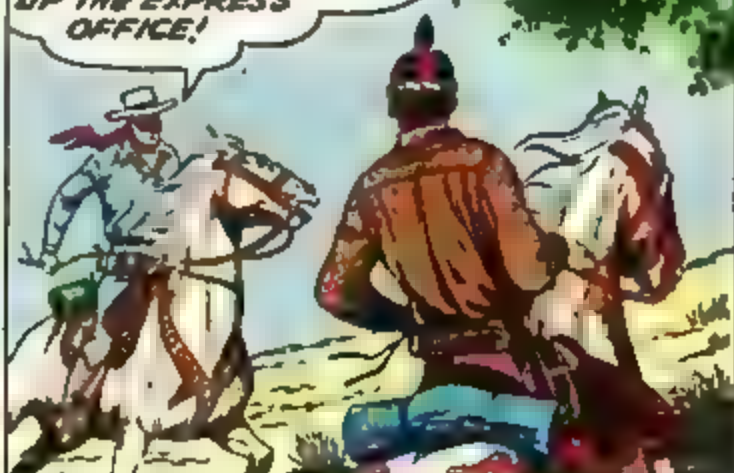
LATER IN GUARDO--

TONTO CHECK ALL DOWN  
EL DORADO STREET, KEMO  
SABAY! THERE NO NUMBER  
10 AND NO ONE EVER HEAR  
OF FELLER NAMED TAD  
PARKS!



THOSE CRATES MIGHT HAVE  
BEEN ADDRESSED *FALSELY*  
SO NO ONE COULD TRACE  
THEM FROM THE SENDER  
TO BLACKIE WILTON! THAT  
WOULD MEAN HE NOW HAS  
TO GET THEM BY *HOLDING*  
*UP THE EXPRESS*  
*OFFICE!*

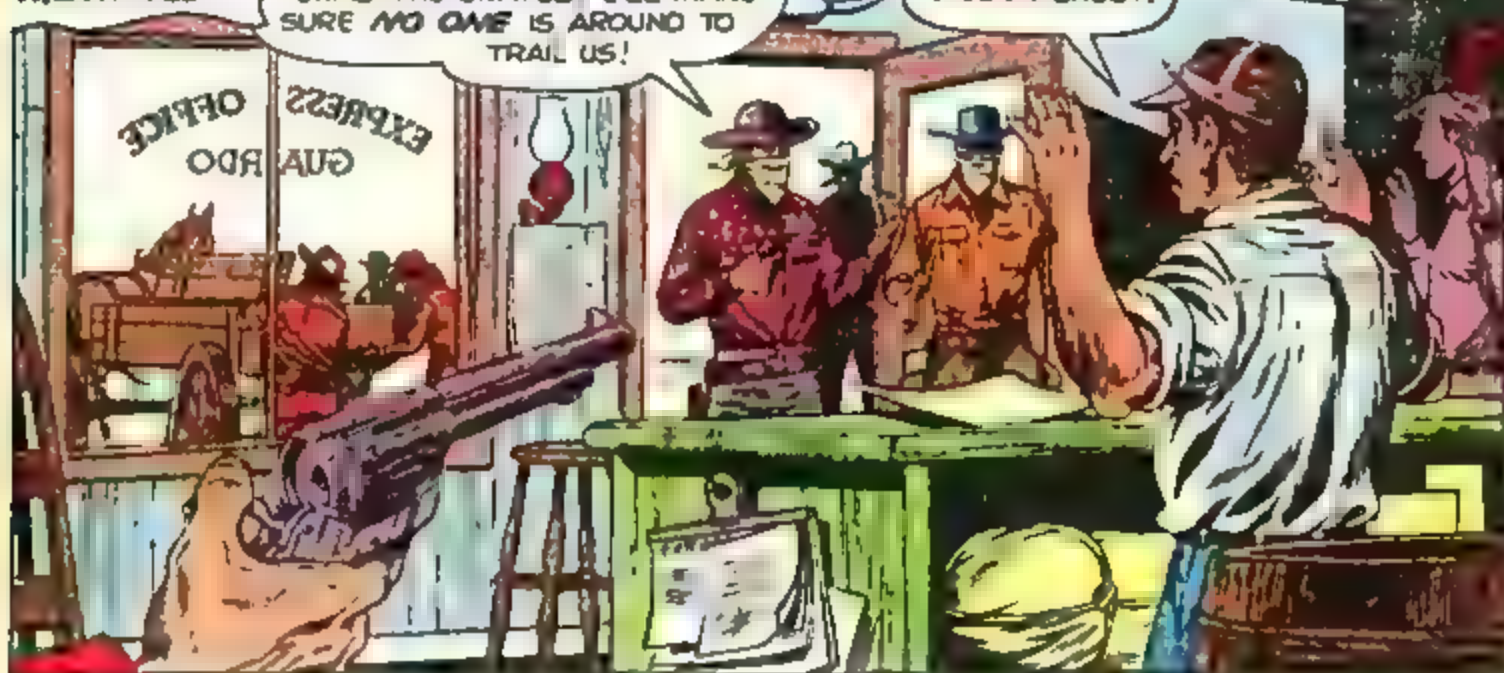
THEN WE GO THERE  
PLENTY FAST!



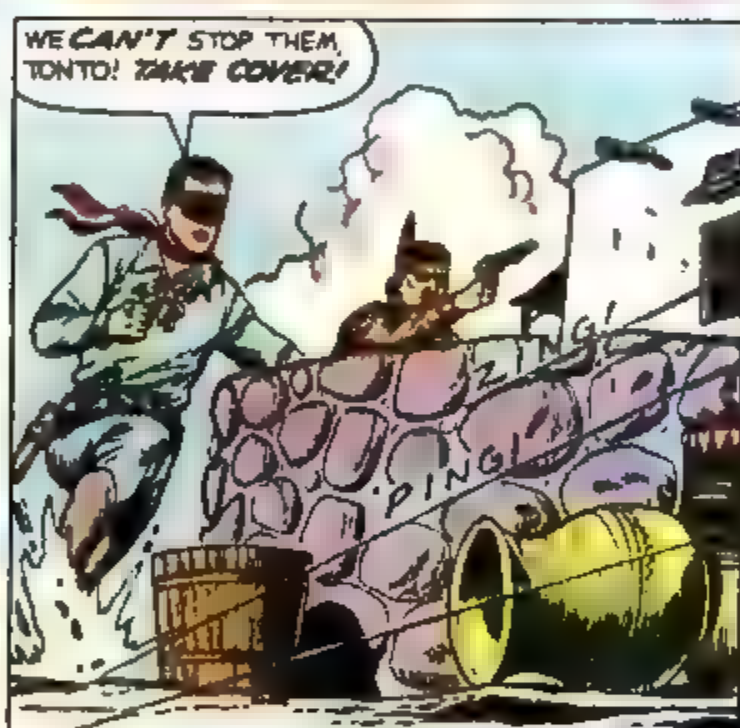
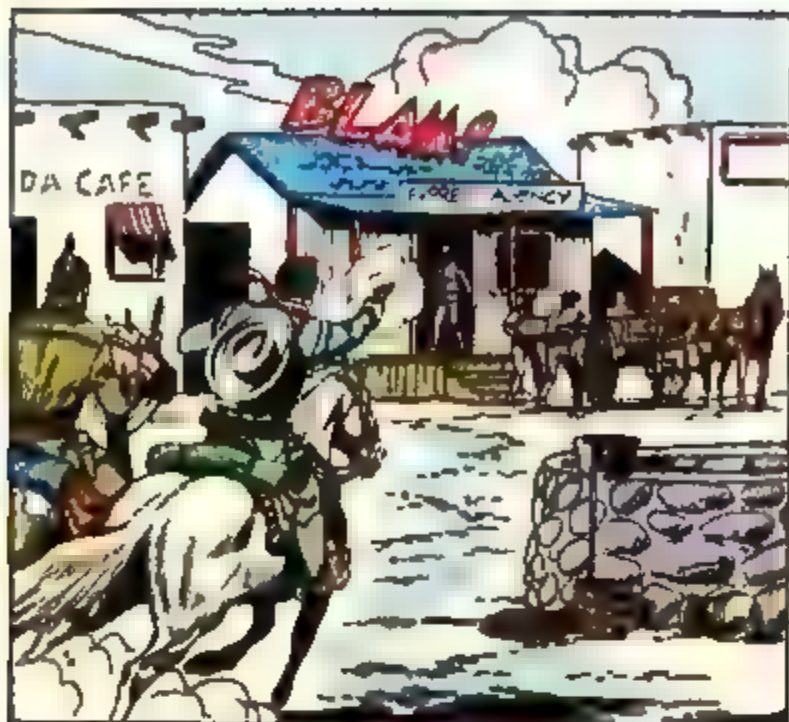
MEANWHILE...

GRAB THE CRATES! I'LL MAKE  
SURE NO ONE IS AROUND TO  
TRAIL US!

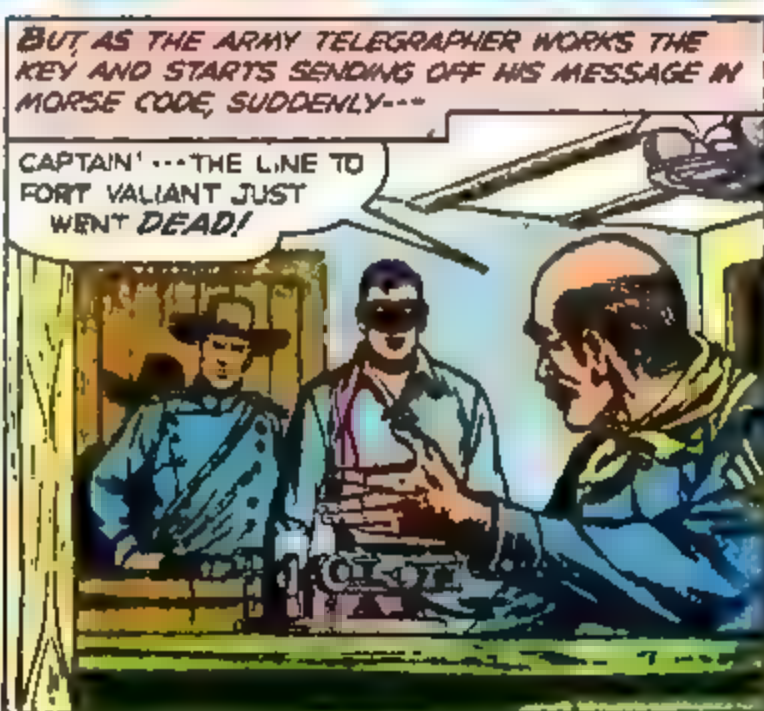
O-DON'T SHOOT!









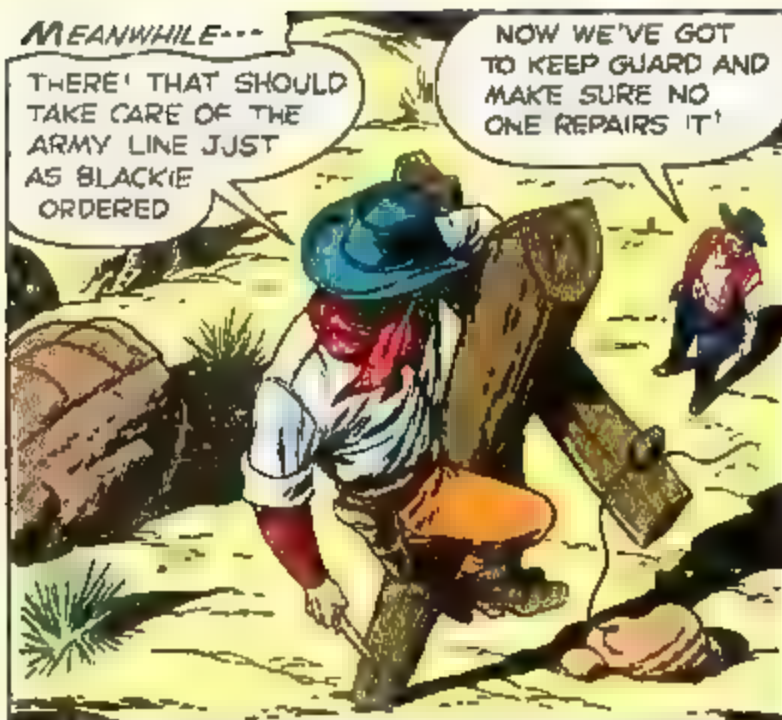




MEANWHILE---

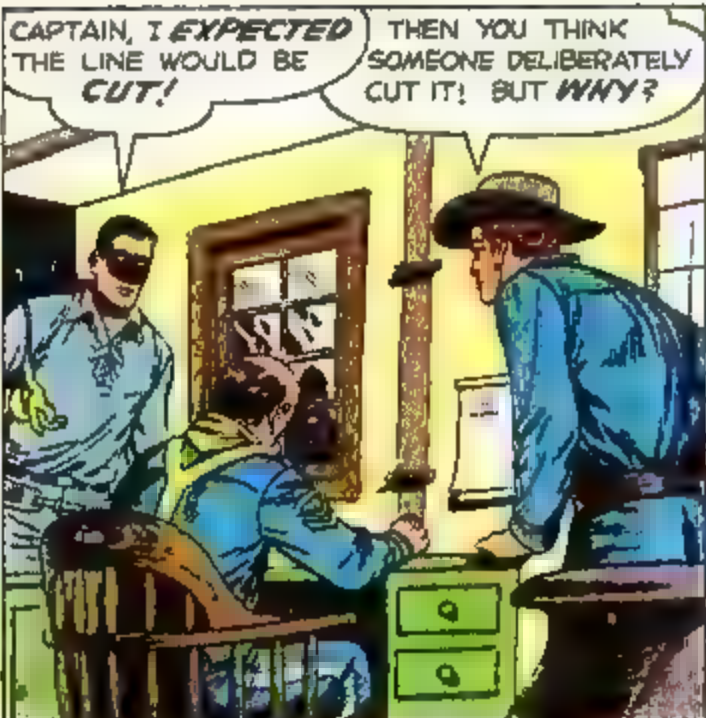
THERE! THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF THE ARMY LINE JUST AS BLACKIE ORDERED

NOW WE'VE GOT TO KEEP GUARD AND MAKE SURE NO ONE REPAIRS IT!



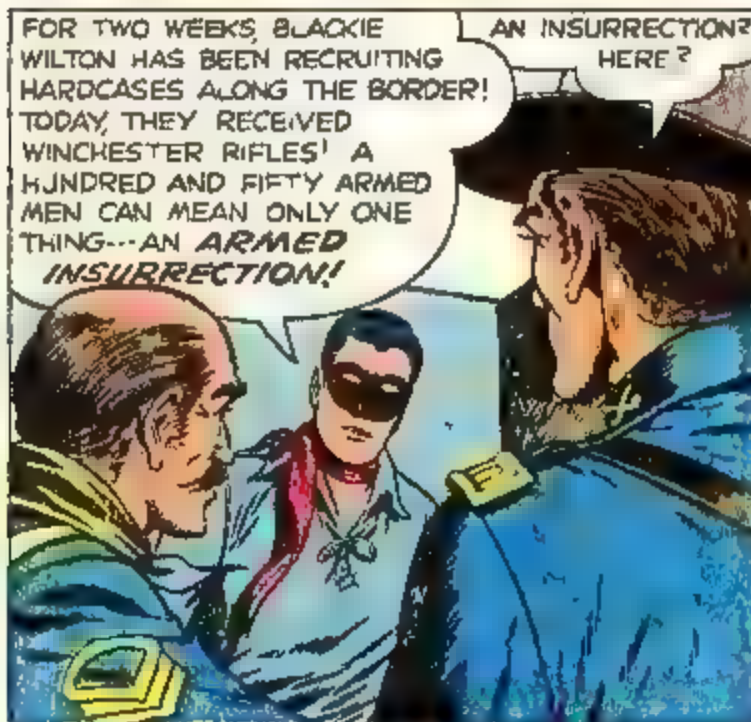
CAPTAIN, I *EXPECTED* THE LINE WOULD BE *CUT!*

THEN YOU THINK SOMEONE DELIBERATELY CUT IT! BUT *WHY?*



FOR TWO WEEKS, BLACKIE WILTON HAS BEEN RECRUITING **HARDCASES** ALONG THE BORDER! TODAY, THEY RECEIVED WINCHESTER RIFLES! A HUNDRED AND FIFTY ARMED MEN CAN MEAN ONLY ONE THING---AN **ARMED INSURRECTION!**

AN INSURRECTION? HERE?

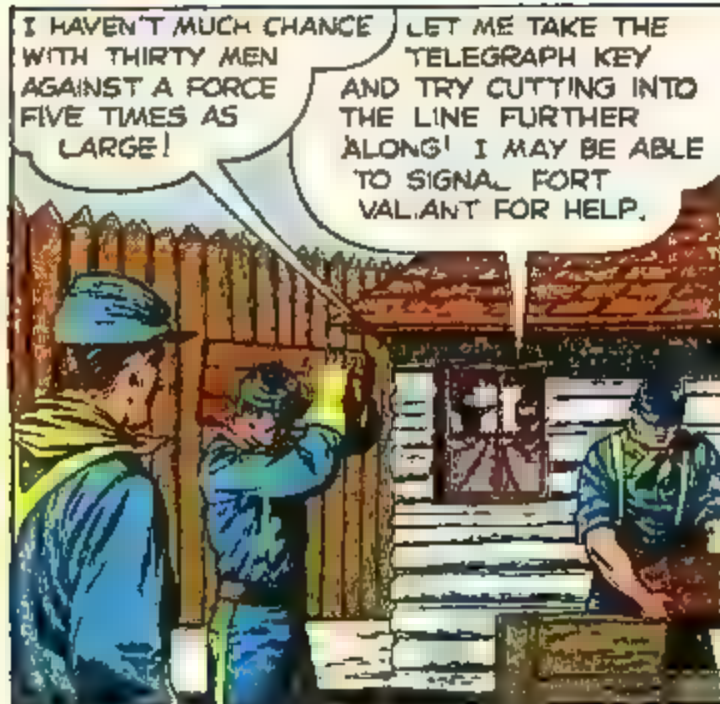


YES! CLAIM TO THIS BORDER AREA IS STILL BEING NEGOTIATED BY OUR GOVERNMENT AND MEXICO! IF WILTON CAN TAKE IT OVER AND SET HIMSELF UP BEFORE *EITHER* GOVERNMENT ACTS, IT WILL BE A TICKLISH DIPLOMATIC SITUATION! TO AVOID SENDING TROOPS INTO THE DISPUTED ZONE, WILTON MAY THEN HAVE TO BE **BOUGHT OFF!**



I HAVEN'T MUCH CHANCE WITH THIRTY MEN AGAINST A FORCE FIVE TIMES AS LARGE!

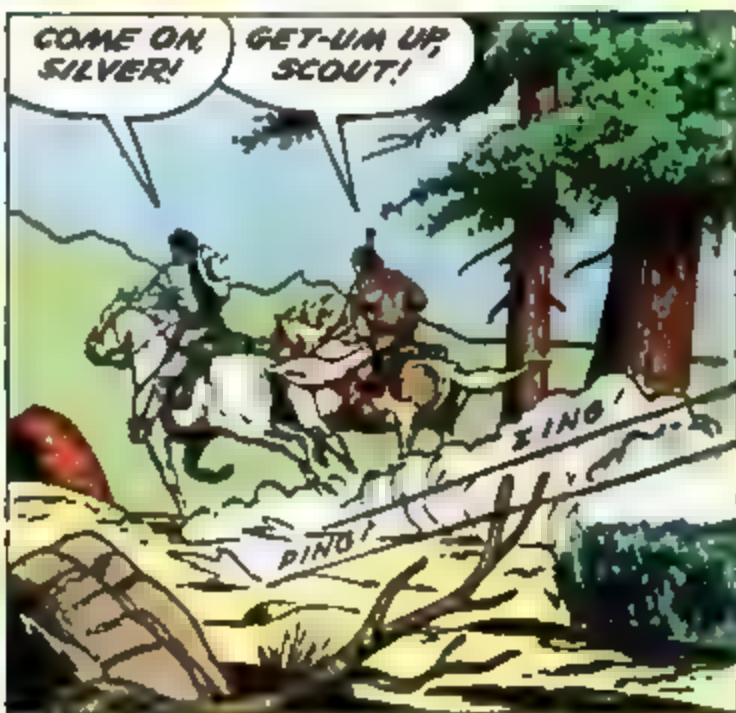
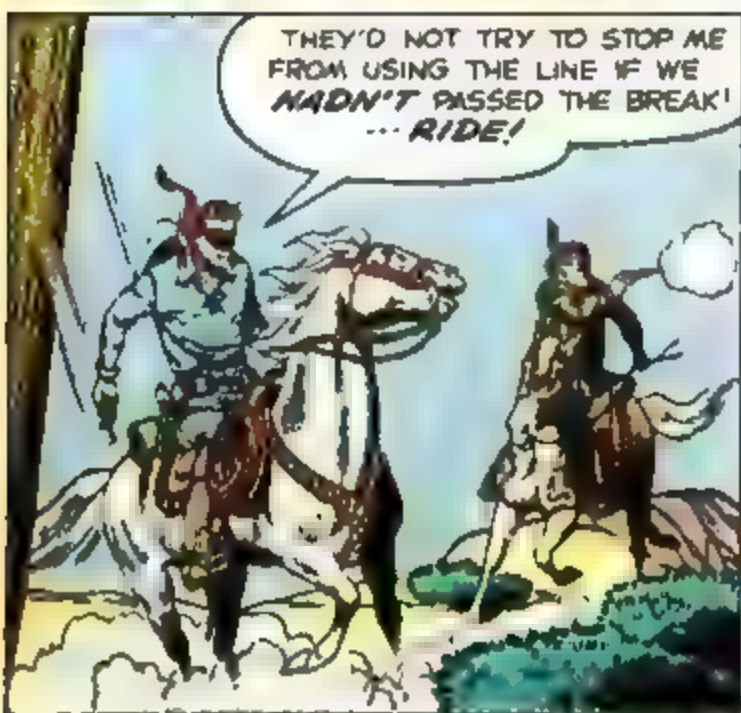
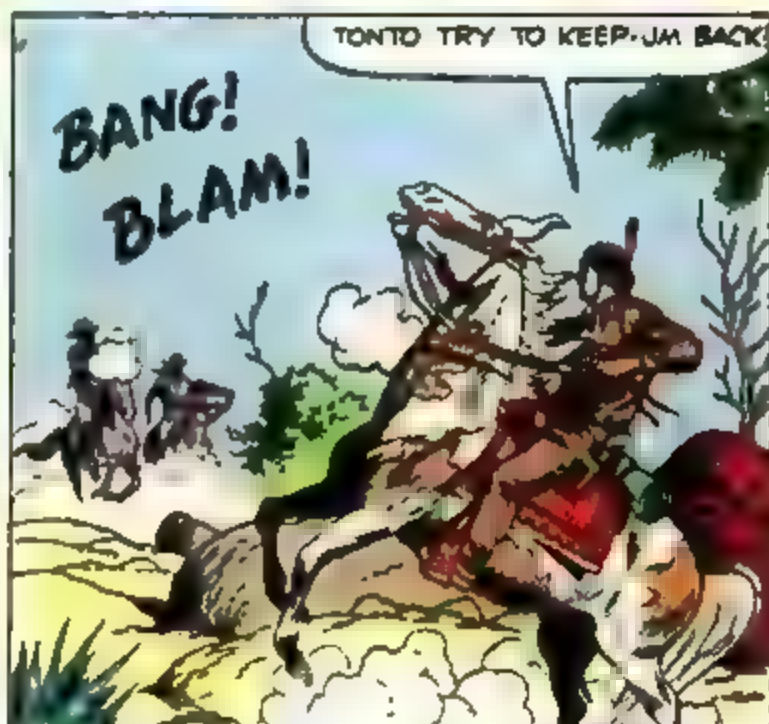
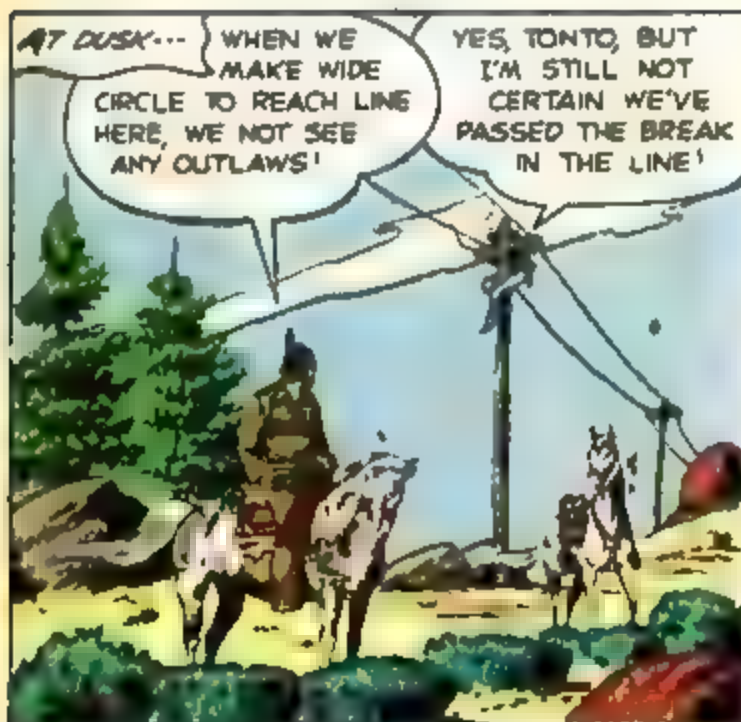
LET ME TAKE THE TELEGRAPH KEY AND TRY CUTTING INTO THE LINE FURTHER ALONG! I MAY BE ABLE TO SIGNAL FORT VALANT FOR HELP.



THE KEY'S NO USE TO ME NOW! BUT IF YOU'RE RIGHT, WHOEVER CUT THE LINE'S SURE TO BE **GUARDING IT!**

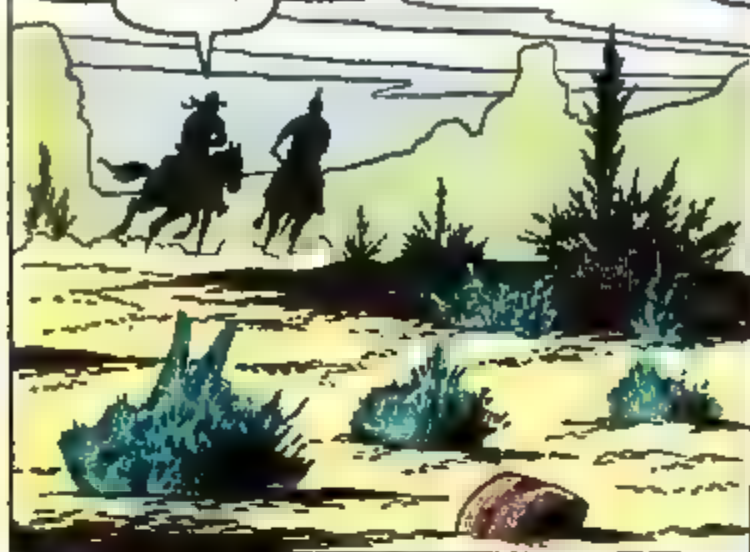








IT'S ALMOST DARK NOW...WE'LL  
SOON BE SAFE! THEN WE'LL  
DOUBLE BACK TOWARD WILTON'S  
CAMP AND SEE WHAT HE'S  
UP TO!



THAT NIGHT--

HE'S THE LAST MAN, BUTTE!  
NOW THEY'RE ALL ARMED!



MEN, IF WE CAN TAKE OVER THIS DISPUTED  
AREA BEFORE ANY TROOPS CAN MOVE IN ---  
IT'LL TAKE A LOT OF **DOLLARS** AND **PESOS**  
TO BUY US OUT!...**MOUNT UP!**



SWIFTLY, THE ARMED MEN RIDE FROM THEIR CAMP---

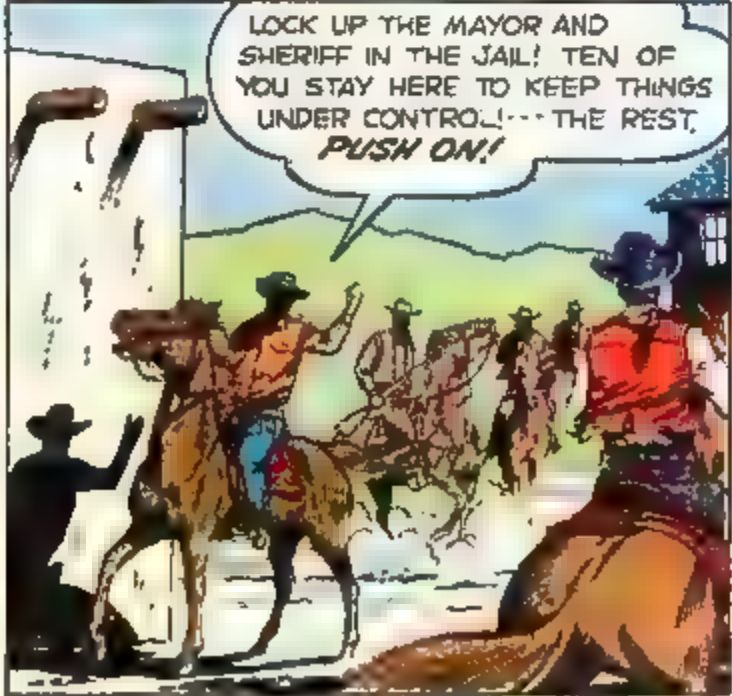
THERE'S OUR AGENT'S **BEACON** FLASHING  
FROM MULINDO! IT MEANS THE TOWN'S  
CLEAR OF TROOPS!



SUDDENLY, THE SLEEPY TOWN ECHOES WITH  
THE HOOFBEATS OF MANY HORSES---

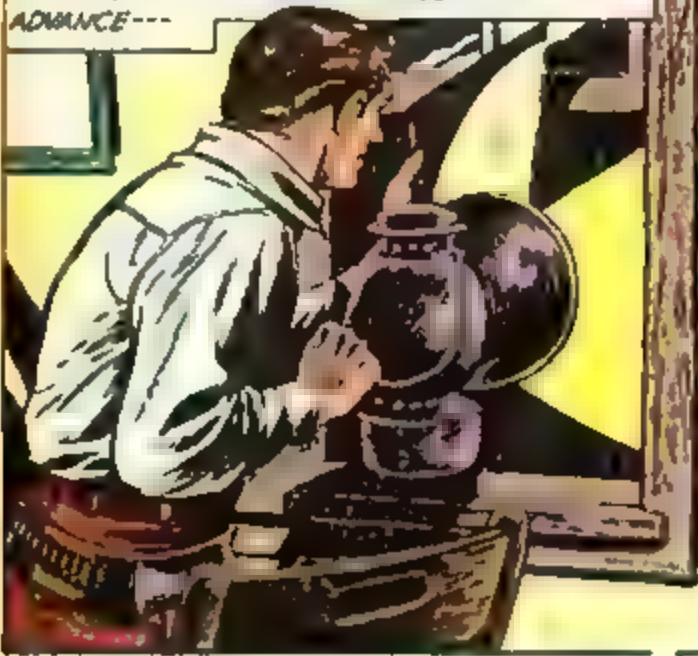


LOCK UP THE MAYOR AND  
SHERIFF IN THE JAIL! TEN OF  
YOU STAY HERE TO KEEP THINGS  
UNDER CONTROL!---THE REST,  
**PUSH ON!**





ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT, BEACONS FLASH SIGNALS, TELLING THE RAIDERS WHERE TO ADVANCE---



AND EACH PEACEFUL VILLAGE AND TOWN IS QUICKLY TAKEN OVER---

BUT I'M THE MAYOR---

YOU WERE, AMIGO! INSIDE!



DAWN--- KE.MO SABAY! OUTLAWS REACH PUERTO!

THE INSURRECTION IS ON, TONTO! BUT CAPTAIN NELSON'S MEN MAY BE ABLE TO DELAY THEIR ADVANCE AT SADDLE PASS!



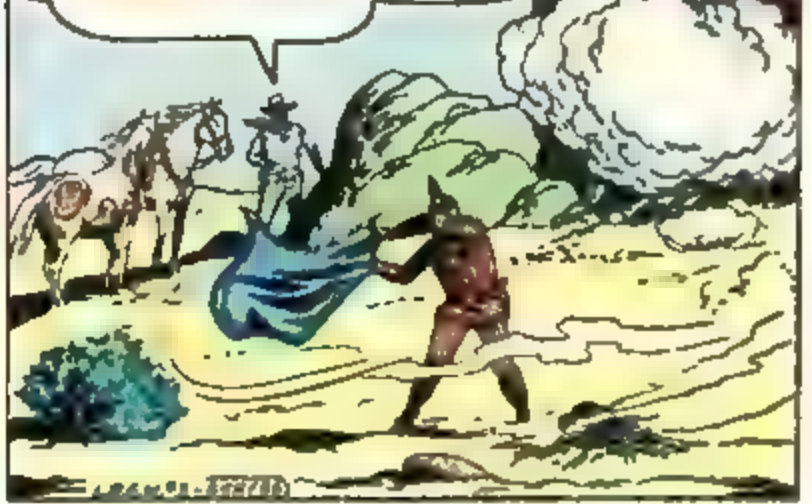
HOW WE REACH UM AND GET BACK TO PASS IN TIME?

THERE WAS AN INDIAN ARMY SCOUT AT THE POST, TONTO! MAKE SMOKE SIGNALS AND PRAY HE SEES THEM!

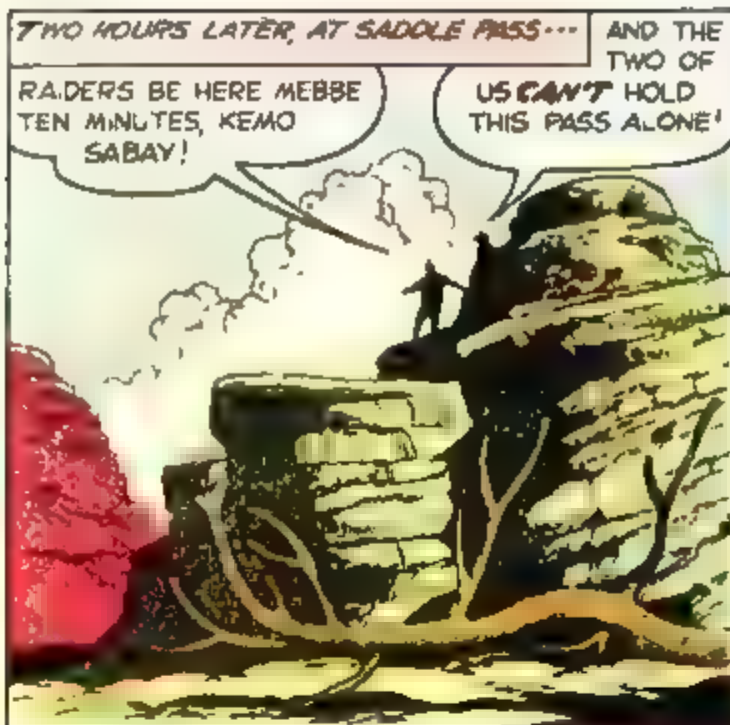


SPEEDILY, TONTO BUILDS A FIRE, PILES LEAVES ON IT AND USING HIS SADDLE BLANKET SIGNALS---

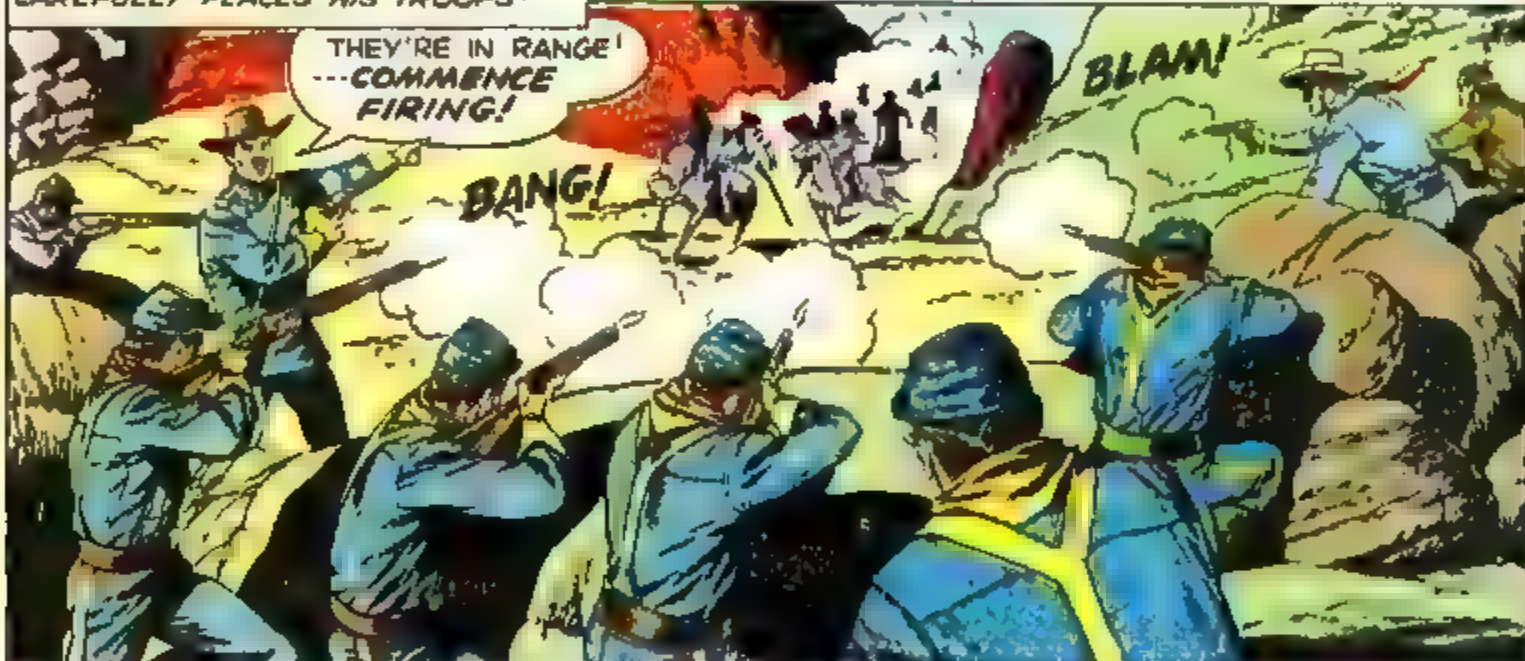
WE'LL RIDE FOR THE PASS AND HOPE CAPTAIN NELSON'S TROOPS MEET US THERE BEFORE WILTON'S MEN REACH THE PASS!



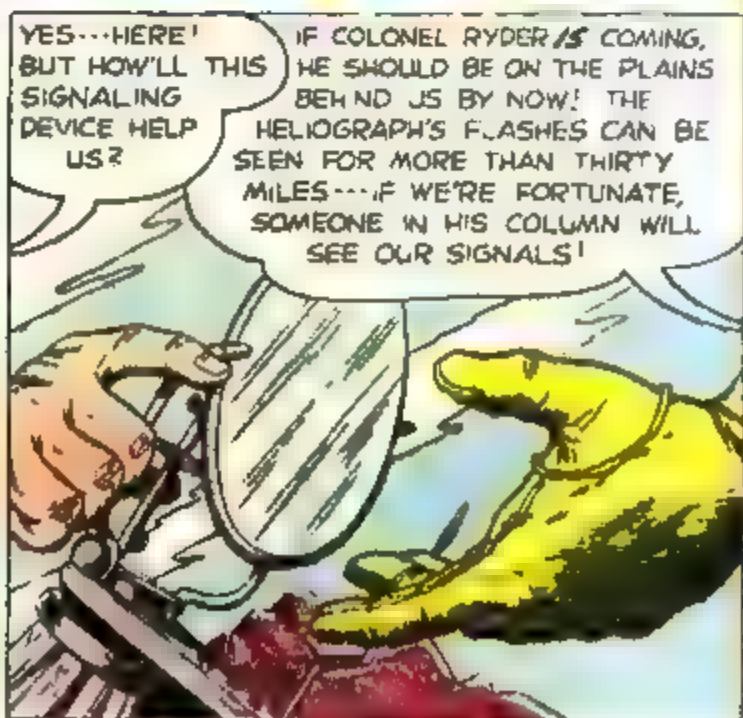
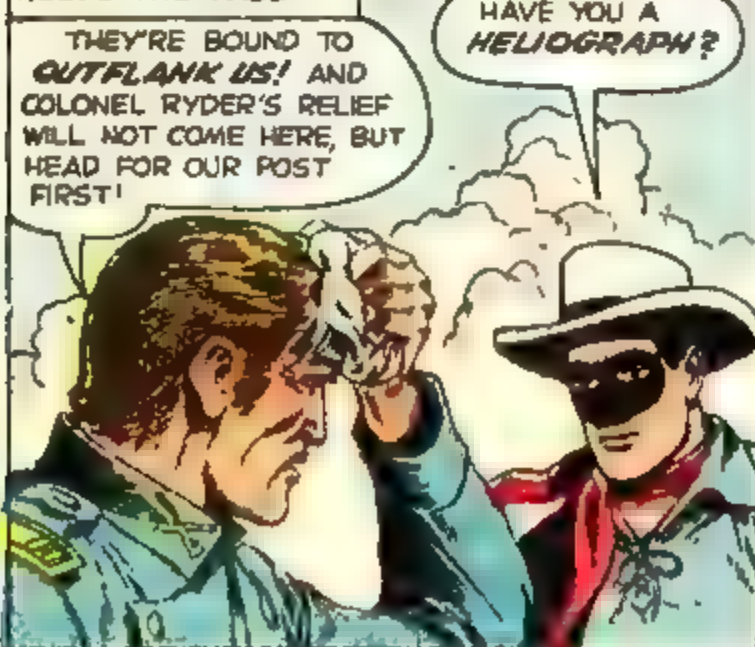




AS THE LONE RANGER FINISHES EXPLAINING THE DESPERATE SITUATION, CAPTAIN NELSON CAREFULLY PLACES HIS TROOPS...

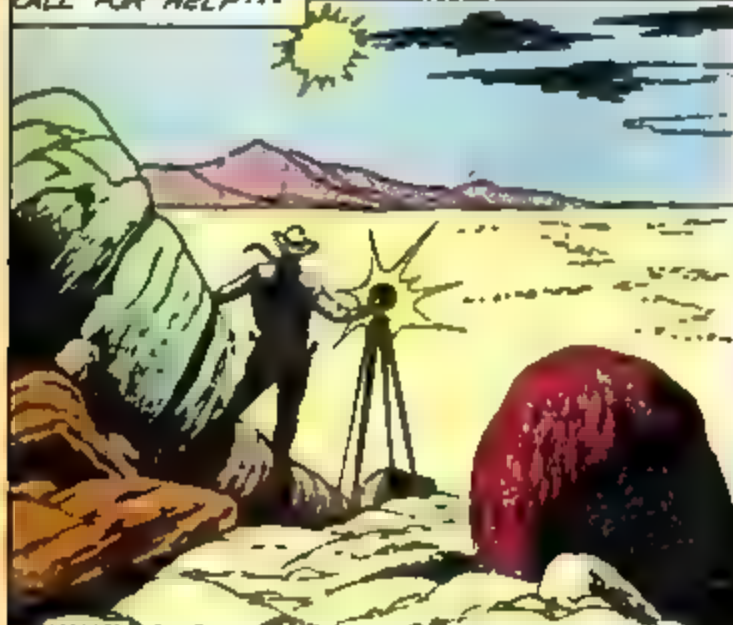


FOR THREE HOURS, THE SMALL ARMY FORCE HOLDS THE PASS...





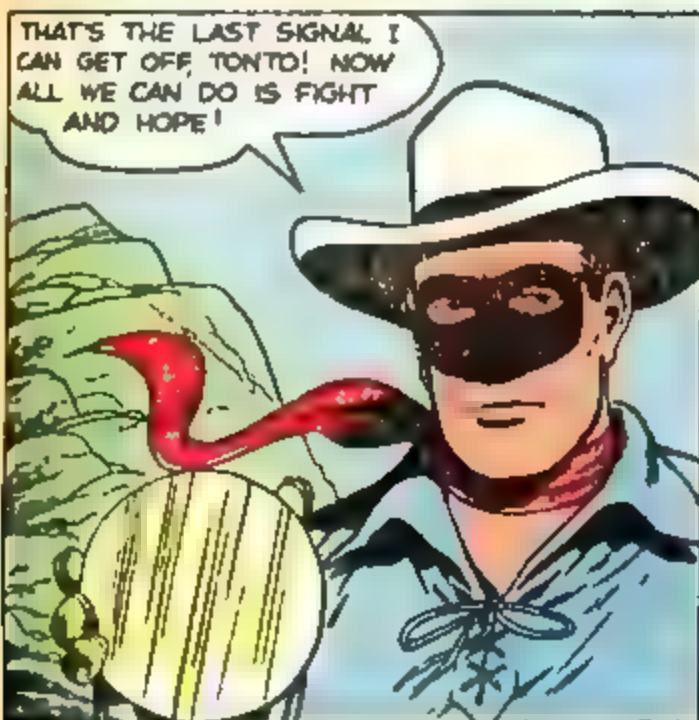
AGAIN AND AGAIN THE LONE RANGER USES THE SUN'S REFLECTED LIGHT TO FLASH HIS URGENT CALL FOR HELP...



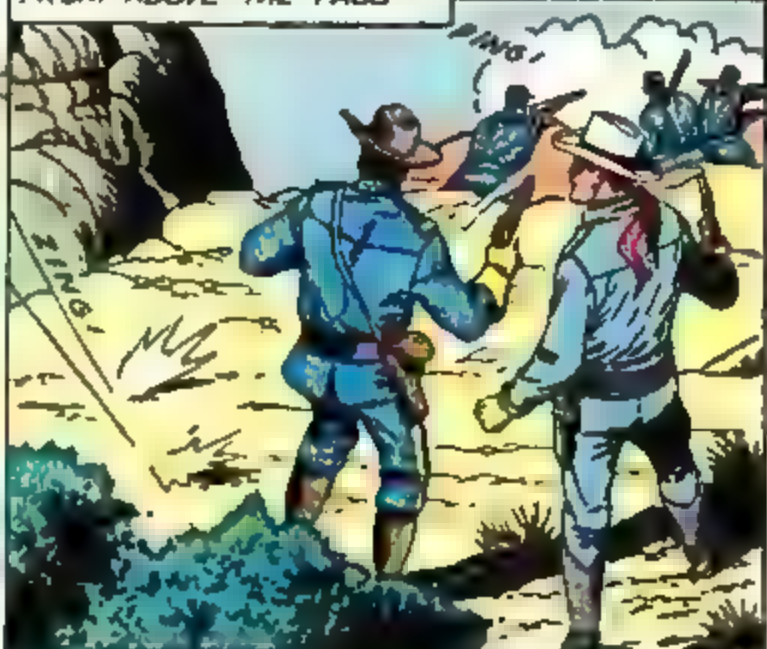
CLOUDS COVER SUN  
NOW KEMO SABAY!



THAT'S THE LAST SIGNAL I  
CAN GET OFF, TONTO! NOW  
ALL WE CAN DO IS FIGHT  
AND HOPE!

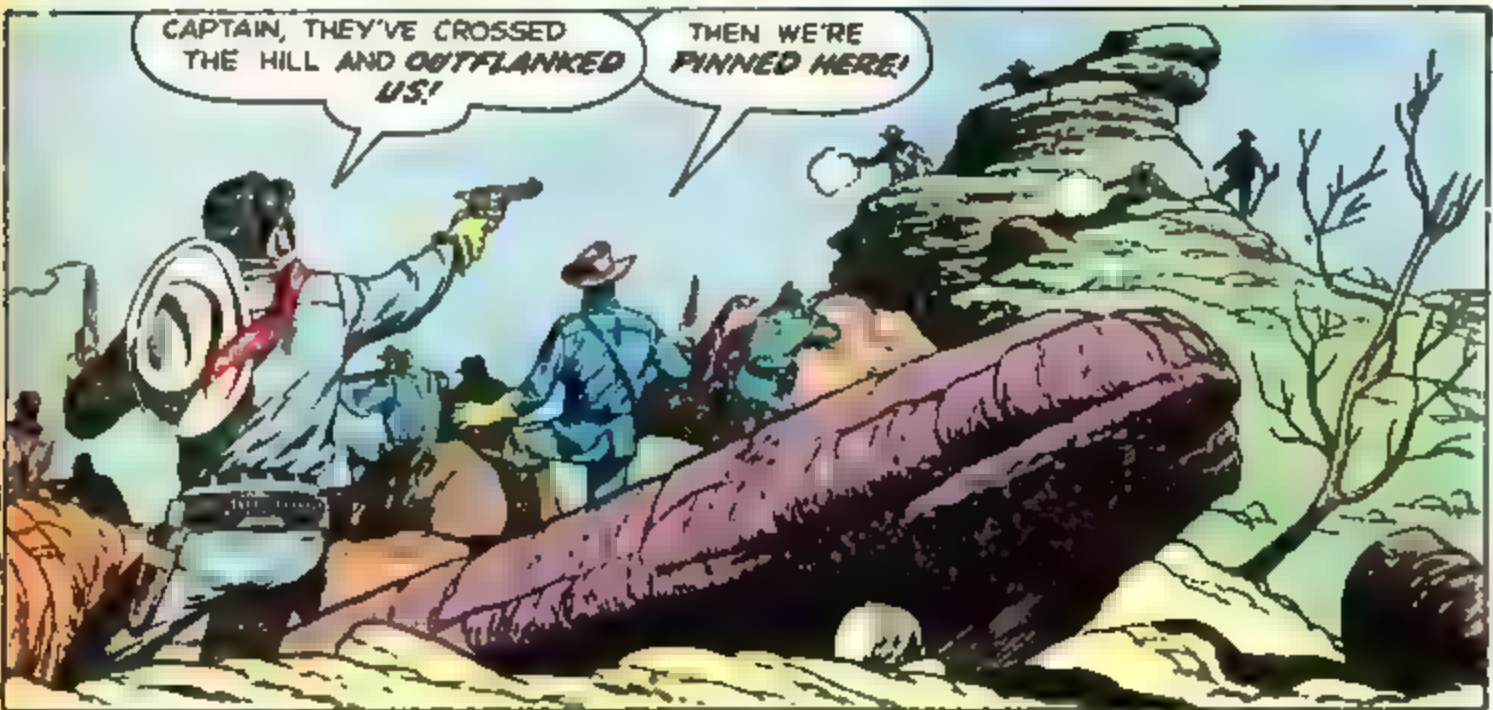


BUT, BY NOON, BULLETS SUDDENLY CUT DOWN  
FROM ABOVE THE PASS---

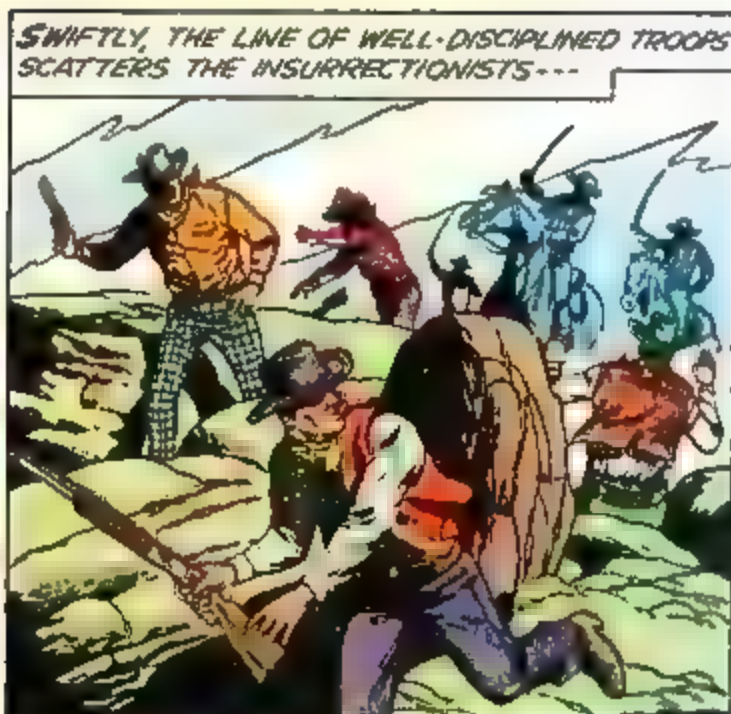
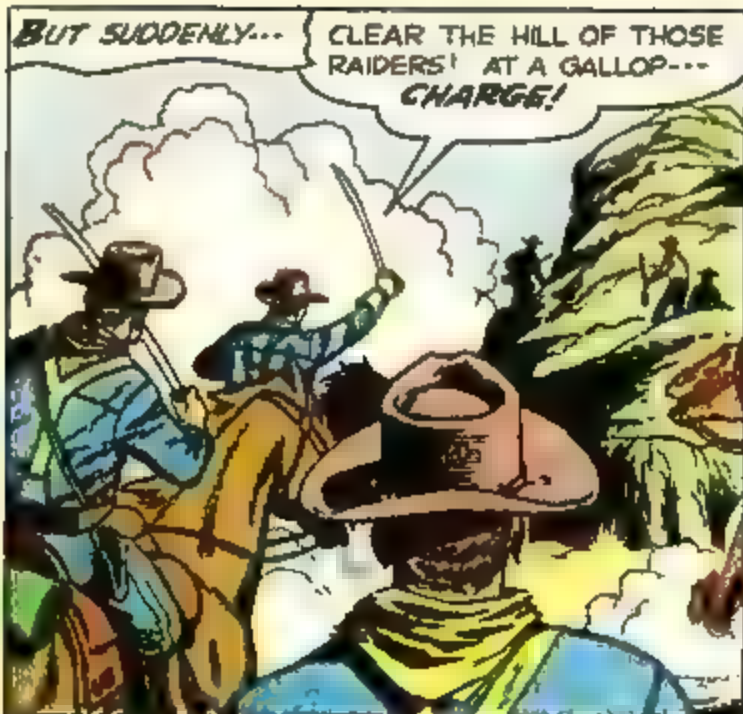


CAPTAIN, THEY'VE CROSSED  
THE HILL AND OUTFLANKED  
US!

THEN WE'RE  
PINNED HERE!



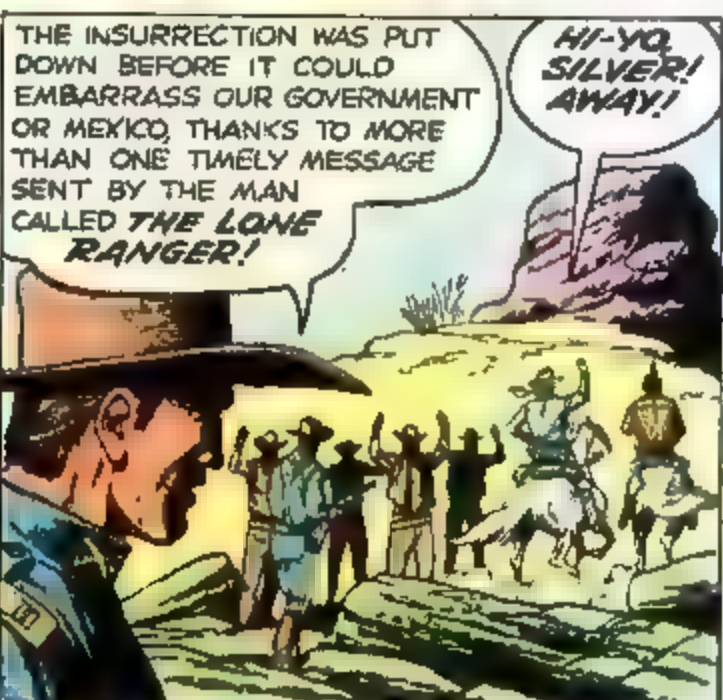
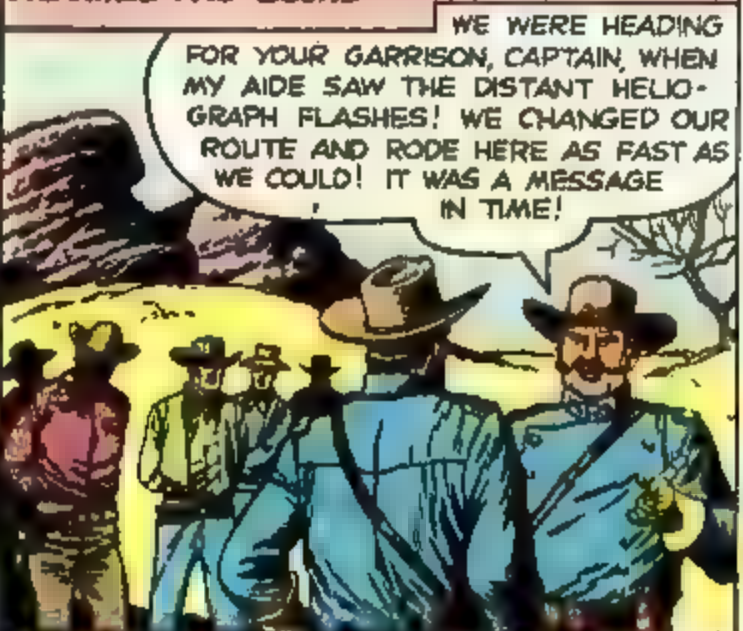




**SWEEPING THE HILL CLEAR OF WILTON'S MEN, THE CAVALRY QUICKLY SURROUNDS THE REST OF THE RAIDERS---**



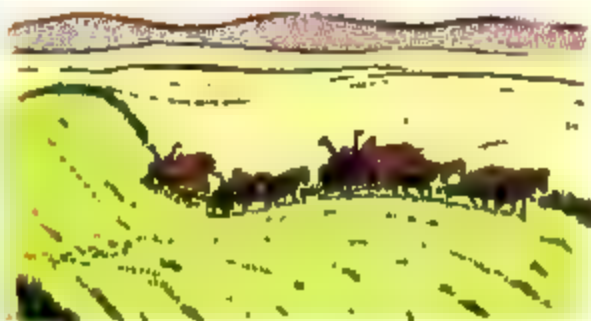
**AND AS THE INSURRECTIONIST LEADERS ARE DISARMED AND BOUND---**



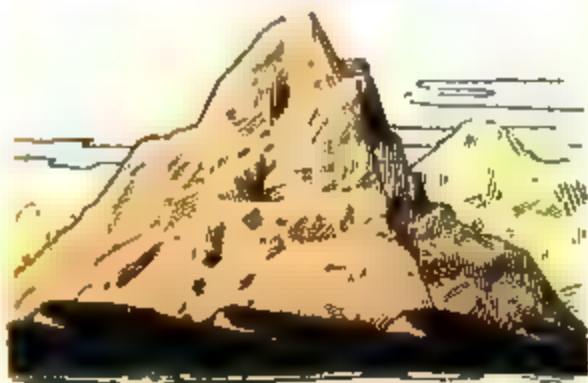


# WESTERN LANDS

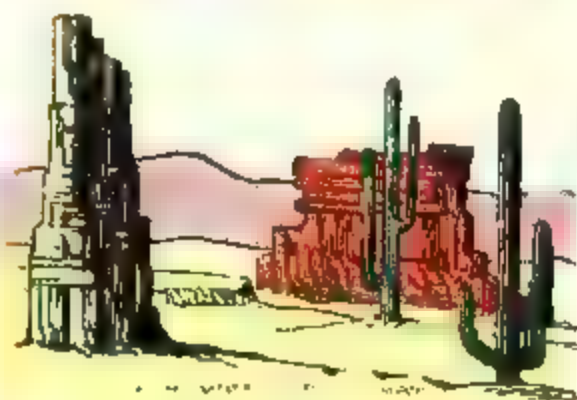
THE PRAIRIE



THE HIGH MOUNTAINS



THE DRY STATES



THE WESTERN SLOPES



The West is divided into four very different parts: great rolling prairies, the dry eastern slopes of the Rocky Mountains, the high mountains themselves and the narrow western coast fronting on the Pacific Ocean. Each of these is different, and all kinds of settlers lived in each area.

*The Great Prairie* begins west of the Mississippi River. It was mostly grassland when the white man first saw it. Save for the buffalo herds that wandered there, the plains were bare and uninviting. Most of the early settlers avoided the seemingly unprofitable land. But after the buffalo hunters had cleared away most of the great herds, cattlemen found that the grass could support vast herds of steers. Still later, farmers came and discovered that corn and wheat would grow well there. They planted their crops, and at last, the lonely plains became one of America's richest treasures.

Even today, few people live among the higher peaks of the Rockies. But lower down, along the slopes, in the vast forests of evergreen trees, loggers and lumbermen have built large towns. The first men to live in the mountains were trappers. The early beaver trappers were especially important. They were the ones who discovered the first mountain passes leading to the western slopes of the mountains and California.

The prevailing winds in America blow from the west. They come from the Pacific Ocean and bring enormous, rain-laden clouds which strike the up-flung wall of the Rockies, losing moisture in continuous falls of rain. Very little precipitation reaches the land on the other side of the Rocky Mountains. In spite of its dryness, the country is rich in deposits of silver, gold, copper and other minerals and metals which were formed by volcanic action ages ago. Though cattle herding is difficult in Nevada, Colorado and many other states, and large scale farming is almost impossible, the mines are very profitable.

The rich, wet slopes of the Rockies' western face support many thriving farms and a great lumber industry. The topsoil is fertile and extensive due to the heavy precipitation. Cattle ranches, while smaller than those in the more easterly, drier states, have become an important far western industry. Here the rancher raises most of the food supplies needed for his cattle instead of setting his animals out to graze.



# LOST TREASURES OF THE WEST



GERONIMO'S LOST MINE



THE LOST COWBOY MINE



ADAMS' BURIED TREASURE

After a disastrous fight with the U.S. Army, Geronimo, the great Apache warrior chief, found himself imprisoned in the stockade at Fort Sill. He told one of his guards of a fabulous mine where the Apaches mined the "green beads" that they used for ornaments and where they mined their gold. The guard promised to help the Chief escape if the Indian would guide him to the mines. But the plot was discovered and the guard was sent to prison. Later, Geronimo himself was exiled to a reservation in Florida, far from his secret mine. Even today, prospectors search for the mines of the Apaches. The gold mine is said to be located in the bottom of a deep box canyon near an old adobe house. The Apaches regularly traded gold for guns and ammunition, food, and clothing. The mine must have been very rich, but to this date remains undiscovered.

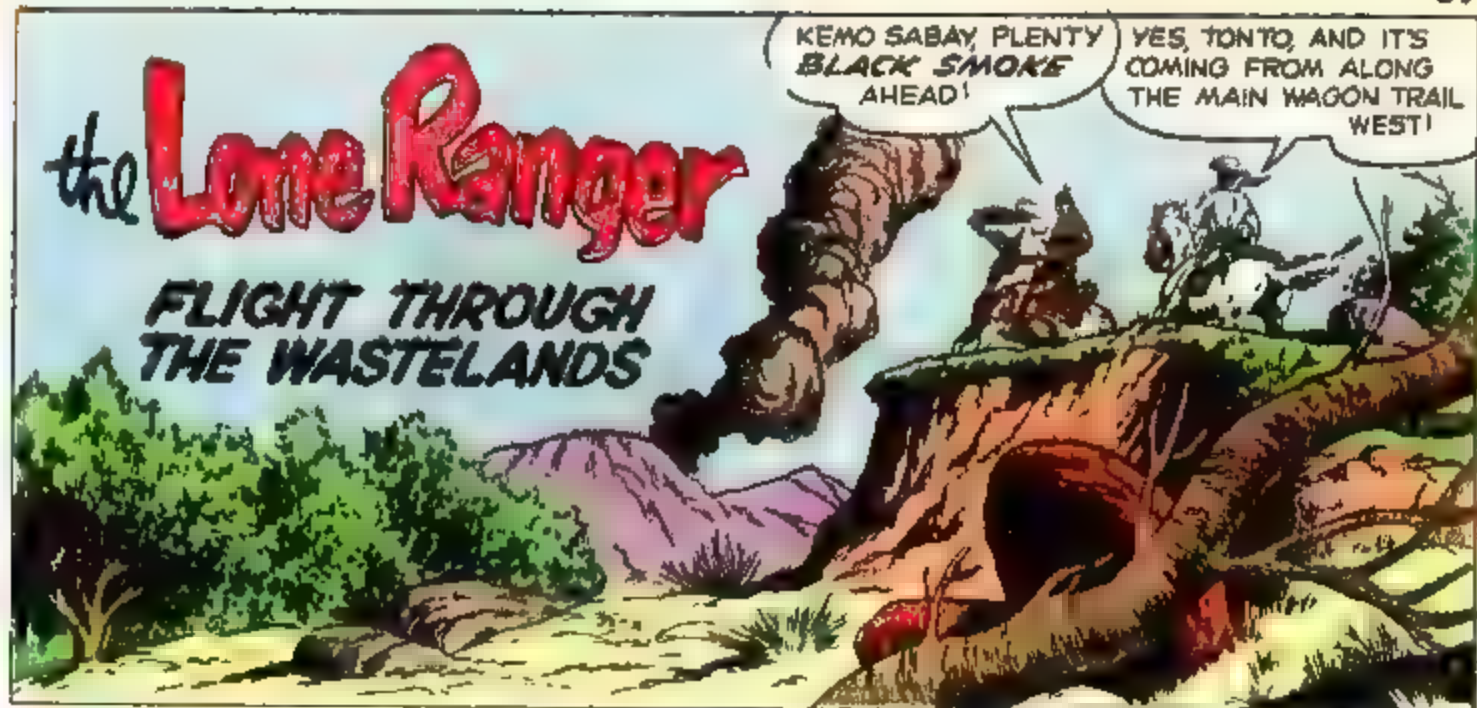
About sixty years ago, an old corral stood on the banks of the Colorado River north of Yuma, Arizona. It was built of adobe blocks. Cowboys used it to gather wandering steers until they could muster enough cowpunchers to drive a herd back to their home ranches. Near the corral was a low round hill, covered with black, rounded pieces of heavy stone or metal. The cowboys often threw the stones at the half-wild steers to frighten them through the corral gate. Gradually, as permanent settlers came into the territory, the corral was abandoned. One of the cowboys went back East to his childhood home, and took a few of the strange, heavy stones with him. Years later, a friend of his who was a mining expert examined them and discovered that they were almost pure lumps of solid gold, although tarnished black due to long exposure to the weather. Since then, hundreds of men have tried to find the Lost Cowboy Mine and its acres of gold nuggets. None have succeeded. Either the old corral was gradually washed away by stones, or someone secretly destroyed it to conceal the mine's location.

Many years ago a man named Adams and six others discovered a rich mine near the headwaters of the Gila River in Arizona. They built a small cabin and worked the mine hard. Their greatest danger lay in being discovered by the raiding Apaches. One day, Adams and one of his partners left the camp for town. The first night they camped on a high hill and looked back toward the mine. The cabin was in flames and the blaze of gunfire lit the surrounding sky. The Apaches had killed all their friends. After struggling on for many miles across the desert, the two men were discovered, half starved and in a delirious state. Adams' partner was killed a short time later. For years, Adams could not re-enter the territory which was infested with hostile Indians. When he finally went back, after many years, he was unable to locate the mine. His landmark, the cabin, had been completely destroyed. There must be at least \$60,000 worth of gold buried under the site of the cabin.



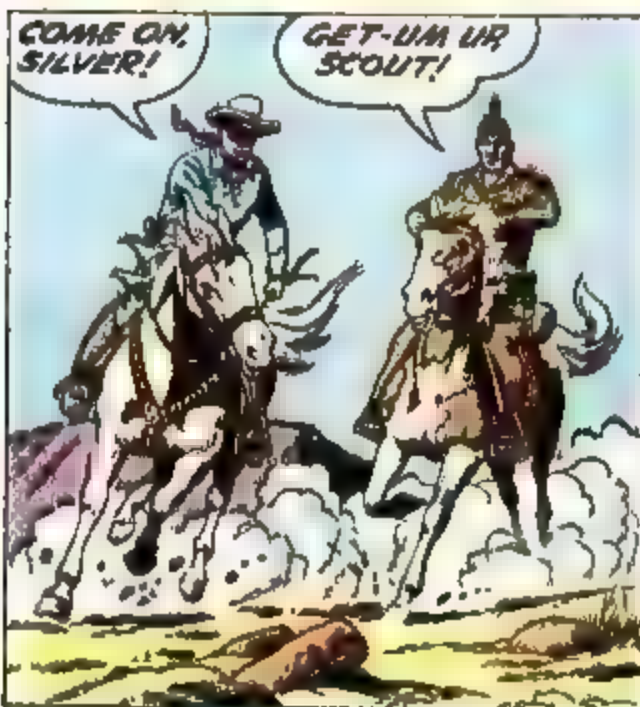
# the Lone Ranger

## FLIGHT THROUGH THE WASTELANDS



KEMO SABAY, PLENTY  
**BLACK SMOKE**  
AHEAD!

YES, TONTO, AND IT'S  
COMING FROM ALONG  
THE MAIN WAGON TRAIL  
WEST!



COME ON,  
SILVER!

GET-UM UP  
SCOUT!



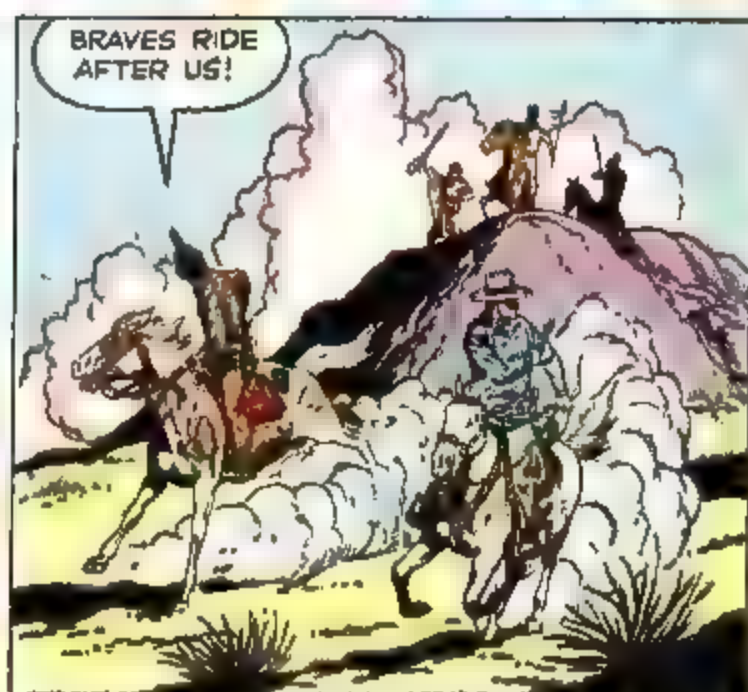
APACHES!

UGH! THEM BURN  
AND LOOT WAGONS!



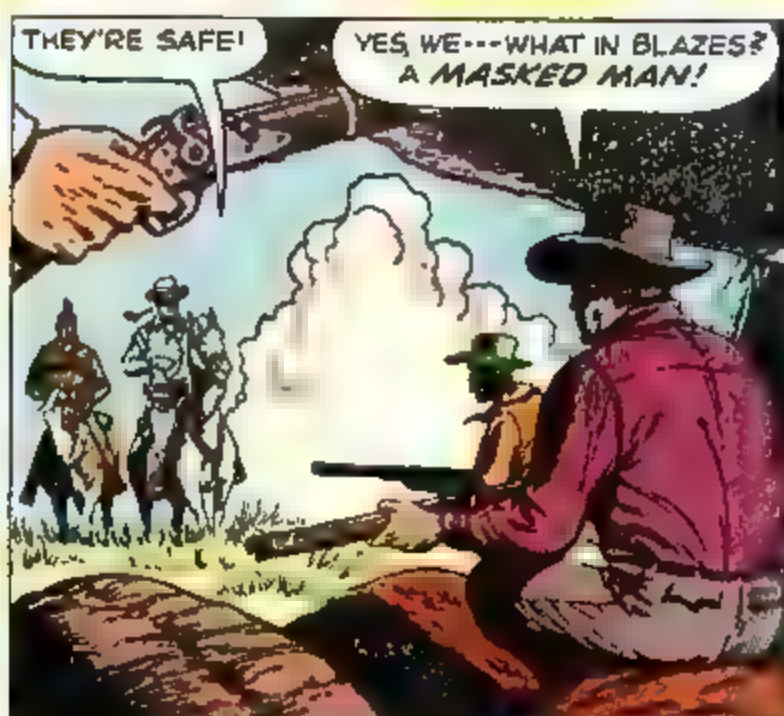
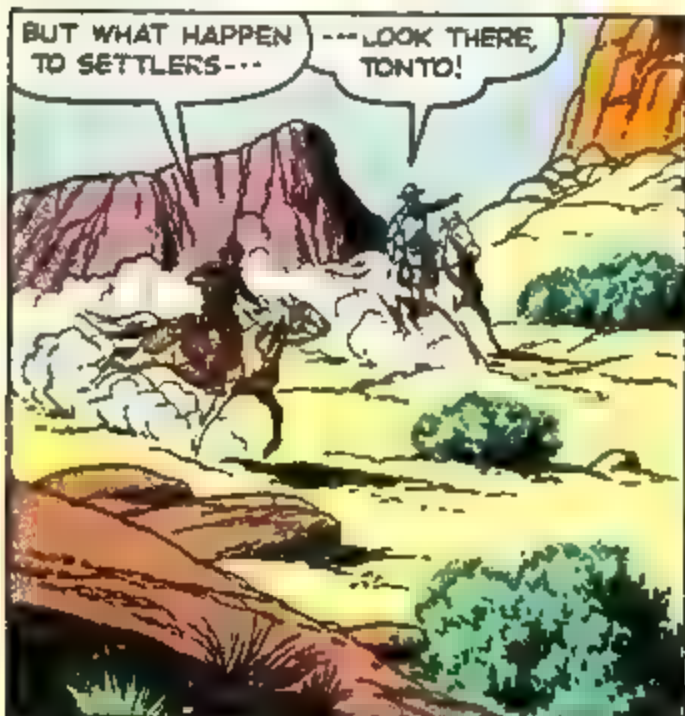
BUT TONTO NOT  
SEE **SETTLERS!**

TURN BACK, TONTO!  
THE APACHES  
HAVE **SEEN US!**



BRAVES RIDE  
AFTER US!







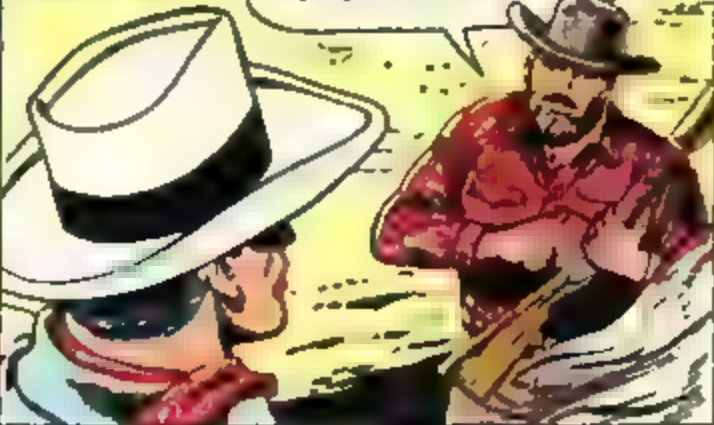
WHILE THE APACHES ARE STILL LOOTING THE WAGONS, TONTO AND I CAN TRY TO HELP YOU GET AWAY!

HE MAY BE **MASKED**, BUT HE SOUNDS LIKE HE REALLY WANTS TO **HELP** US!



GET READY TO MOVE IMMEDIATELY!

BUT WE'VE NO HORSES! THE APACHES JUMPED US FROM AMBUSH AND WE HAD TO RUN OFF ON FOOT! WE STILL HAD OUR WEAPONS AND THAT SMALL BAND DIDN'T WANT TO RISK AN EVEN FIGHT! BUT IF **MORE** OF THEIR TRIBESMEN COME, WE'RE DONE FOR!



NOT IF YOU'RE **GONE** WHEN THEY COME TO LOOK FOR YOU! TONTO AND I WILL LEAD YOU TO THE NEAREST FORT BY A WAY THEY'LL NOT EXPECT YOU TO TAKE -THROUGH THE **WASTELANDS!**

BUT THAT'S A THREE DAYS' MARCH! WE'LL **STARVE!**



YOU HAVE **FLOUR** FOR **BREAD** --AND BESIDES THE STAFF OF LIFE, YOU'LL BE ABLE TO **LIVE OFF THE LAND!**

NEVER HEARD OF ANYONE LIVING OFF A **WASTE-LAND**...BUT IT'S BETTER THAN WAITING AROUND TO BE SCALPED!



I'LL LEAD THEM, TONTO. COVER OUR TRAIL!

UGH!



LATER, JOINED BY A SECOND AND LARGER WAR PARTY, THE APACHES TRACK THE SETTLERS FROM THE WAGON TRAIL UNTIL---

THEIR TRACKS **END** HERE.

BUT THEY ARE **NOT** HERE!





NOT A SIGN OF THEIR TRAIL---  
THEY HAVE COVERED THEIR  
TRACKS WELL!



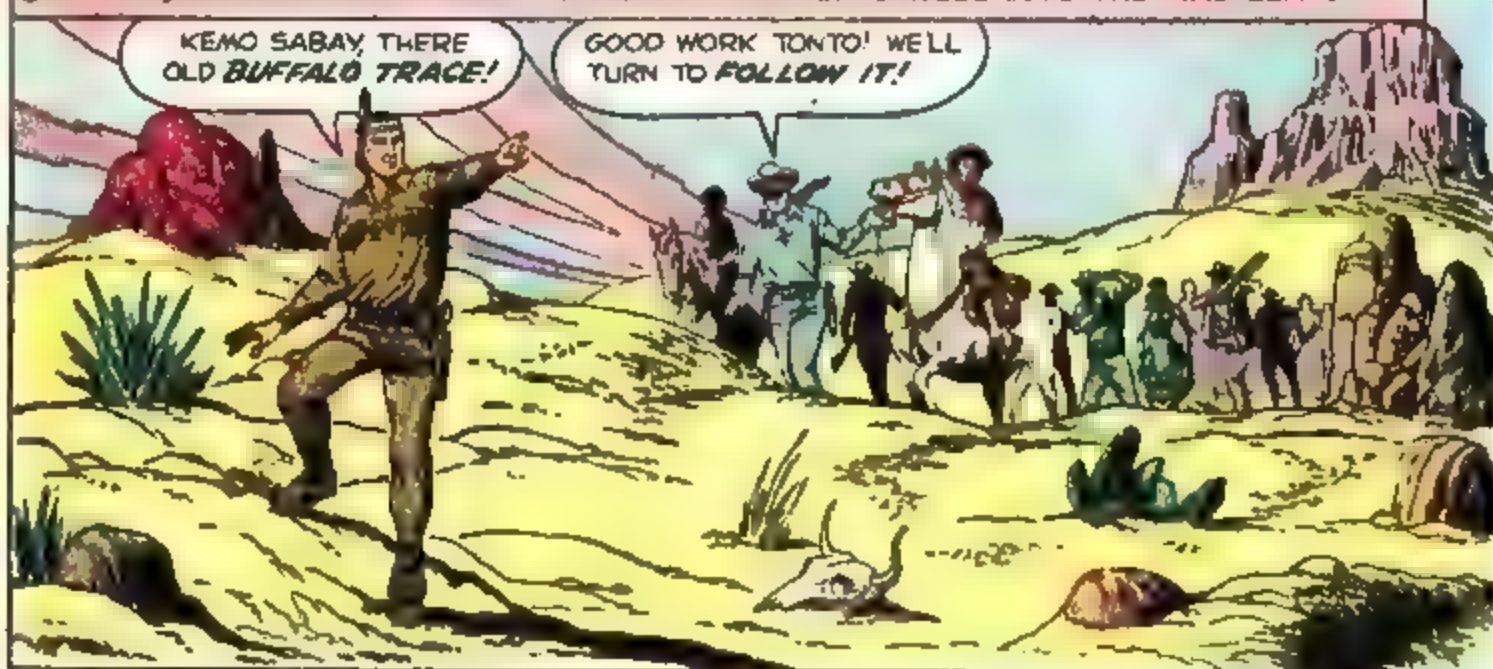
THEY HAVE NO FOOD SAVE A LITTLE  
FLOUR AT THE MOST! IF THEY DO NOT  
WISH TO STARVE, THEY MUST  
FOLLOW THE REGULAR **WAGON  
TRAIL** WEST ON FOOT TO THE  
NEXT FORT! BUT WE SHALL  
**AMBUSH** THEM ALONG  
THAT ROAD!



BY DUSK, THE LONE RANGER HAS GUIDED THE SETTLERS WELL INTO THE WASTELAND---

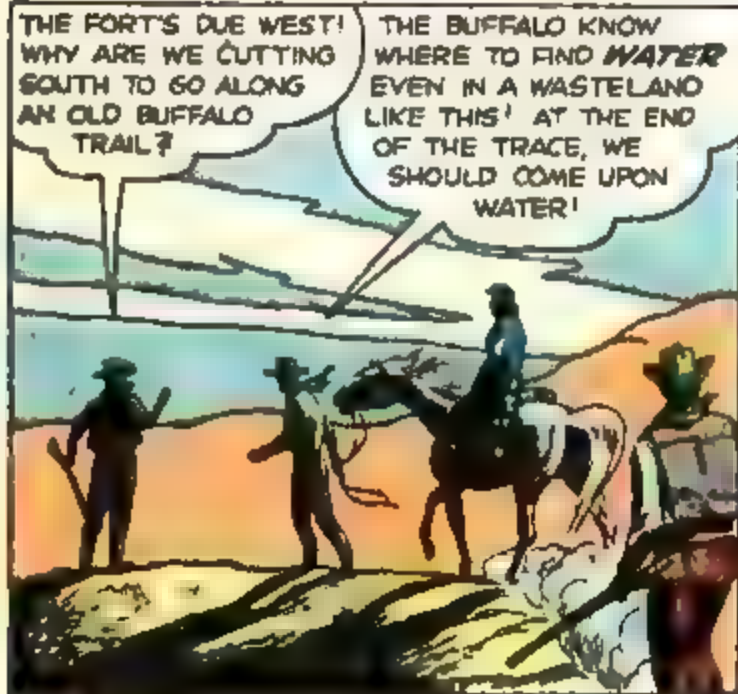
KEMO SABAY, THERE  
OLD **BUFFALO** TRACE!

GOOD WORK TONTO! WE'LL  
TURN TO **FOLLOW** IT!



THE FORT'S DUE WEST!  
WHY ARE WE CUTTING  
SOUTH TO GO ALONG  
AN OLD **BUFFALO**  
TRAIL?

THE **BUFFALO** KNOW  
WHERE TO FIND **WATER**  
EVEN IN A WASTELAND  
LIKE THIS! AT THE END  
OF THE TRACE, WE  
SHOULD COME UPON  
WATER!



WE'D BETTER---OUR  
CANTEENS ARE **EMPTY**  
AND THAT SUN  
PROMISES A **HOT**  
DAY TOMORROW!





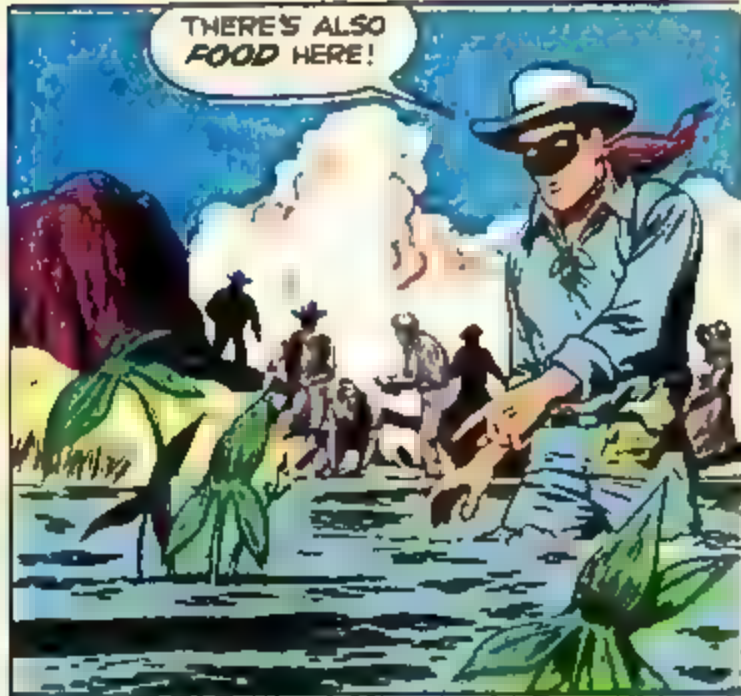
AS NIGHT FALLS, A SHIMMERING GLINT OF MOONLIGHT IS REFLECTED AHEAD---

WATER!

THE MASKED MAN WAS RIGHT! THE BUFFALO TRACK DID LEAD US TO A DRINK!

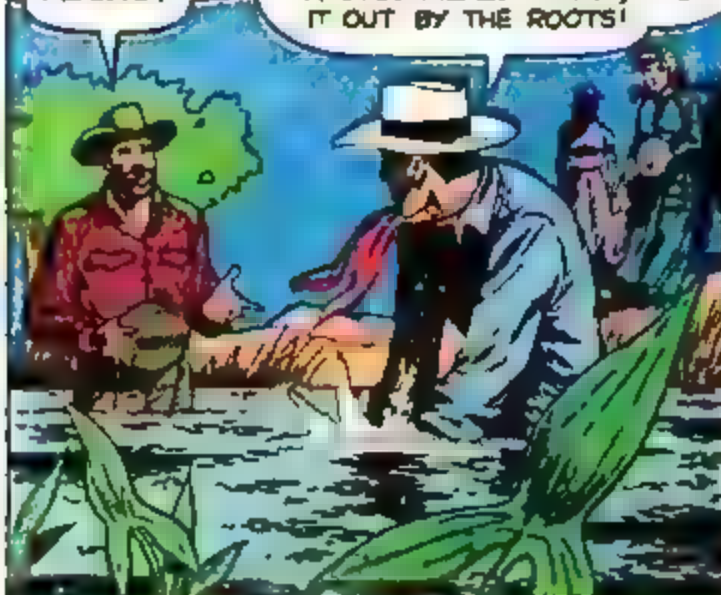


THERE'S ALSO FOOD HERE!

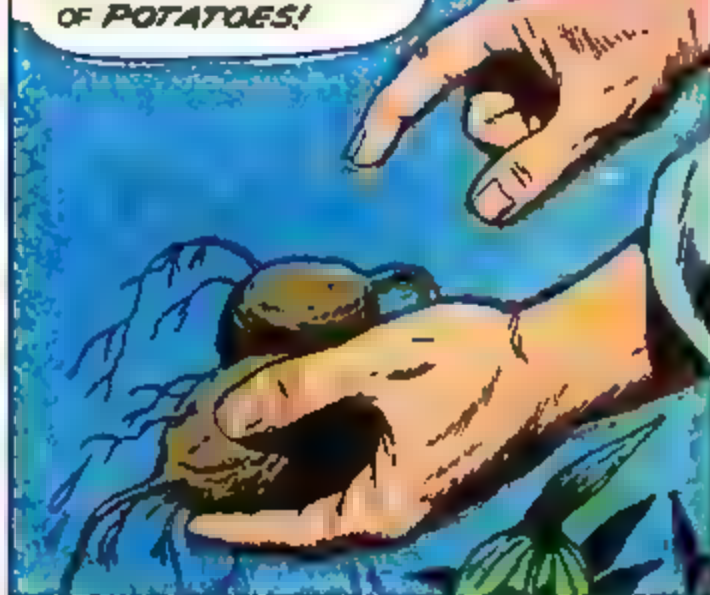


FOOD? I JUST SEE SOME SWAMP PLANTS!

TRUE, BUT THIS **ARROW-HEAD** PLANT CAN PROVIDE A GOOD MEAL!... FIRST, PULL IT OUT BY THE ROOTS!



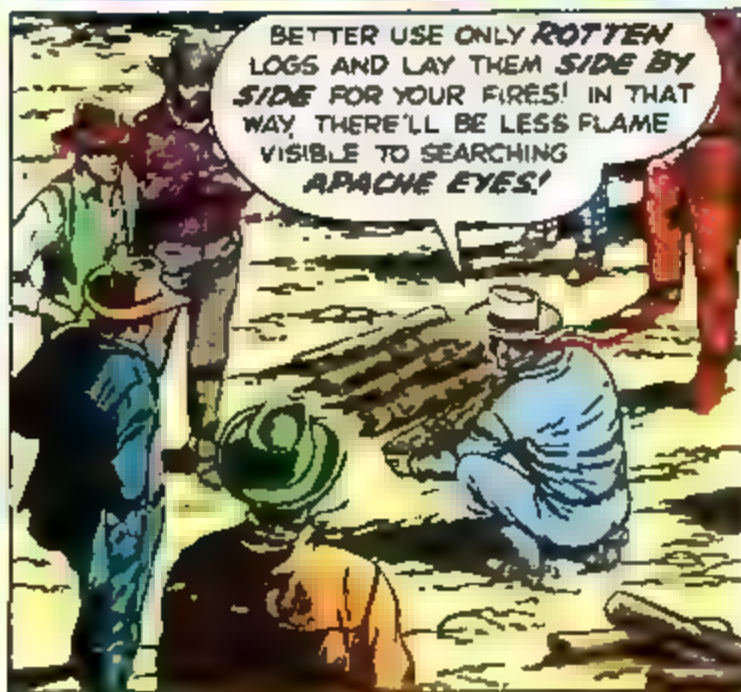
WHEN YOU BOIL THESE **TUBERS** AT THE END OF THE ROOTS, THEY'LL TAKE THE PLACE OF **POTATOES**!



LAND SAKES! WHOEVER THOUGHT YOU COULD PULL POTATOES OUT OF A SWAMP!



BETTER USE ONLY **ROTTEN** LOGS AND LAY THEM **SIDE BY SIDE** FOR YOUR FIRES! IN THAT WAY THERE'LL BE LESS FLAME VISIBLE TO SEARCHING **APACHE EYES**!





AS THE FIRE IS KINDLED, THE WOMEN TAKE THE PRECIOUS FLOUR AND MAKE IT INTO A DOUGH.

WHY ARE YOU LAYING OUT THE DOUGH IN A TWO-INCH-WIDE RIBBON?

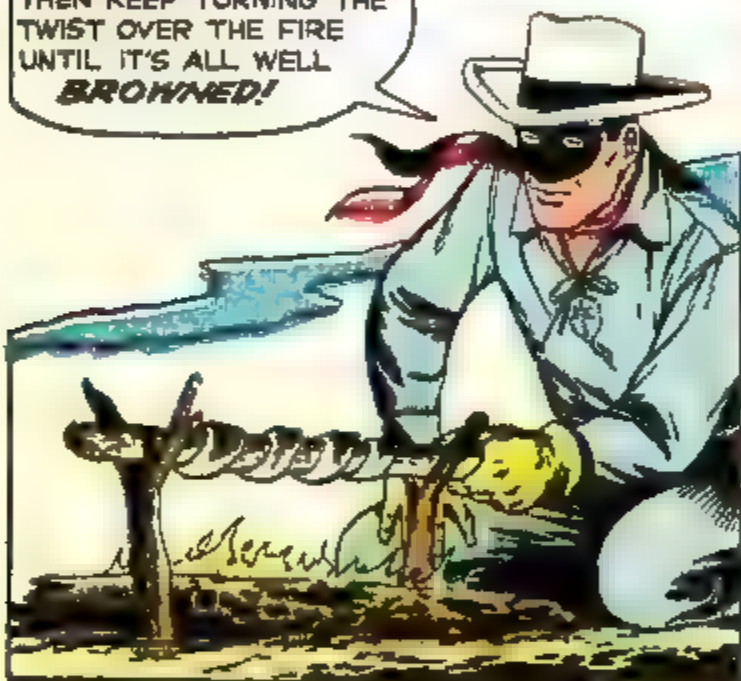
THE EASIEST WAY FOR US TO BAKE **BREAD** OUT HERE WILL BE TO MAKE A **TWIST**!



TO MAKE IT, WIND YOUR STRIP OF DOUGH AROUND A PEELED GREEN BIRCH STICK LIKE THIS.



THEN KEEP TURNING THE TWIST OVER THE FIRE UNTIL IT'S ALL WELL **BROWNED!**



AND THAT NIGHT, THE SETTLERS EAT BOILED OR ROASTED SWAMP POTATOES AND TWIST, AND WASH IT DOWN WITH FRESH WATER --- ALL FOUND IN THE MIDDLE OF A SEEMINGLY FOODLESS WASTELAND---

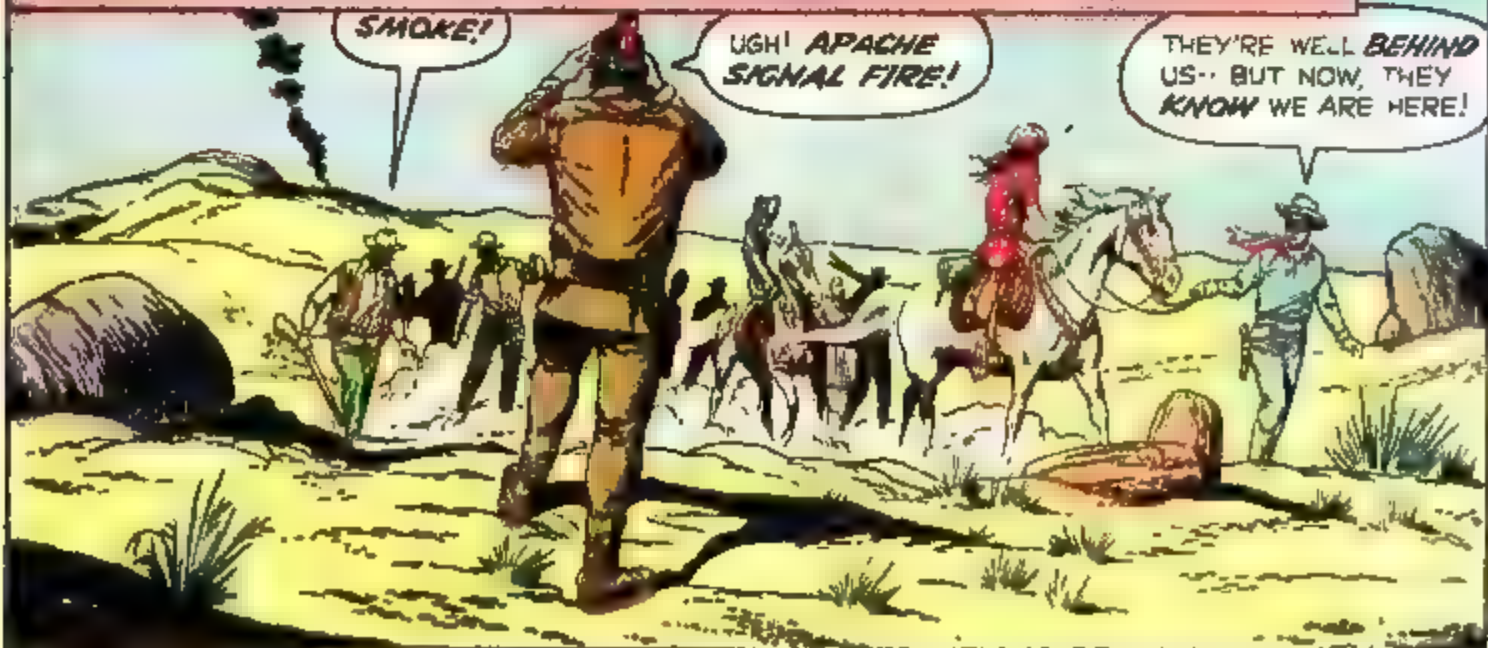


BUT THE NEXT DAY, AS THEY MARCH ON TOWARD THE STILL DISTANT FORT, SUDDENLY---

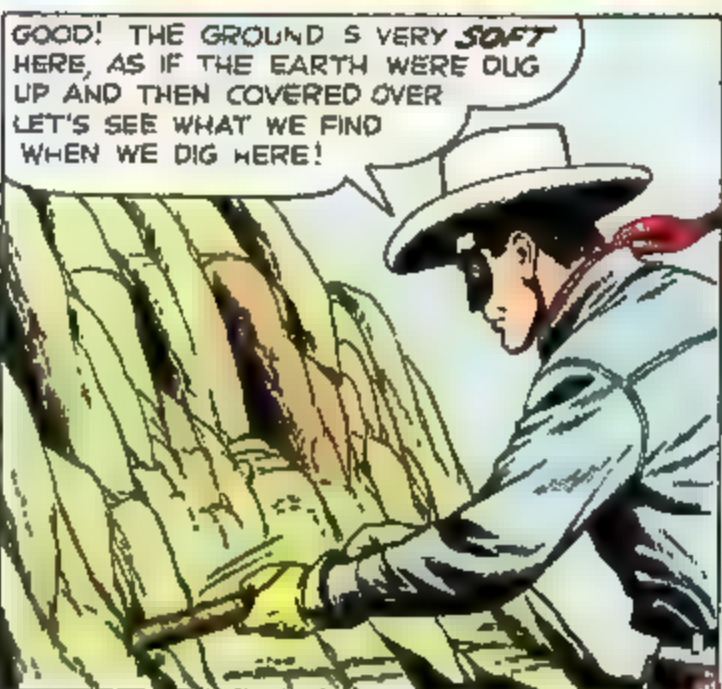
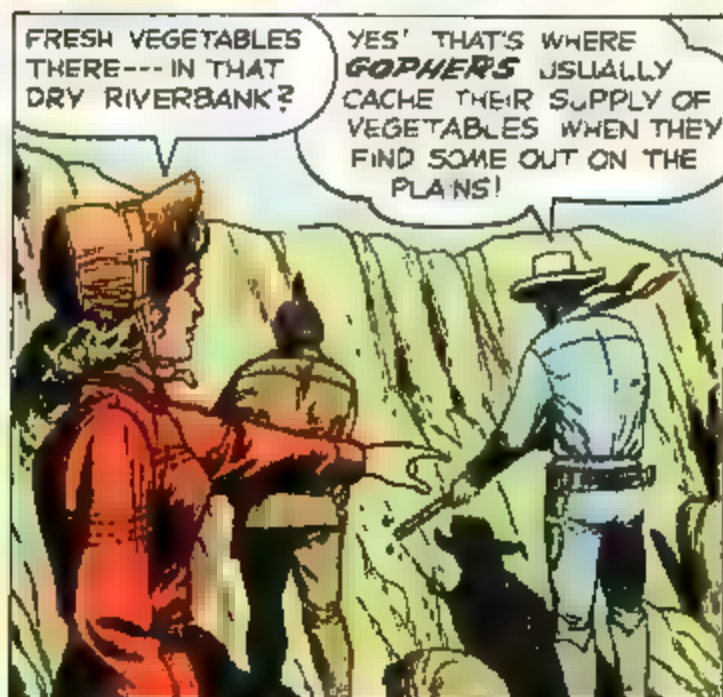
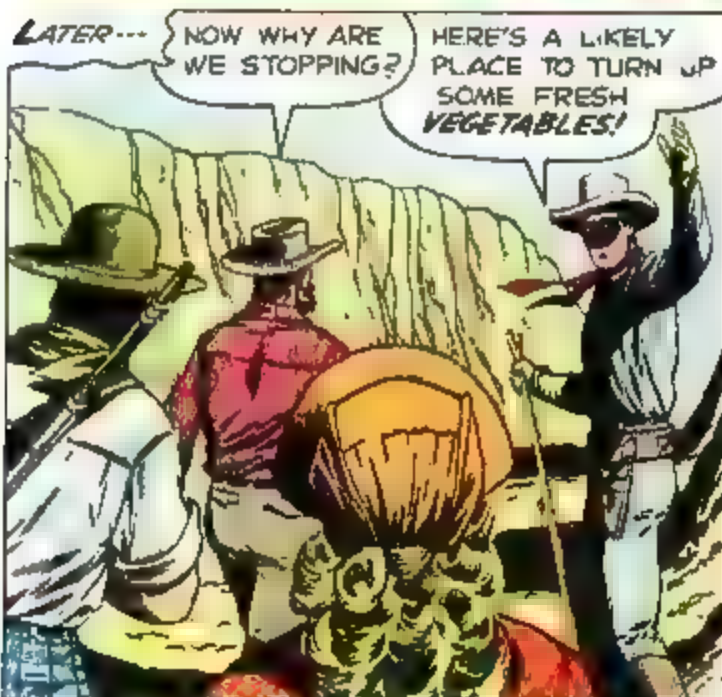
**SMOKE!**

UGH! **APACHE SIGNAL FIRE!**

THEY'RE WELL **BEHIND** US-- BUT NOW, THEY **KNOW** WE ARE HERE!

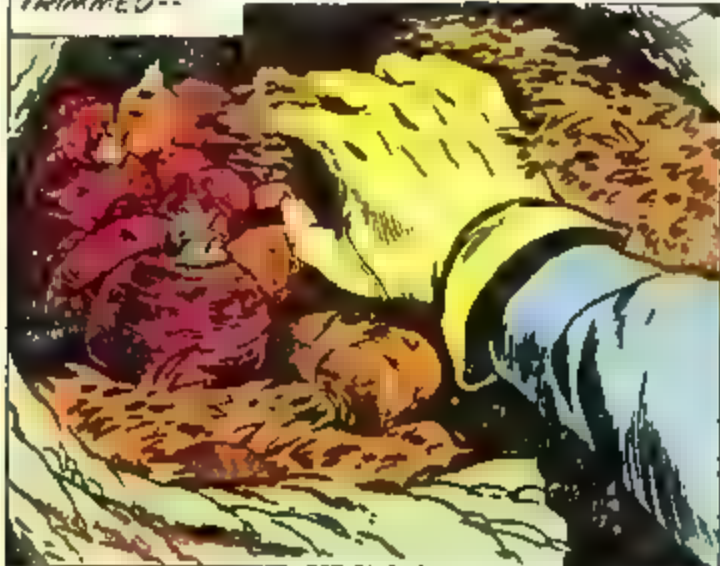






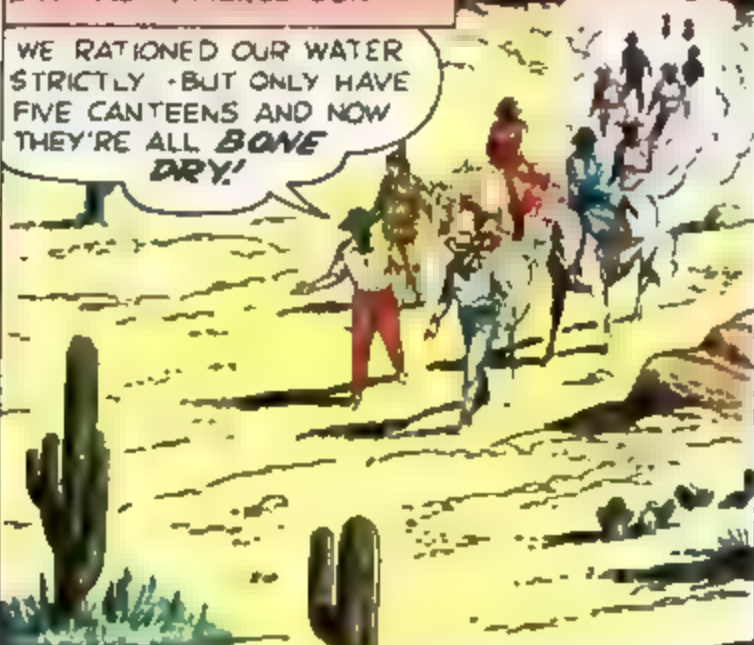


AND THEN, UNDER THE GRASS, THE LONE RANGER UNCOVERS THE GOPHER'S CACHE, PERFECTLY PRESERVED VEGETABLES, WHOSE ROOTS AND TOPS HAVE ALREADY BEEN TRIMMED--

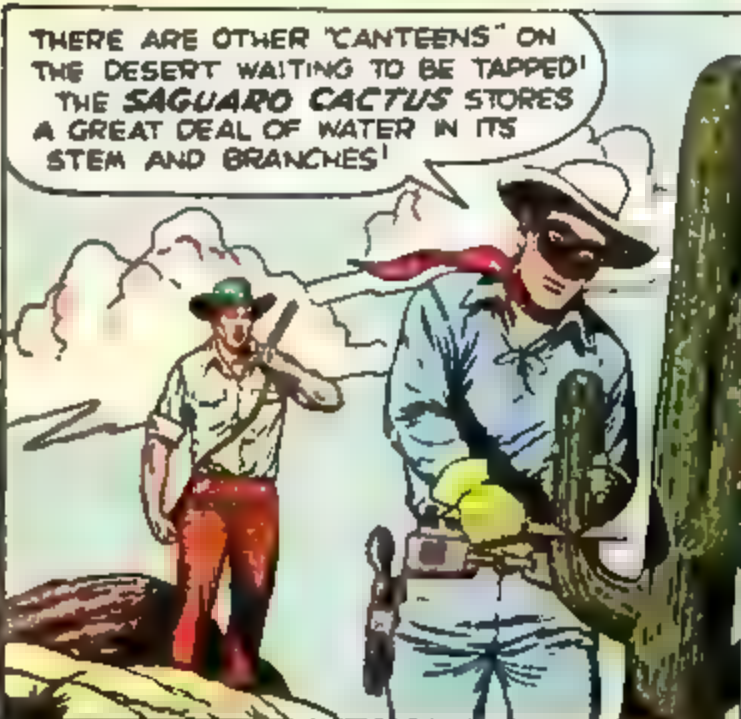


BUT AS THEY ADVANCE UNDER A CLOUDLESS SKY AND A FIERCE SUN---

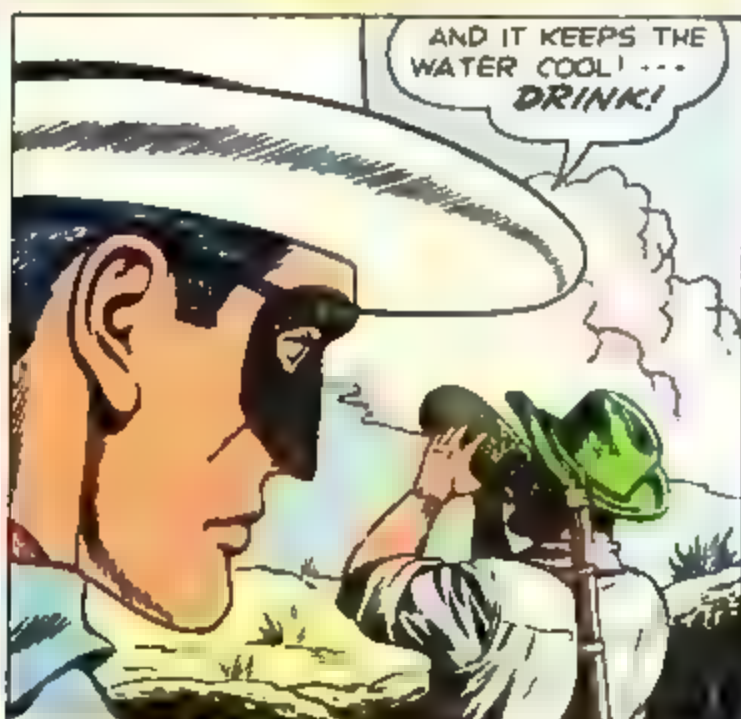
WE RATIONED OUR WATER STRICTLY -BUT ONLY HAVE FIVE CANTEENS AND NOW THEY'RE ALL **BONE DRY!**



THERE ARE OTHER "CANTEENS" ON THE DESERT WAITING TO BE TAPPED! THE **SAGUARO CACTUS** STORES A GREAT DEAL OF WATER IN ITS STEM AND BRANCHES!



AND IT KEEPS THE WATER COOL! ... **DRINK!**

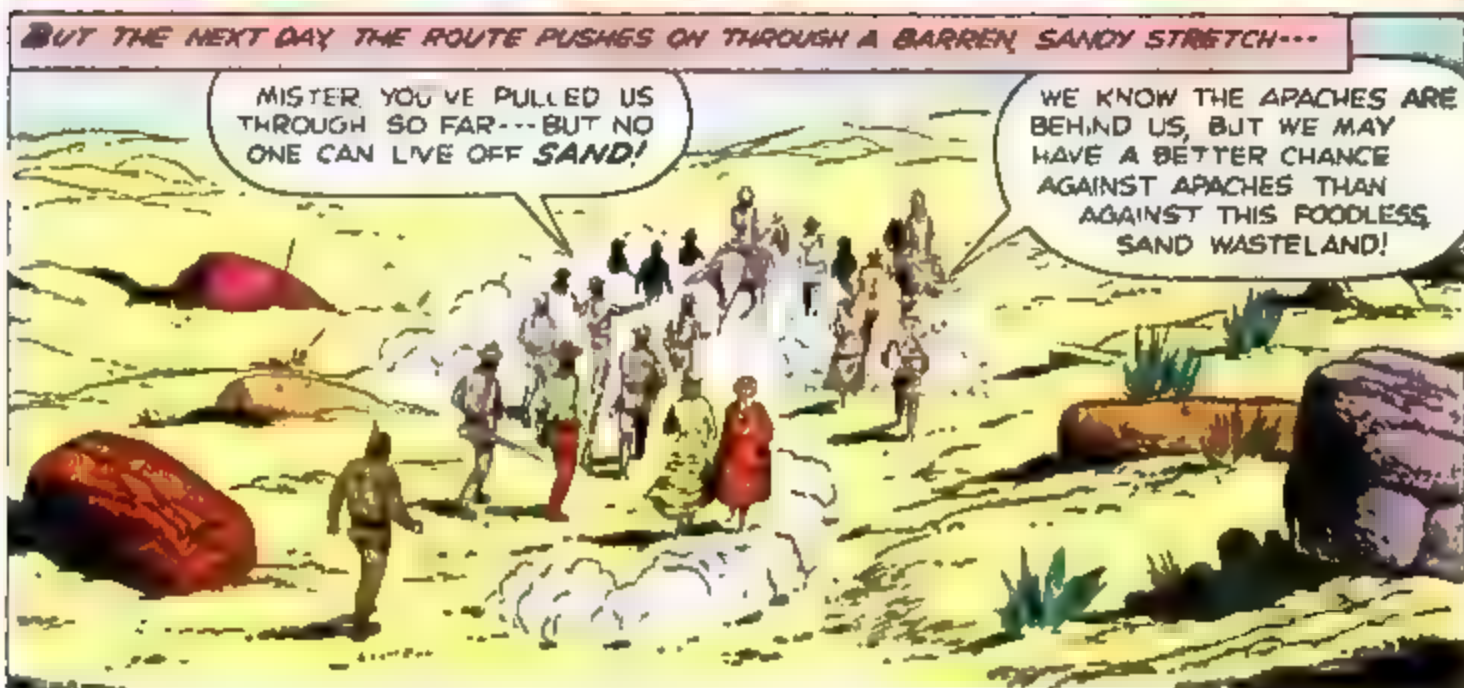
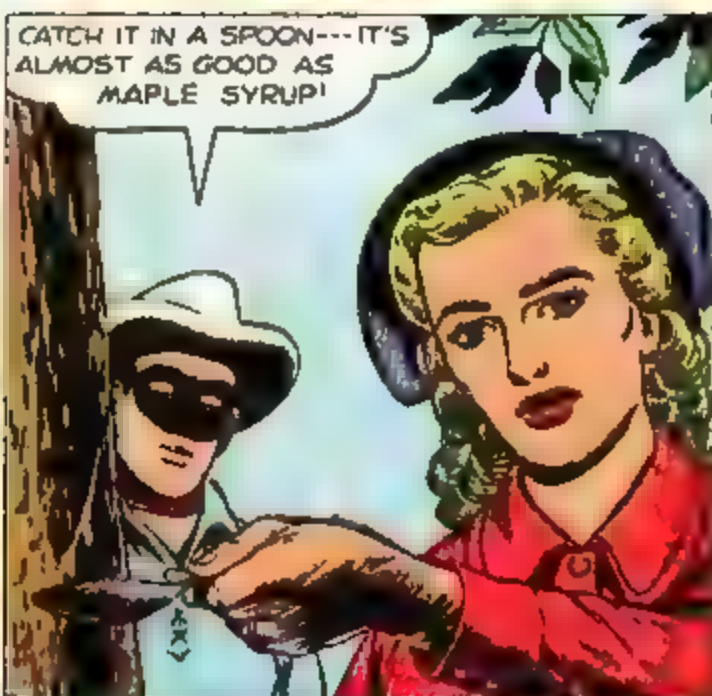
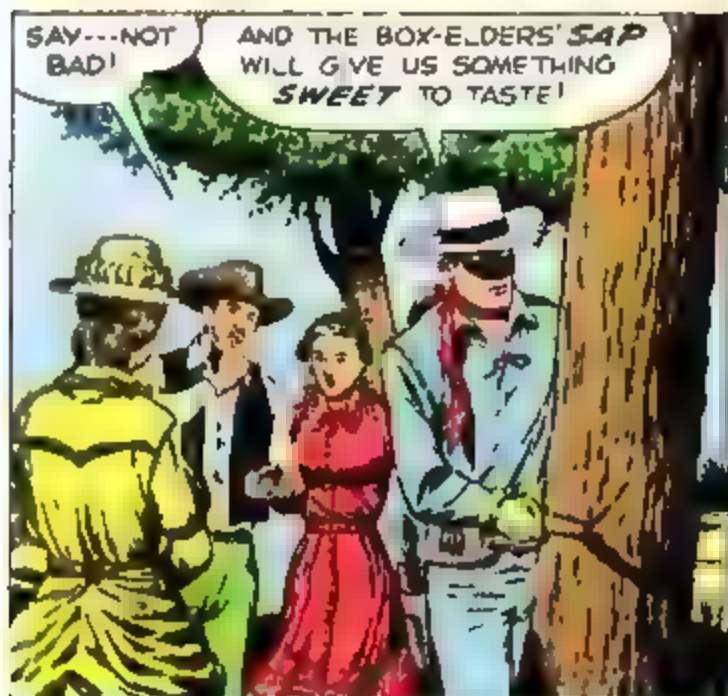
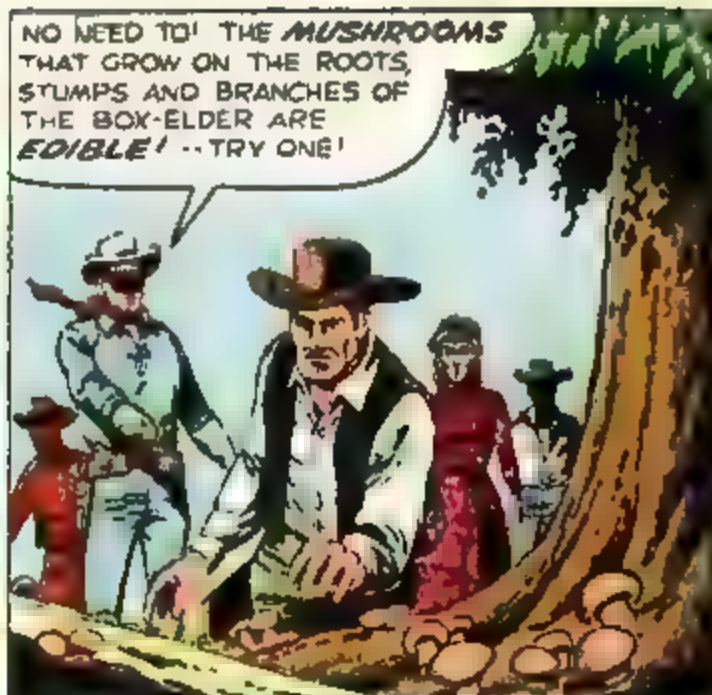


MEANWHILE--- THEY CAMPED HERE LAST NIGHT!

THEY ARE ON FOOT---WE ARE MOUNTED! THEY CANNOT ESCAPE US LONG! **RIDE ON!**



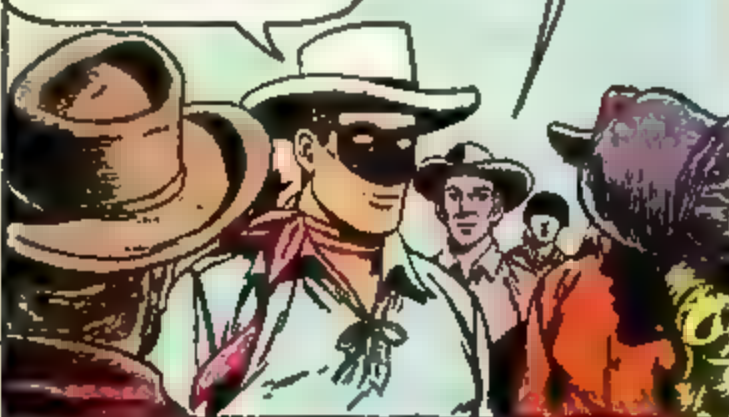






THE MOUNTED APACHES ARE CONTINUALLY GAINING ON US, BUT TONTO HAS COVERED OUR TRAIL AND STARTED FALSE TRACKS TO DELAY THEM! EVERY STEP FORWARD BRINGS US NEARER TO THE FORT! WE *WILL* FIND FOOD EVEN HERE---

---THE MASKED MAN WAS RIGHT BEFORE! LET'S TAKE HIS ADVICE AND *PUSH ON!*

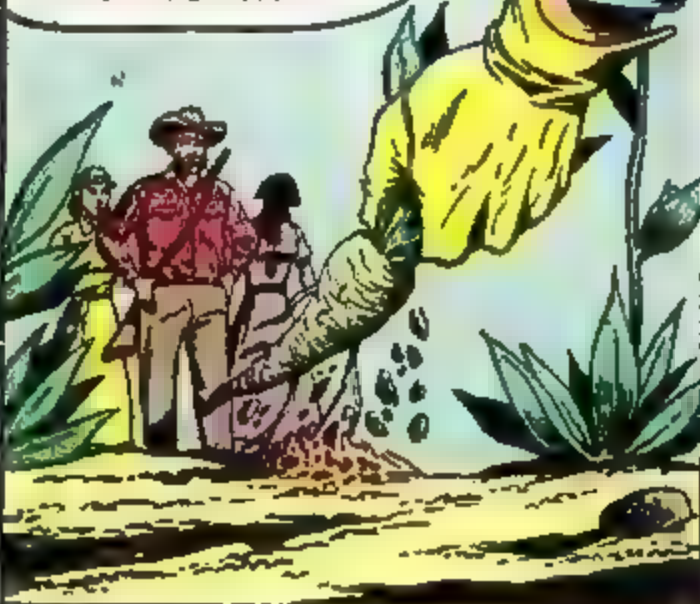


SOON... WE'RE FORTUNATE --- THERE ARE *EVENING PRIMROSES!*

WELL, THEY ARE *PRETTY*---



TRY THE *ROOT!* THEIR FLAVOR IS BEST AT THIS TIME OF THE YEAR---



SCRAPING THE ROOT CLEAN, THE SKEPTICAL WOMAN NIBBLES---

OYSTERY... IT TASTES LIKE AN OYSTER!

I'D SURE LIKE TO SIT DOWN TO A PLATE OF NEW ENGLAND OYSTERS NOW, BUT I RECKON WE'LL HAVE TO MAKE DO WITH EVENING PRIMROSES AND BE THANKFUL FOR THEM!



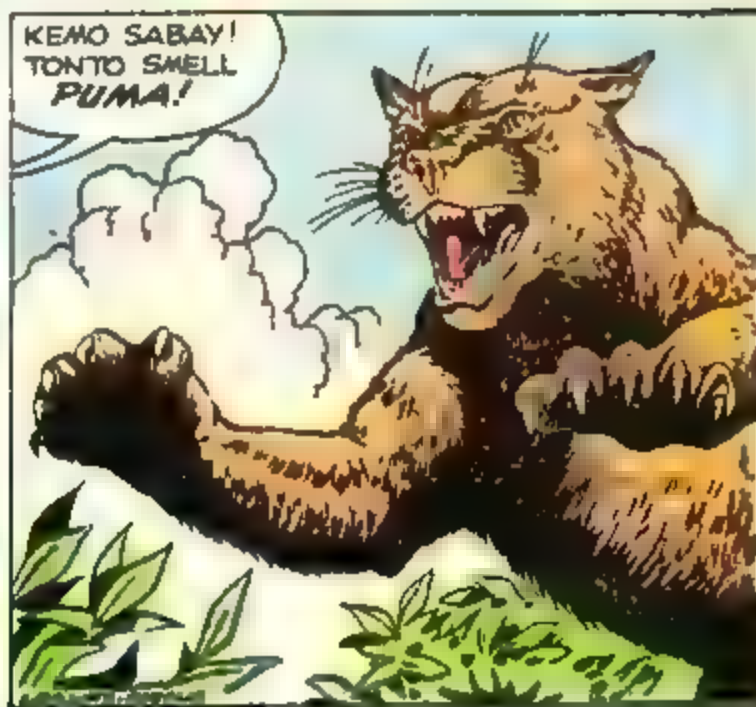
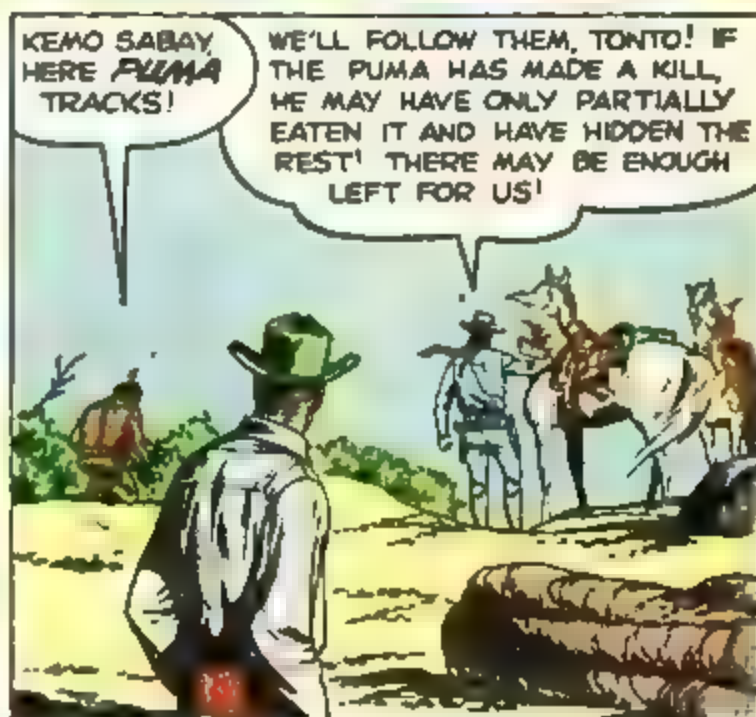
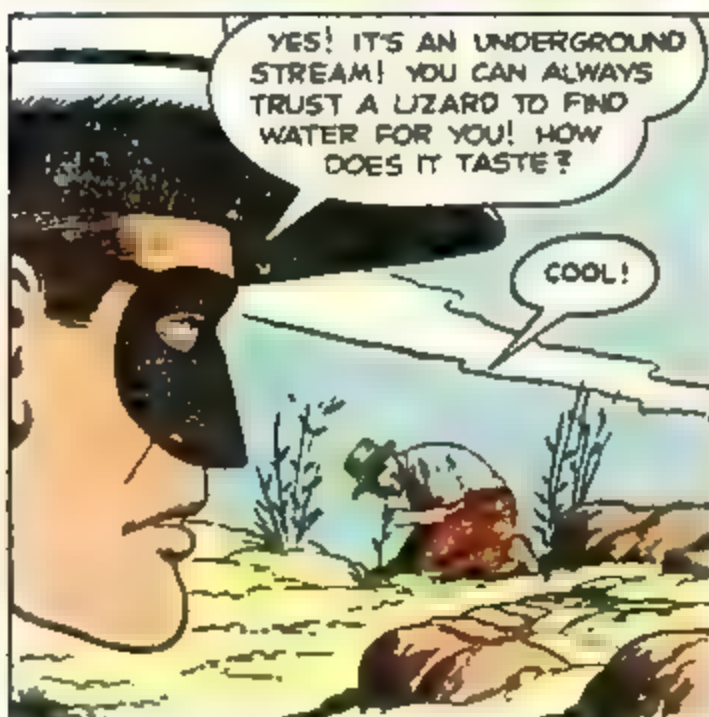
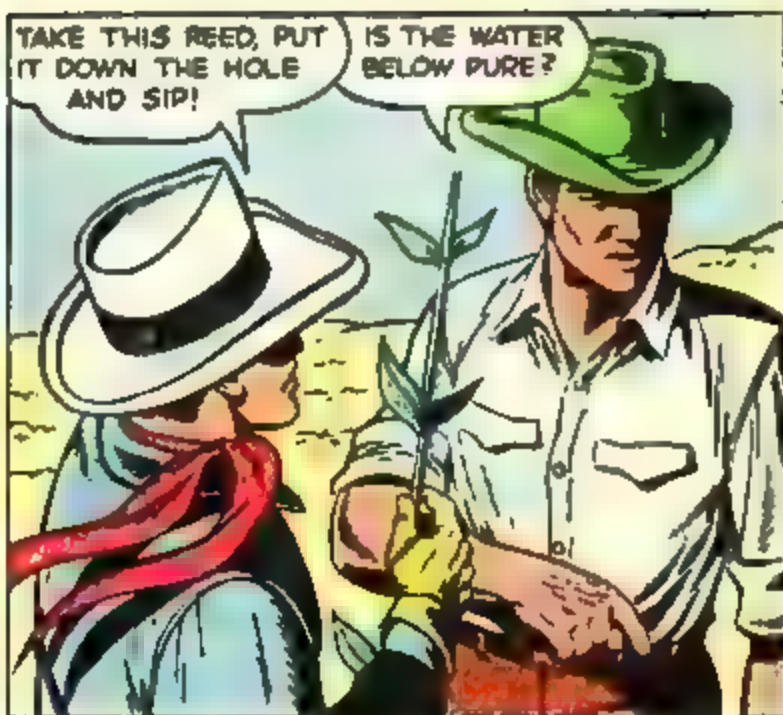
SAND CHERRIES ALSO GOOD TO EAT!



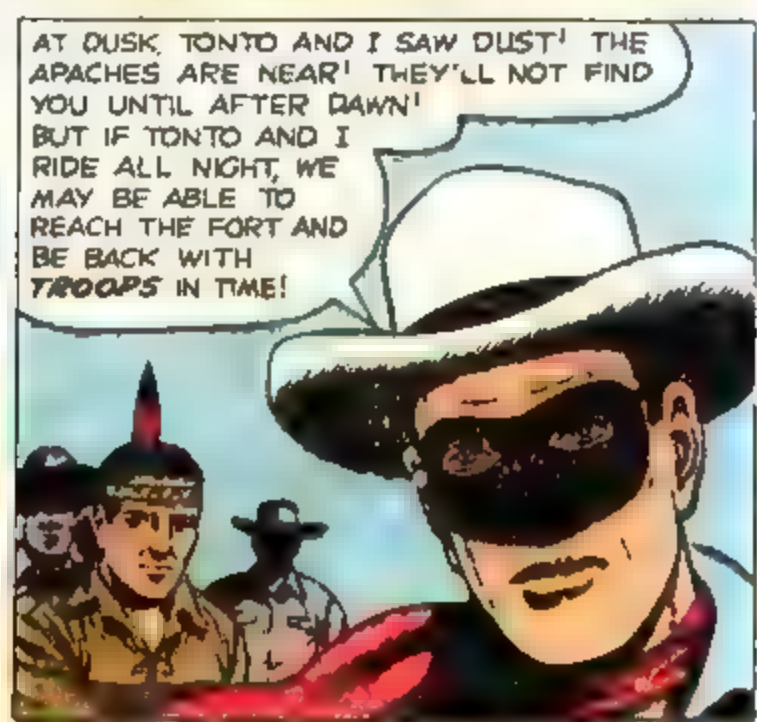
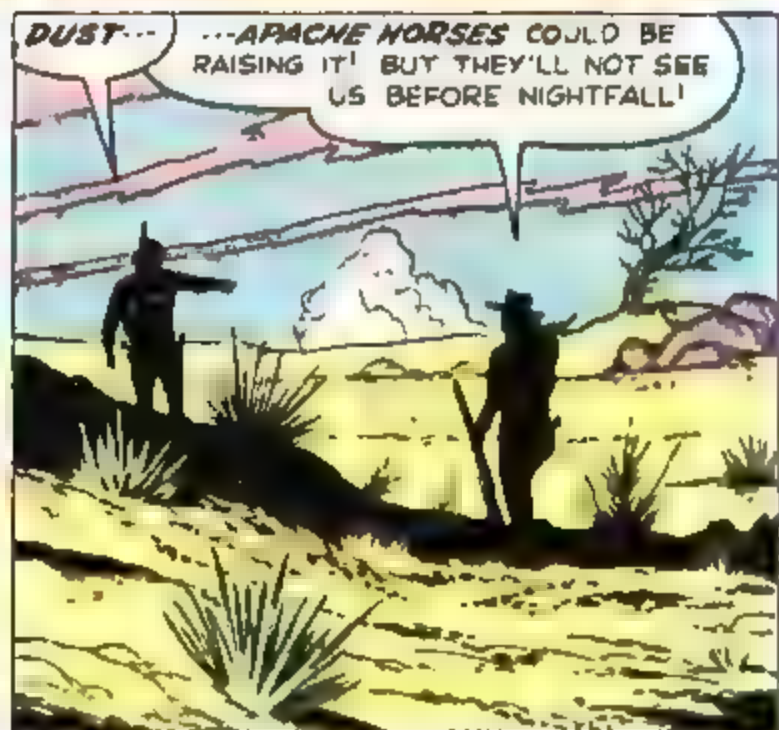
YOU HAVE SHOWN US THAT EVEN IN THIS SANDY WASTE THERE'S *FOOD*---BUT IF WE DON'T FIND *WATER* PRONTO, WE'LL BE FORCED TO BACKTRACK TOWARD THE *APACHES!*



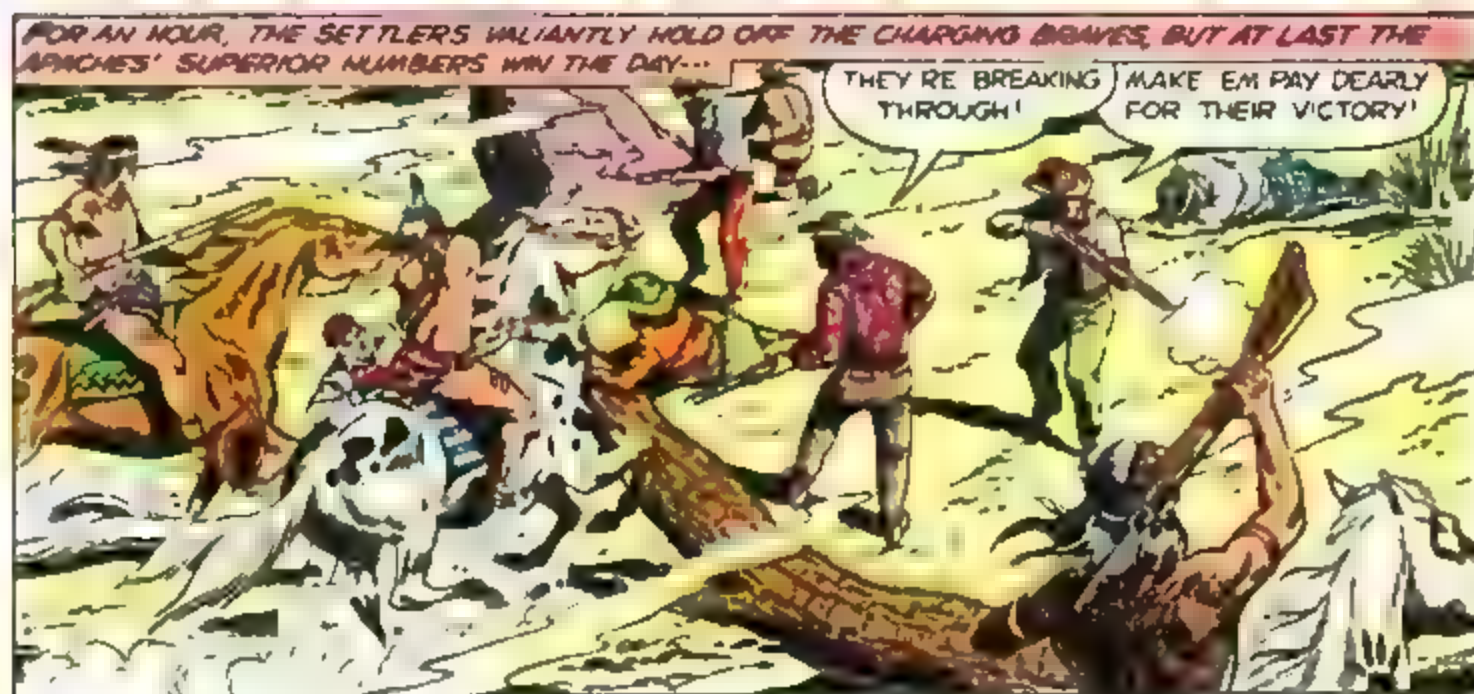
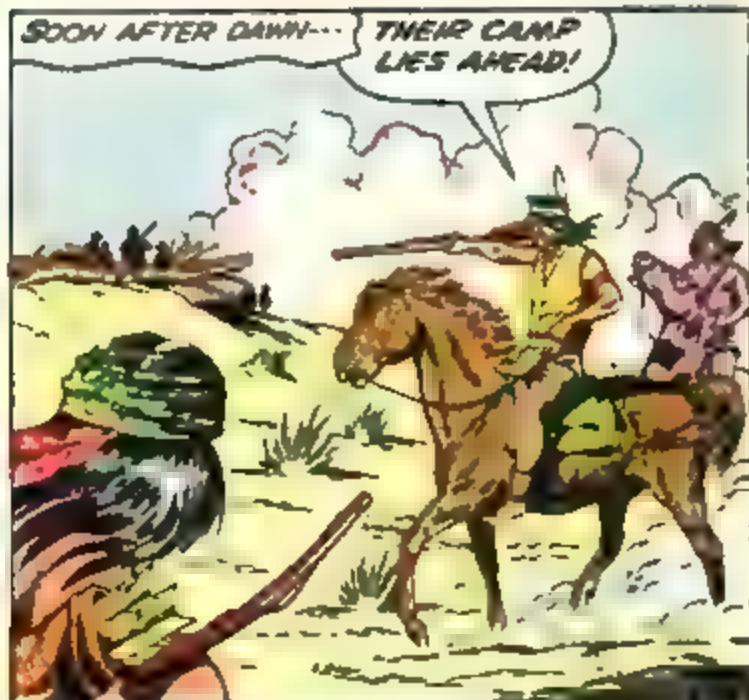














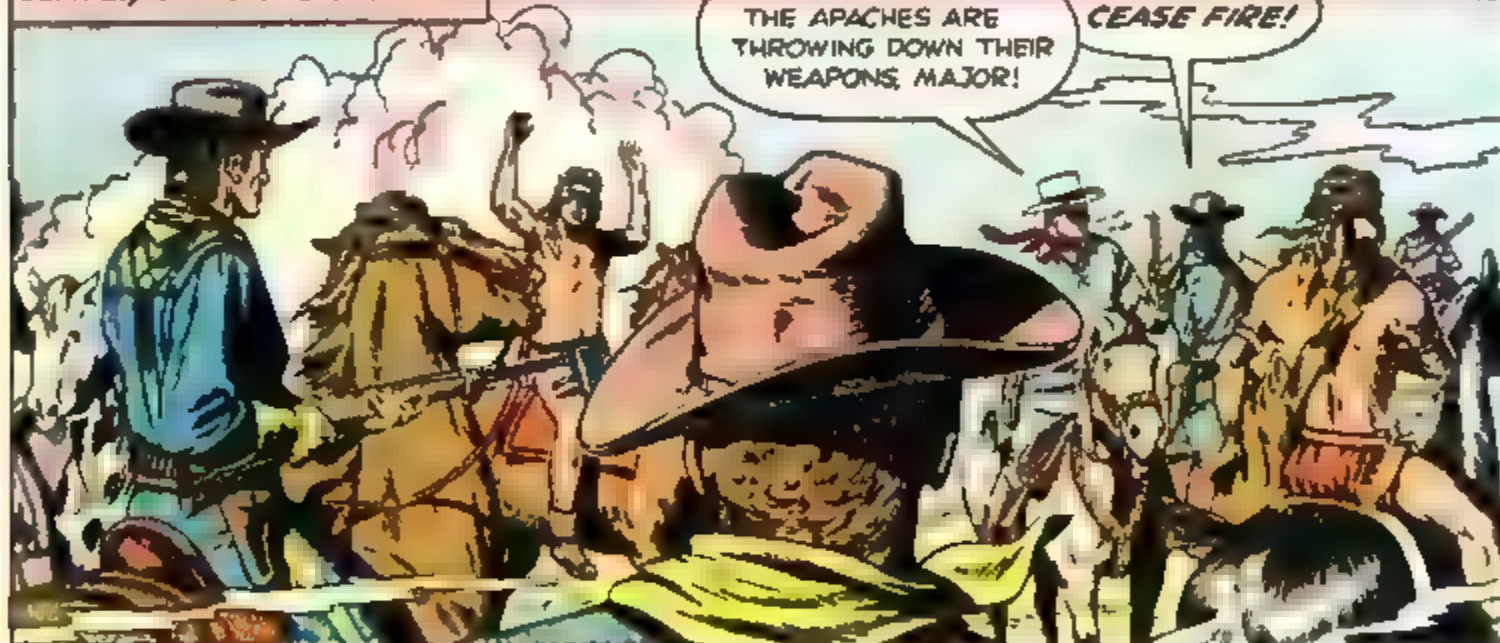
BUT SUDDENLY, A BUGLE SOUNDS SHRIILY---



**BANG!**



AND AS THE CAVALRY CLOSES IN, THE APACHES ARE TOPPLED FROM THEIR MOUNTS UNDER THE DEADLY, WITHERING FIRE---



QUICKLY, THE BRAVES ARE DISARMED---

SETTLERS NOT ESCAPE US CEPT THEM FOOL US---GO FOR FORT NOT BY WAGON ROAD, BUT ACROSS WASTELANDS!



AND WE'D NEVER HAVE SURVIVED IN THESE WASTELANDS IF IT WEREN'T FOR THE KNOWLEDGE OF A MASKED MAN, WHOSE NAME WE DON'T EVEN KNOW!

ONCE YOU SETTLE OUT WEST, YOU'LL FIND EVERYONE KNOWS HE'S ---THE LONE RANGER!

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!





# FRONTIER HERBS and HOME REMEDIES

SLIPPERY ELM



Far from civilization, the frontiersman had to get most of his medicines and much of his other chemical supplies from the wild plants and trees around him. Here are some of the plants and trees he used in his daily work and for his medicines.

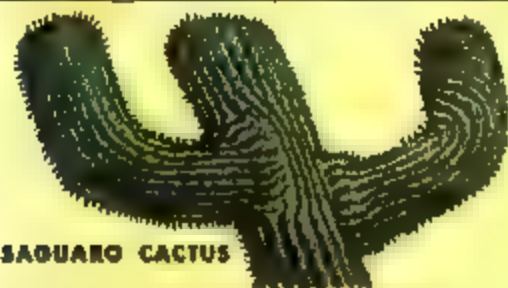
**The Frontiersman's Cough Medicine**—When a trapper or farmer found himself with a sore throat or irritated nose, he looked for a slippery elm tree. With his knife, he stripped away some of the outer bark and cut a piece of the slippery inner bark to chew on. The natural oils of the bark soothed his throat and gradually lessened the irritation to help prevent coughing.

HEMLOCK



**The Tanner's Friend**—When rawhide was to be made into leather, the frontiersman could turn to the hemlock tree. The bark of this tree is "tanbark." When cut up into small pieces and steeped in water, the bark makes a "liquor" which will tan hides. The hide is soaked in this tanbark liquor until it becomes soft and pleasantly tan in color.

SAGUARO CACTUS



**Emergency Water Supply**—The giant saguaro cactus of the American Southwest is a water reservoir. This great cactus is hollow and filled with a water-soaked pulp. Many a pioneer or prospector has been saved from death by his knowledge that the needle-studded cactus contains water.

WINTERGREEN



**For Rheumatism and Sprains**—The wild wintergreen yields an excellent oil that soothes aches and pains. The leaves of the plant are crushed to squeeze out the oil. Trappers and hunters often crushed the leaves and bound them onto a sprained ankle or wrist.

RAGWEED



**Poison Ivy Cure**—Common ragweed, which grows most everywhere, is a good medicine against poison ivy if nothing else can be obtained. The frontiersman crushed the leaves of the weed and rubbed them on the inflammation until it was covered with juice. This stopped the itching very quickly.

YARROW



**For small cuts and wounds**, the pioneer often used yarrow leaves. Clean leaves, bruised so that the juice was on the surface, were bound to cuts under a bandage. The bandage and the leaves were changed daily. The fresh juice seemed to help prevent infection and to help the wound heal more quickly.



The earliest white men of the American West were the Spanish conquistadors. But their real aim was the conquest of the Indians and the discovery of gold.



Explorers such as Lewis and Clark opened up vast areas to the American West. Supported by the American Government, they brought back scientific observations and maps.

The hundreds of trappers seeking fur-bearing animals helped to find many a trail and mountain pass that later became an important highway of commerce.



## WINNERS OF THE WEST

Many different types of men explored and civilized the great American continent. One after another, they went into the wilderness, each preparing the way for the ones that followed, gradually changing the empty land into a great nation.

Wandering buffalo hunters later became guides or scouts. Buffalo Bill Cody, the greatest of the buffalo hunters, was both an Indian fighter and a scout.



French and American traders, famous for water travel, made remarkable trips all the way from the mouth of the St. Lawrence River to the far western shores.

Cattlemen found good use for the grass after the buffalo were gone. Soon vast herds of longhorn cattle were following the great cattle trails which often were exactly the same routes the buffalo had followed.

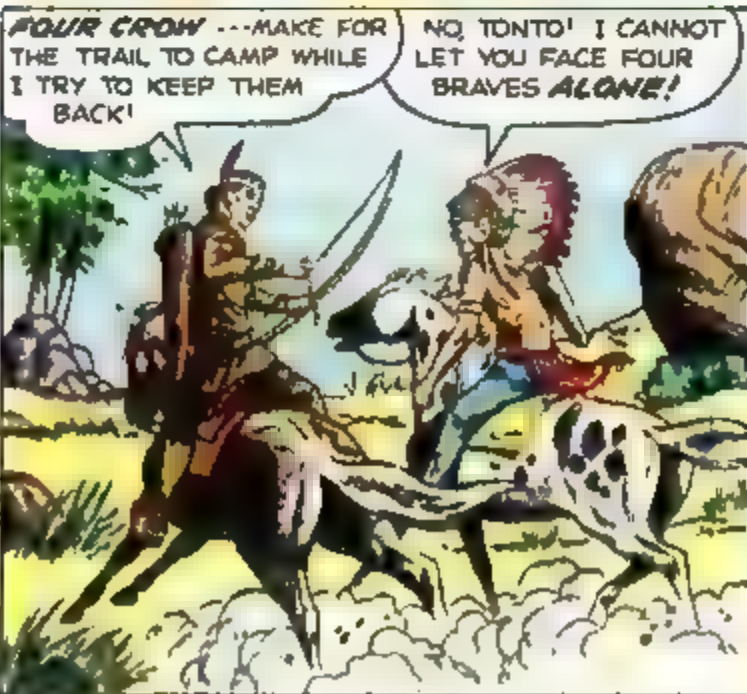
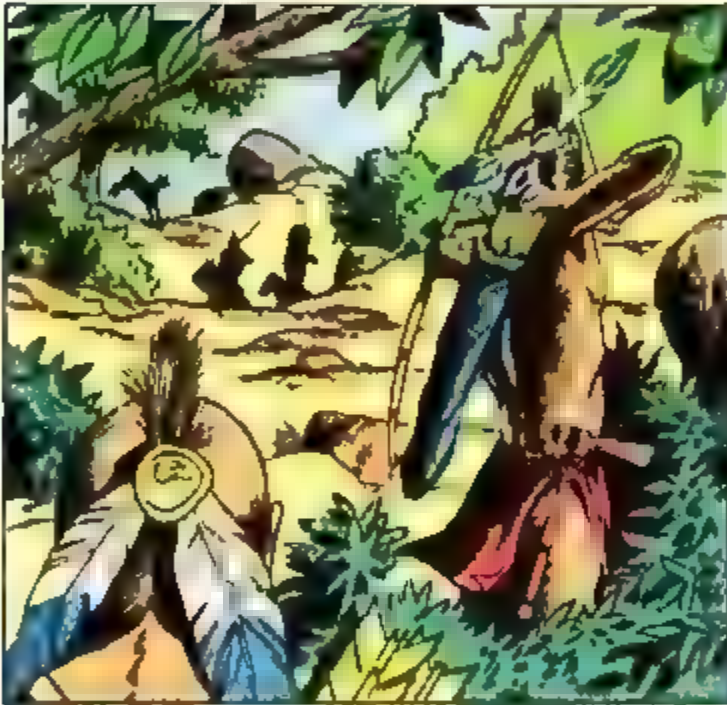
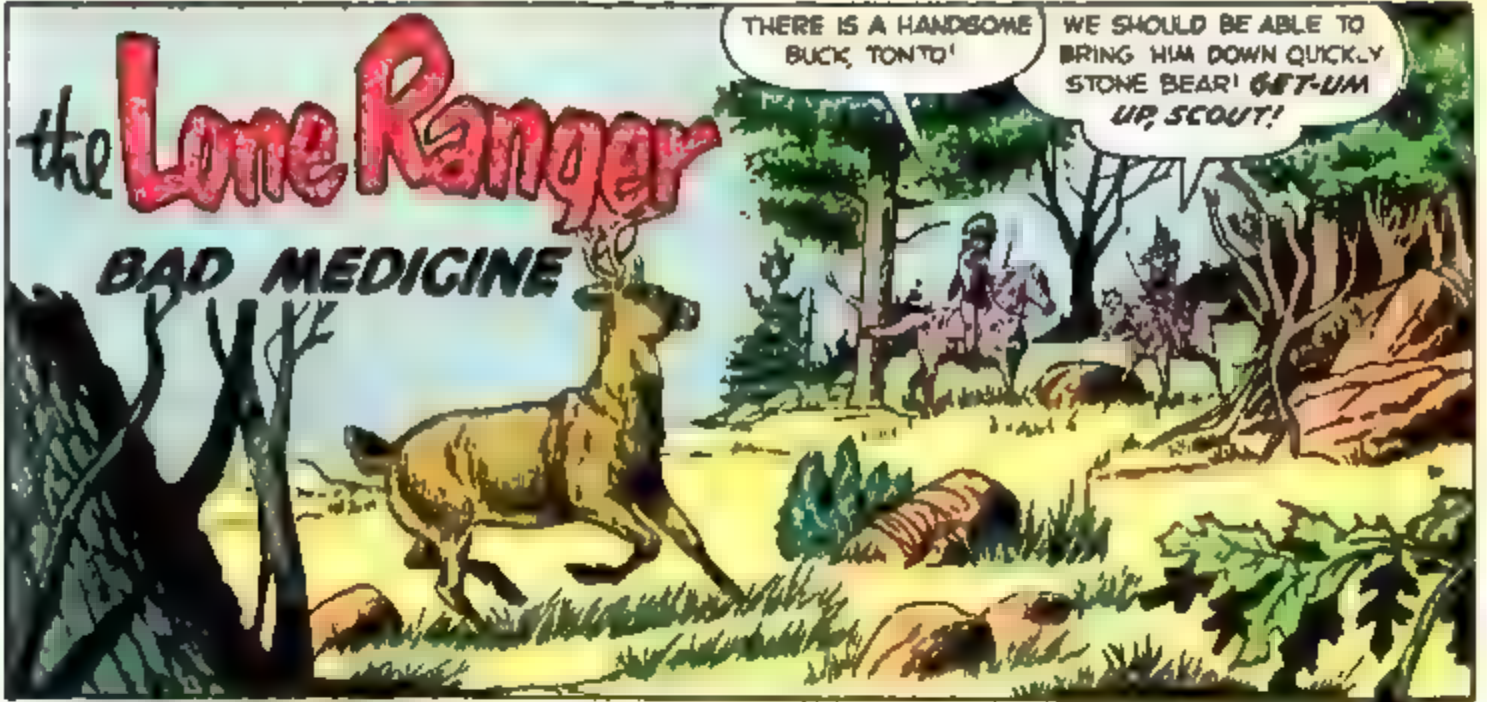


The homesteader came after the cattlemen. Although there was trouble sometimes between the "sodbuster" farmer and the cattleman, in most areas, much land was soon devoted to farming.

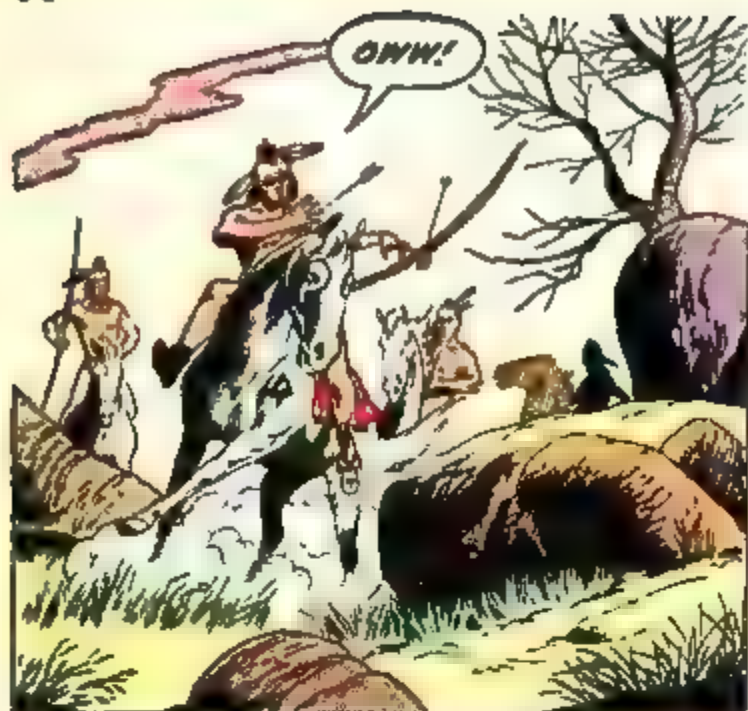


# the Lone Ranger

## BAD MEDICINE







SOON, THE TRIBE GATHERS AROUND ITS WOUNDED CHIEF, AS THE MEDICINE MAN, THUNDER CLOUD, REMOVES THE ENEMY ARROW --

YOU TOOK THE ARROW OUT CLEANLY, THUNDER CLOUD! CAN YOU TREAT HIS WOUND NOW?

YES, TONTO! THE GREAT SPIRIT HAS BLESSED ME WITH **GOOD MEDICINE!** BUT THE WOUND WOULD HEAL FASTER IF THOSE WHO CAUSED IT WERE SWIFTLY **PUNISHED!**



DO NOT TALK OF PUNISHMENT! TONTO WOUNDED ONE OF THE AMBUSHERS! THE SCORE IS EVEN---ANY FURTHER ATTACK WOULD ONLY LEAD TO A TRIBAL WAR! LET THE OTHERS GO!

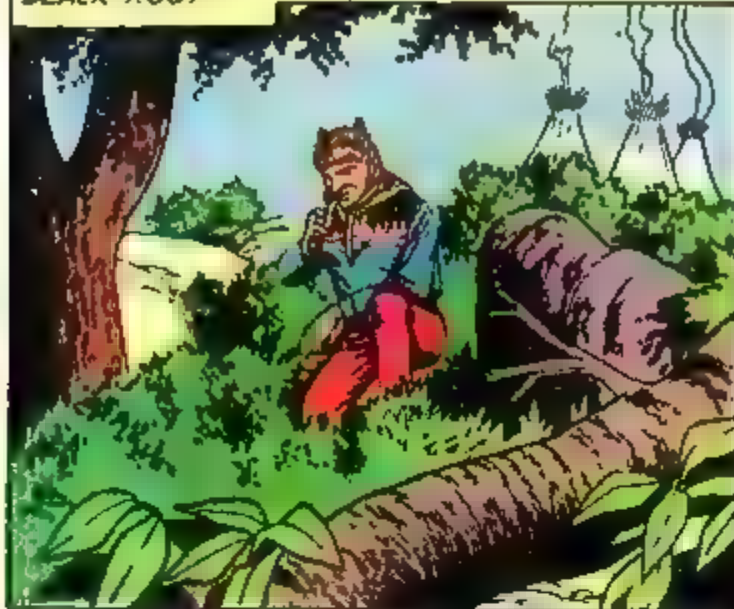


STONE BEAR HAS SPOKEN - WE WILL LET THEM ESCAPE US! - NOW, LET ME FIX HIS WOUND! RUNNING ELK, BRING ME THE **ROOT** OF THE **PURPLE CONE PLANT!**





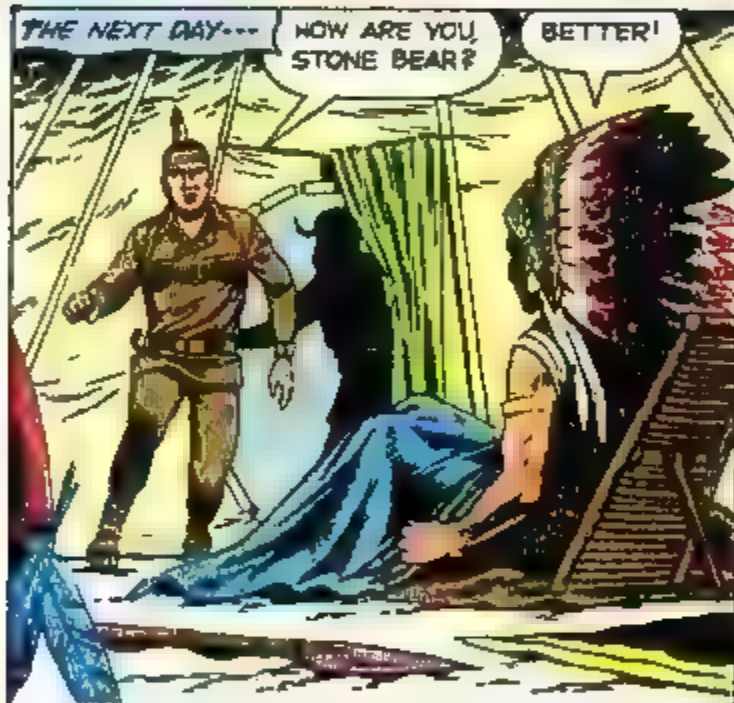
QUICKLY, THE SHAMAN'S ASSISTANT FINDS THE SINGLE-STALKED PLANT AND CHEWS SOME OF ITS BLACK ROOT---



THEN, THUNDER CLOUD CAREFULLY PUTS THE DARKISH PASTE OVER STONE BEAR'S WOUND---



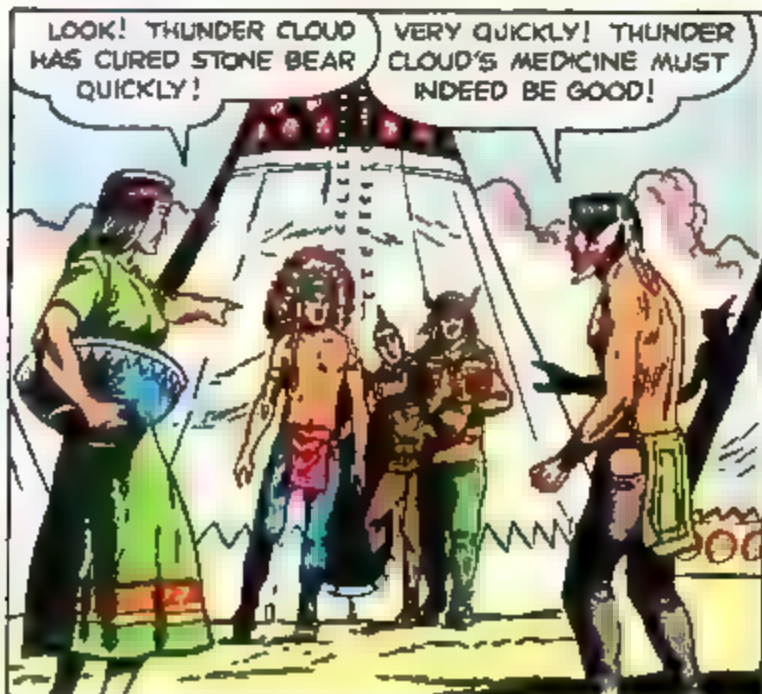
THE NEXT DAY--- HOW ARE YOU, STONE BEAR? BETTER!



I CAN MOVE MY ARM FREELY, THANKS TO THUNDER CLOUD'S MEDICINE!



LOOK! THUNDER CLOUD HAS CURED STONE BEAR QUICKLY! VERY QUICKLY! THUNDER CLOUD'S MEDICINE MUST INDEED BE GOOD!



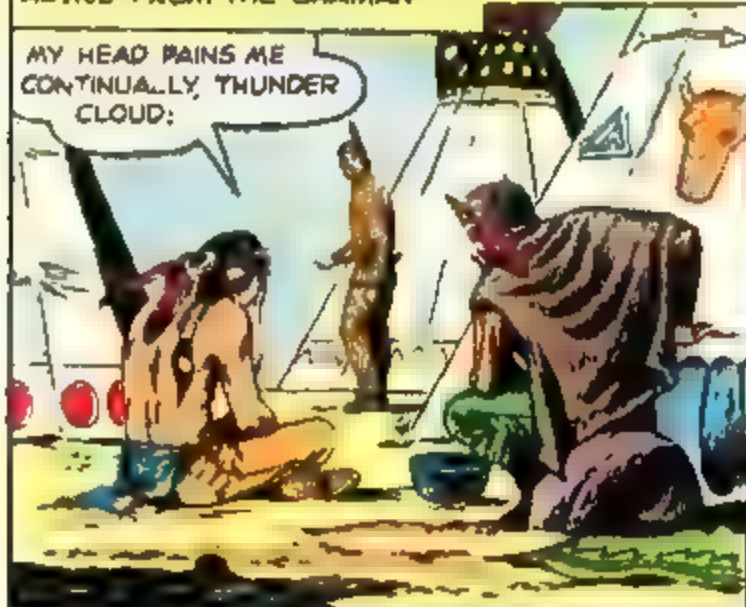
YOU HAVE DONE WELL, THUNDER CLOUD! STONE BEAR'S WOUND WOULD HEAL COMPLETELY IF HE WOULD BUT LET ME SEND OFF BRAVES TO PURSUE THE ATTACKERS!





AND AS THUNDER CLOUD'S PRESTIGE INCREASES, TONTO SEES MORE OF HIS TRIBESMEN SEEKING ADVICE FROM THE SHAMAN---

MY HEAD PAINS ME CONTINUALLY, THUNDER CLOUD:



THE CURE FOR THIS HEADACHE IS SIMPLE! MY SKILLED HAND WILL MASSAGE YOUR TEMPLE!



AND AROUND A SICK BOY'S TENT, THUNDER CLOUD DANCES, SINGING A SACRED CHANT TO SCARE OFF THE BAD MEDICINE---



FOR A WOMAN COMPLAINING OF NERVOUSNESS, THUNDER CLOUD DRIES THE ROOTS OF THE SEDGE GRASS---

HERE! EAT THIS NOW!



LATER--- MY SON IS BETTER, THUNDER CLOUD!

AND MY HEADACHE HAS GONE SINCE YOU TREATED ME!



MY HAND NO LONGER TREMBLES LIKE AN ASPEN LEAF!

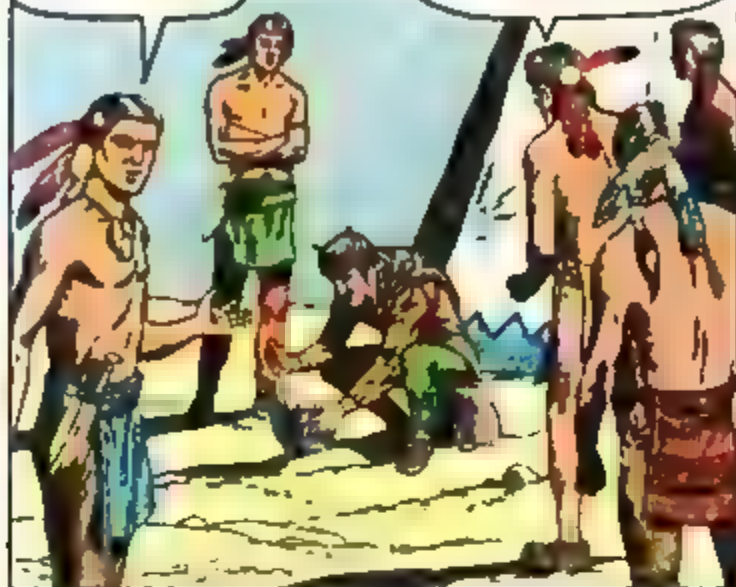
PROOF---ALL PROOF THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT FAVORS THUNDER CLOUD WITH GOOD MEDICINE! AND THUNDER CLOUD SAYS THE GREAT SPIRIT WOULD GIVE OUR WAR PARTY GOOD MEDICINE IF WE ATTACKED THE CAMP OF STONE BEAR'S AMBUSHERS!





THUNDER CLOUD HAS SHOWN  
THAT THE GREAT SPIRIT  
FAVORS HIM!

PERHAPS WE SHOULD  
STREAK OUR FACES  
WITH WAR PAINT!



NO! STONE BEAR IS CHIEF, NOT THUNDER CLOUD!  
STONE BEAR HAS SPOKEN AGAINST PURSUING THE  
RAIDERS! ONE WAS WOUNDED ON EACH SIDE...ANY  
FURTHER FIGHTING WOULD BRING BOTH TRIBES  
TO BATTLE! KEEP STONE BEAR'S COUNCIL!



PONTY'S ADVICE WINS OUT, BUT TWO DAYS LATER,  
STONE BEAR IS VERY SICK...

T TON TO...I AM  
WEAK...SO WEAK...I CANNOT  
...RAISE MYSELF FROM HERE...



YOUR PULSE IS FAST! I  
HAVE SEEN PEOPLE LIKE  
THIS BEFORE! THEY ALL  
HAD SMALLPOX!



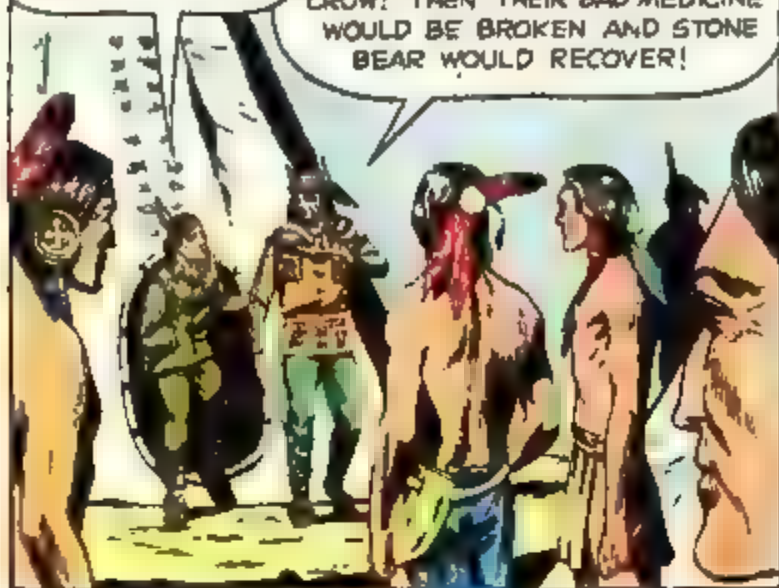
SMALLPOX? THAT IS THE FOOLISH TALK OF ONE WHO  
HAS LIVED AMONG THE WHITE MEN! STONE BEAR  
SUFFERS FROM THE AFTEREFFECTS OF THE CROW  
ARROW! IT WAS ARMED WITH  
BAD MEDICINE!





SMALLPOX IS A DISEASE  
THAT THE *WHITE MEN*  
ALONE CAN CURE!

I COULD CURE OUR CHIEF  
IF I WERE ALLOWED TO LEAD  
OUR PEOPLE AGAINST THE  
CROW! THEN THEIR BAD MEDICINE  
WOULD BE BROKEN AND STONE  
BEAR WOULD RECOVER!



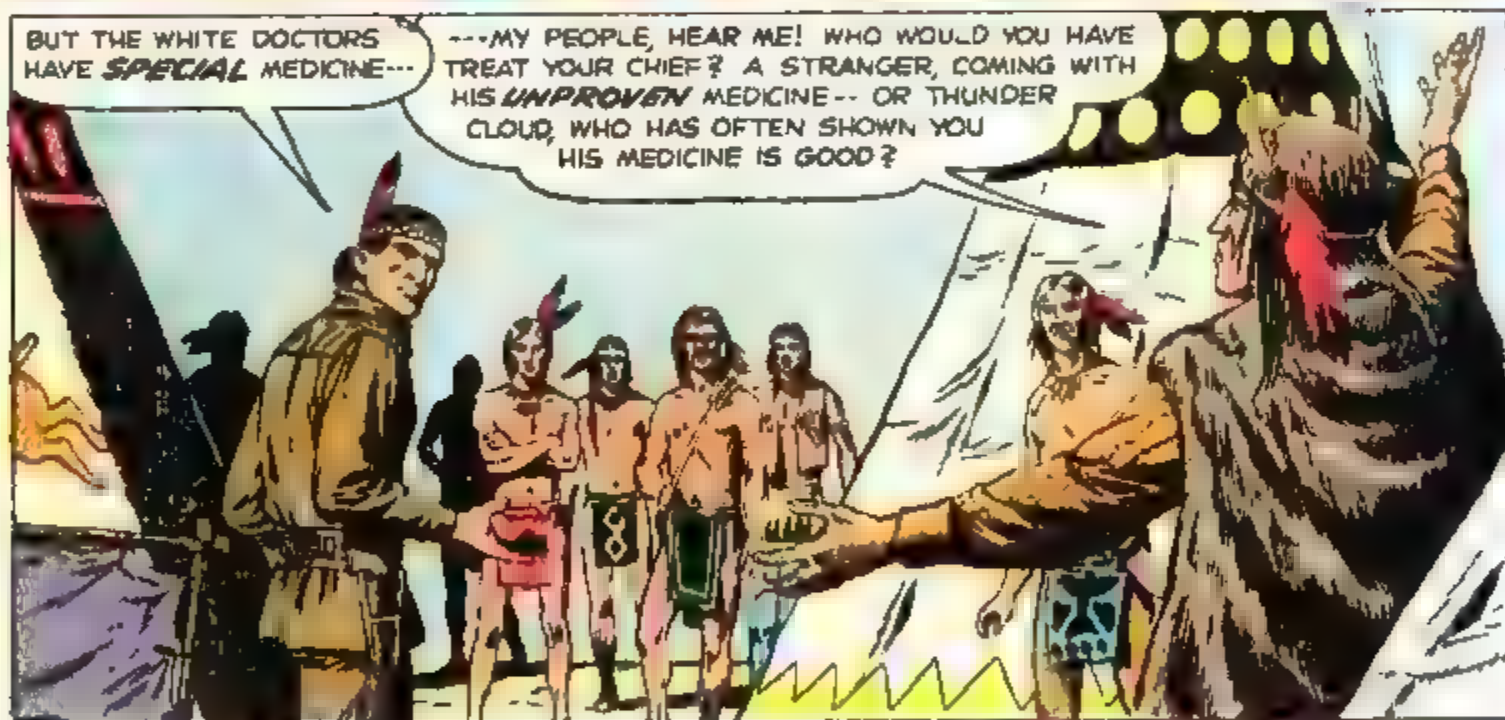
STONE BEAR DOES  
NOT WANT WAR---

---VERY WELL! I SHALL  
NOT ORGANIZE A WAR  
PARTY! BUT I AND NOT  
SOME WHITE DOCTOR  
SHALL TREAT OUR  
CHIEF!



BUT THE WHITE DOCTORS  
HAVE *SPECIAL* MEDICINE---

---MY PEOPLE, HEAR ME! WHO WOULD YOU HAVE  
TREAT YOUR CHIEF? A STRANGER, COMING WITH  
HIS *UNPROVEN* MEDICINE-- OR THUNDER  
CLOUD, WHO HAS OFTEN SHOWN YOU  
HIS MEDICINE IS GOOD?



THUNDER CLOUD CURED  
MY SQUAW OF NERVOUS-  
NESS AND HEALED  
MANY BRAVES' WOUNDS!

LET *THUNDER CLOUD*  
TREAT STONE BEAR!  
WE NEED NO STRANGE  
MEDICINE MAN HERE!



THUNDER CLOUD IS CLEVER! HE SEEKS *WAR*  
TO INCREASE HIS PRESTIGE AND REALIZES IF A  
WHITE DOCTOR CURED STONE BEAR, IT WOULD  
PROVE THAT A CROW ARROW DID NOT CAUSE  
STONE BEAR'S ILLNESS!





CAREFULLY, THUNDER CLOUD COLLECTS JUNIPER BERRIES FOR HIS MEDICINE---



THEN HE BREWS THE BERRIES INTO A TEA, ADDING TO IT THE LEAVES OF THE SAGEBRUSH---



AND WHILE RUNNING ELK GIVES STONE BEAR THE HOT DRINK, THUNDER CLOUD AND TWO OF HIS ASSISTANTS DANCE ABOUT THE TENT OF THEIR SICK CHIEF---



ALL DAY STONE BEAR IS FED NOTHING BUT JUNIPER TEA---



BUT AT NIGHTFALL, THE CHIEF IS STILL ILL---



HIS PULSE REMAINS FAST, AND NOW HE IS EVEN **WEAKER!** ALL THE JUNIPER BERRIES ON THE PLAINS CANNOT CURE STONE BEAR!



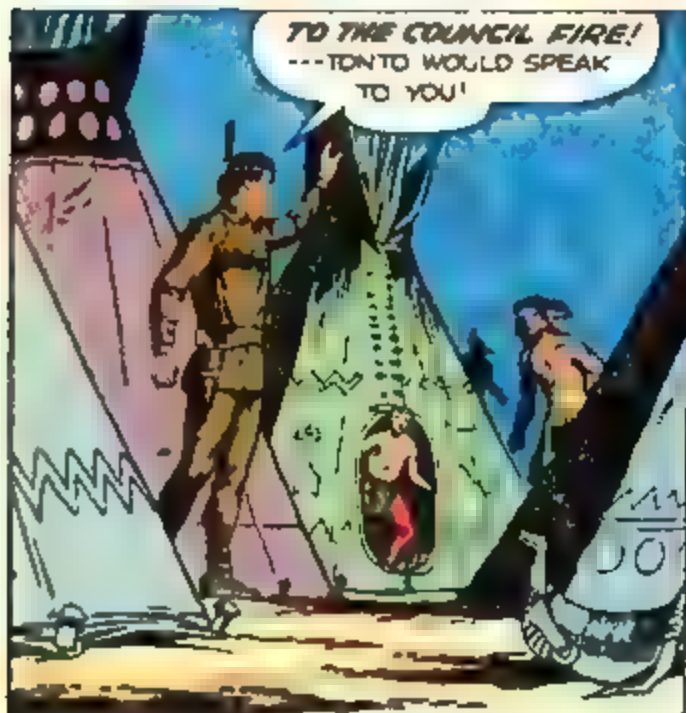
IF, BY SOME MIRACLE, STONE BEAR SHOULD RECOVER, THUNDER CLOUD KNOWS HIS CLAIM THAT THE ILLNESS WAS CAUSED BY A CROW ARROW WILL BE BELIEVED! THEN HE WOULD LEAD OUR PEOPLE TO WAR...



AND IF NO WHITE DOCTOR TREATS STONE BEAR AND HE DIES THUNDER CLOUD WILL CLAIM CROW MEDICINE IS RESPONSIBLE AND ONLY WAR CAN AVENGE HIS DEATH! ...EITHER COURSE LEADS TO THE WARPATH! IF I AM TO BRING A WHITE DOCTOR HERE, I MUST ACT QUICKLY.

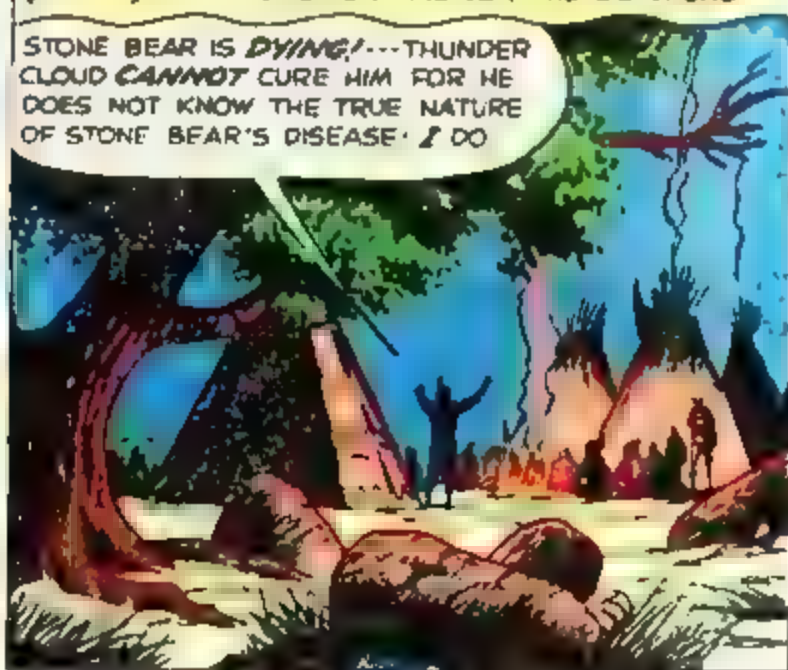


TO THE COUNCIL FIRE!  
---TONTTO WOULD SPEAK  
TO YOU!



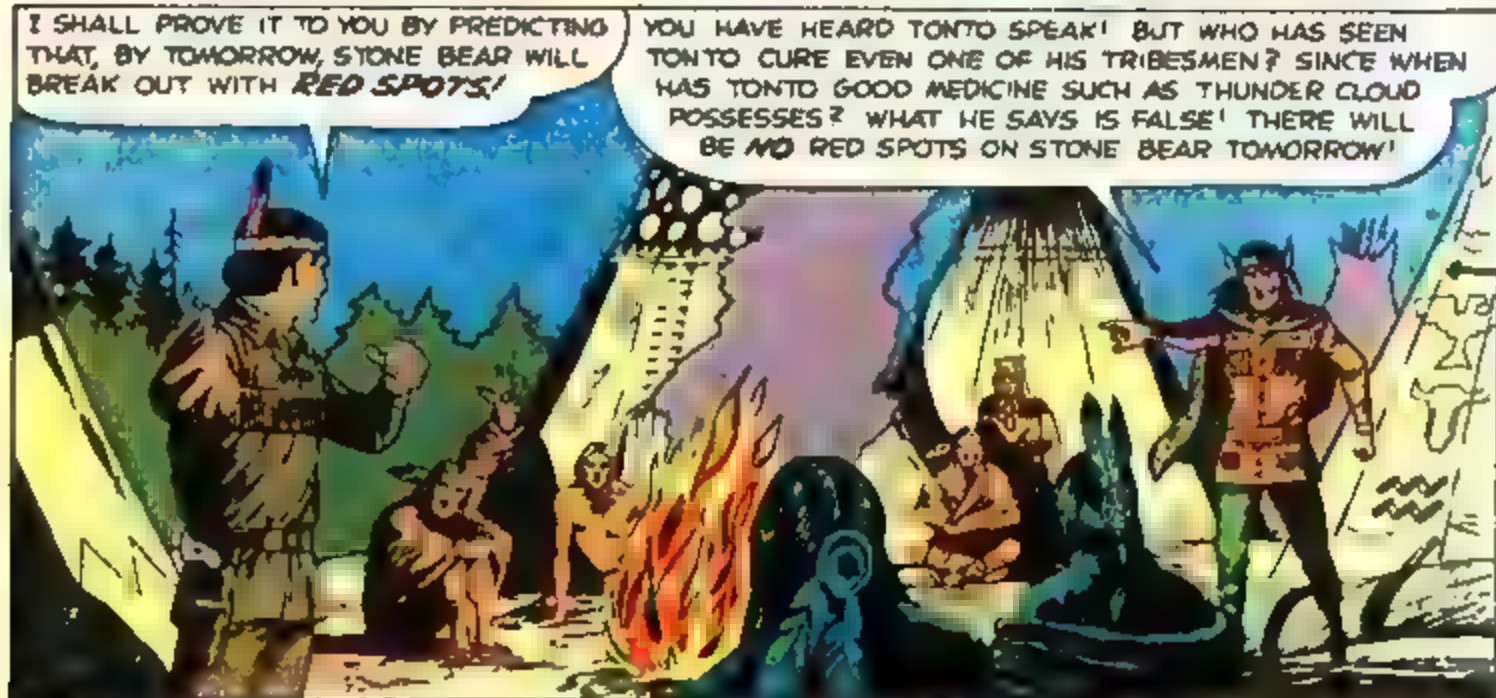
QUICKLY, HIS TRIBESMEN ANSWER THE SUMMONS---

STONE BEAR IS DYING!---THUNDER CLOUD CANNOT CURE HIM FOR HE DOES NOT KNOW THE TRUE NATURE OF STONE BEAR'S DISEASE. I DO



I SHALL PROVE IT TO YOU BY PREDICTING THAT, BY TOMORROW, STONE BEAR WILL BREAK OUT WITH RED SPOTS!

YOU HAVE HEARD TONTTO SPEAK! BUT WHO HAS SEEN TONTTO CURE EVEN ONE OF HIS TRIBESMEN? SINCE WHEN HAS TONTTO GOOD MEDICINE SUCH AS THUNDER CLOUD POSSESSES? WHAT HE SAYS IS FALSE! THERE WILL BE NO RED SPOTS ON STONE BEAR TOMORROW!

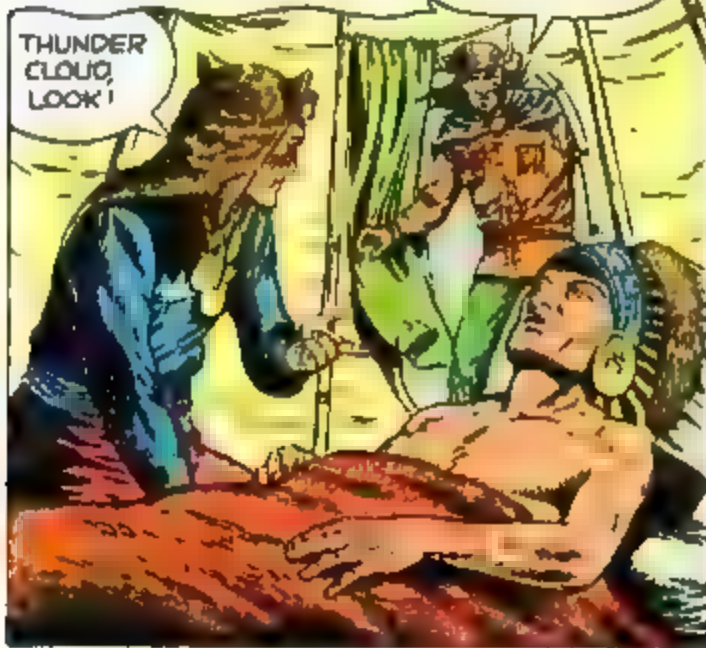




BUT THE NEXT MORNING---

RED SPOTS!

THUNDER CLOUD, LOOK!



RUNNING ELK, YOU AND MY TWO OTHER ASSISTANTS MUST KEEP TONTO FROM ENTERING THE TENT UNTIL I MAKE THE SPOTS VANISH!



SOON---

I COME TO SEE STONE BEAR---

---THUNDER CLOUD TREATS HIM NOW! NO ONE MAY GO IN!



STONE BEAR IS MY FRIEND! I WILL SEE HIM---

---KEEP BACK!

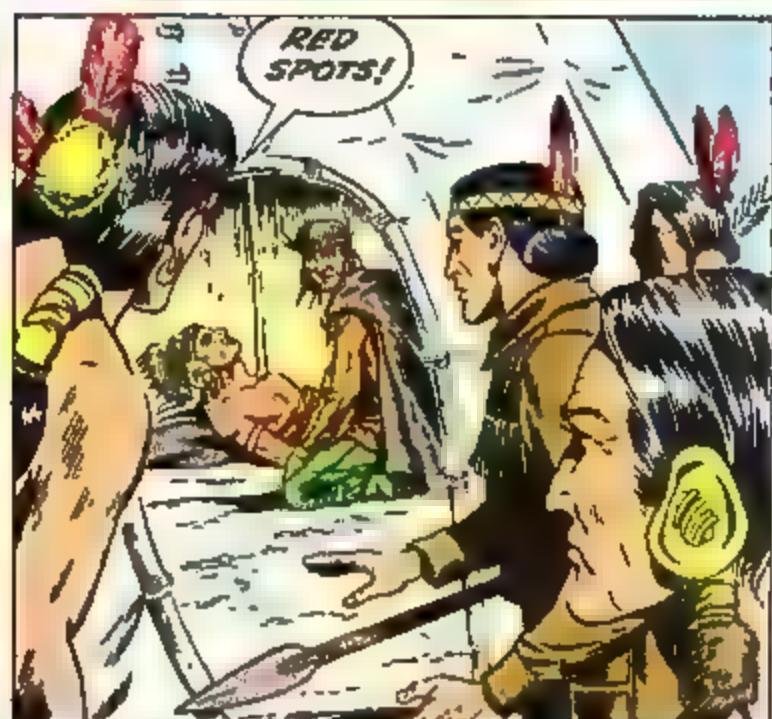
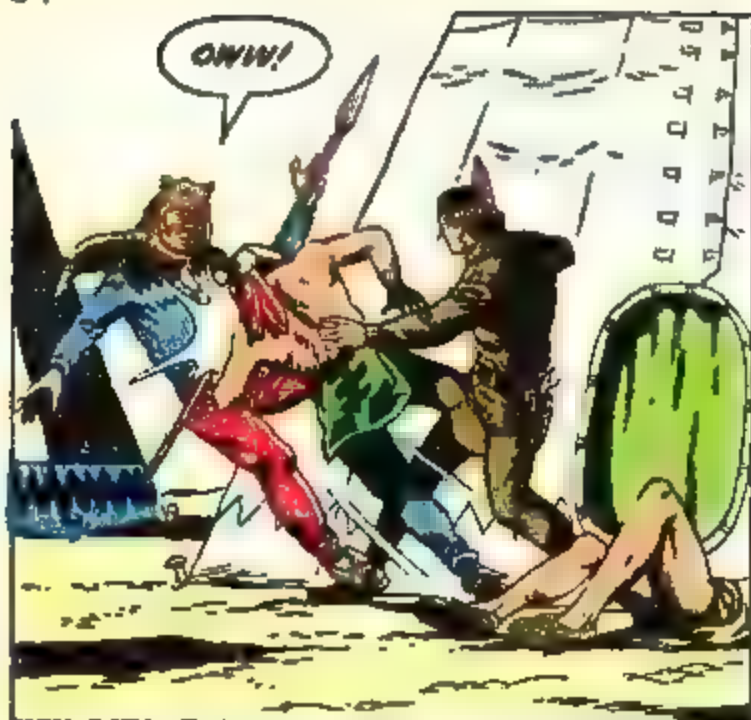


TAKE HIM!

OWW!





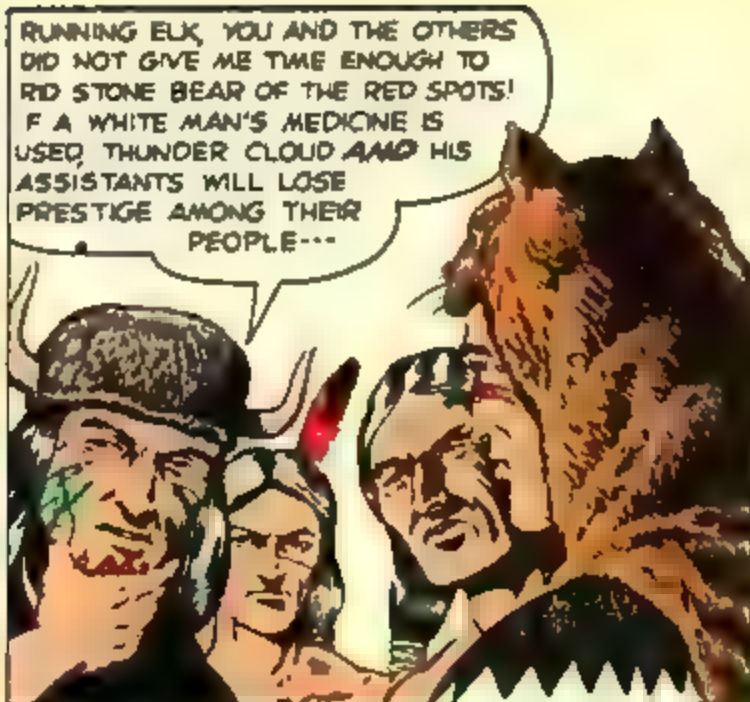




THERE SHOULD BE A DOCTOR WITH THE NECESSARY MEDICINE AT THE NEARBY FORT! I WILL TRY THERE FIRST --- **GET HIM UP, SCOUT!**

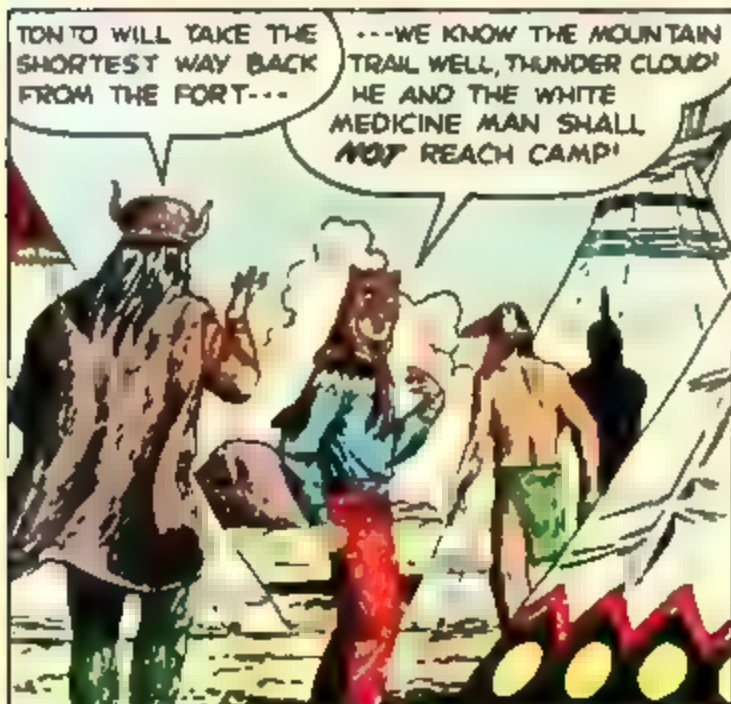


RUNNING ELK, YOU AND THE OTHERS DID NOT GIVE ME TIME ENOUGH TO RID STONE BEAR OF THE RED SPOTS! IF A WHITE MAN'S MEDICINE IS USED, THUNDER CLOUD AND HIS ASSISTANTS WILL LOSE PRESTIGE AMONG THEIR PEOPLE---



TONTO WILL TAKE THE SHORTEST WAY BACK FROM THE FORT---

---WE KNOW THE MOUNTAIN TRAIL WELL, THUNDER CLOUD! HE AND THE WHITE MEDICINE MAN SHALL **NOT** REACH CAMP!

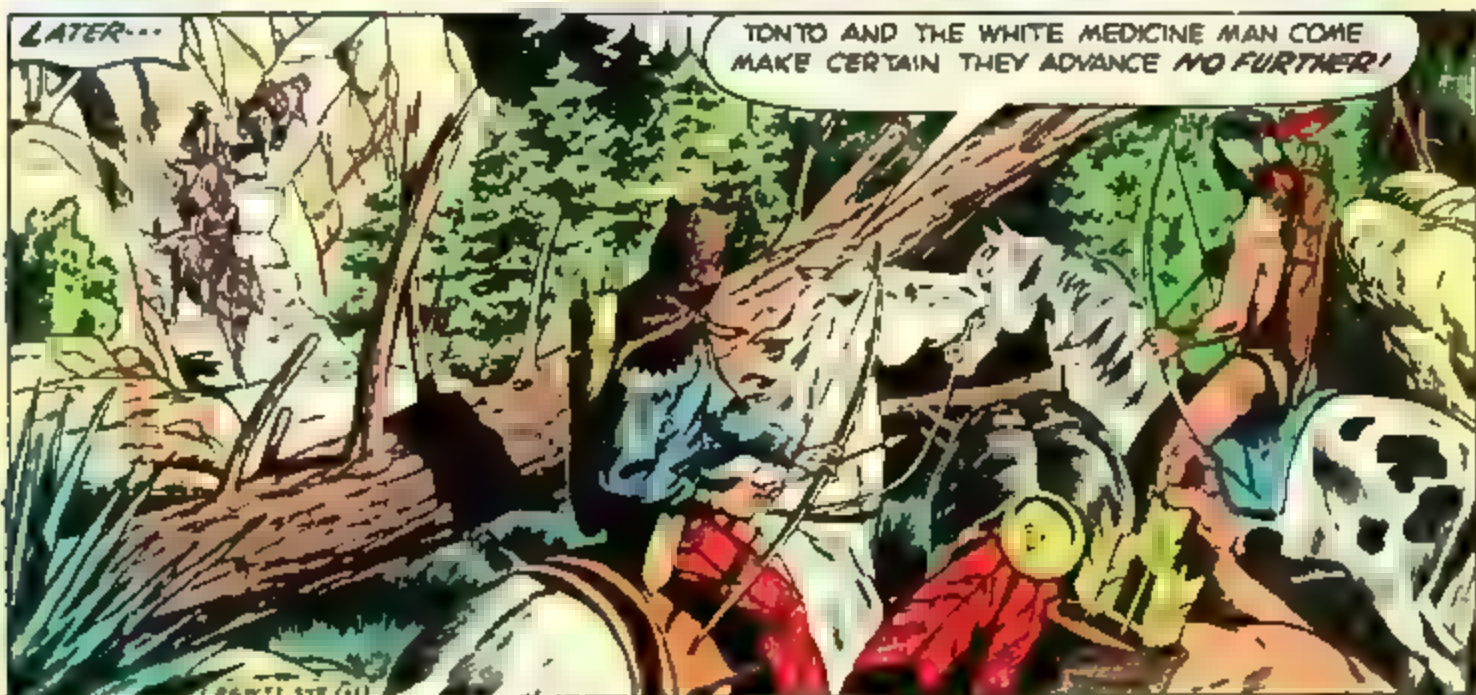


DO NOT FEAR FOR STONE BEAR'S LIFE! I SHALL CURE HIM BEFORE TONTO RETURNS!



LATER---

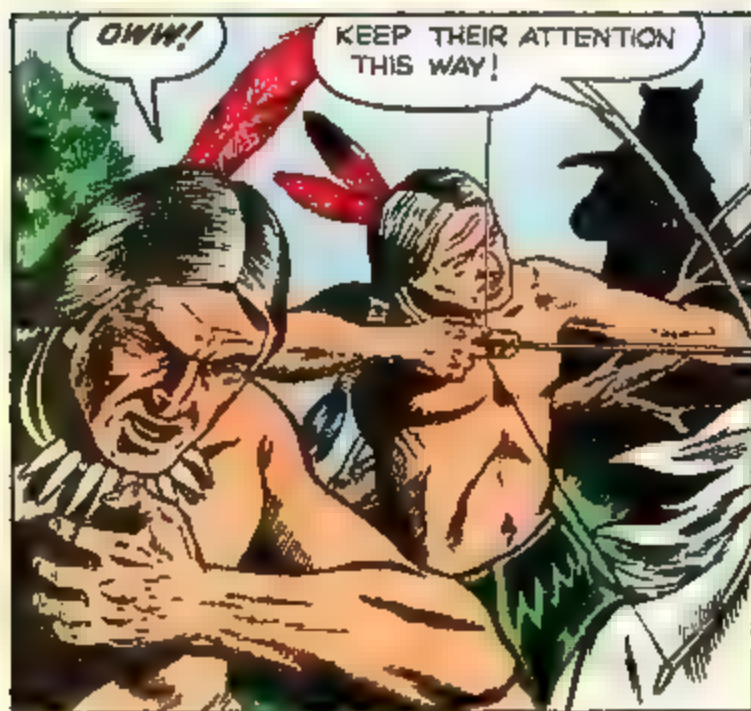
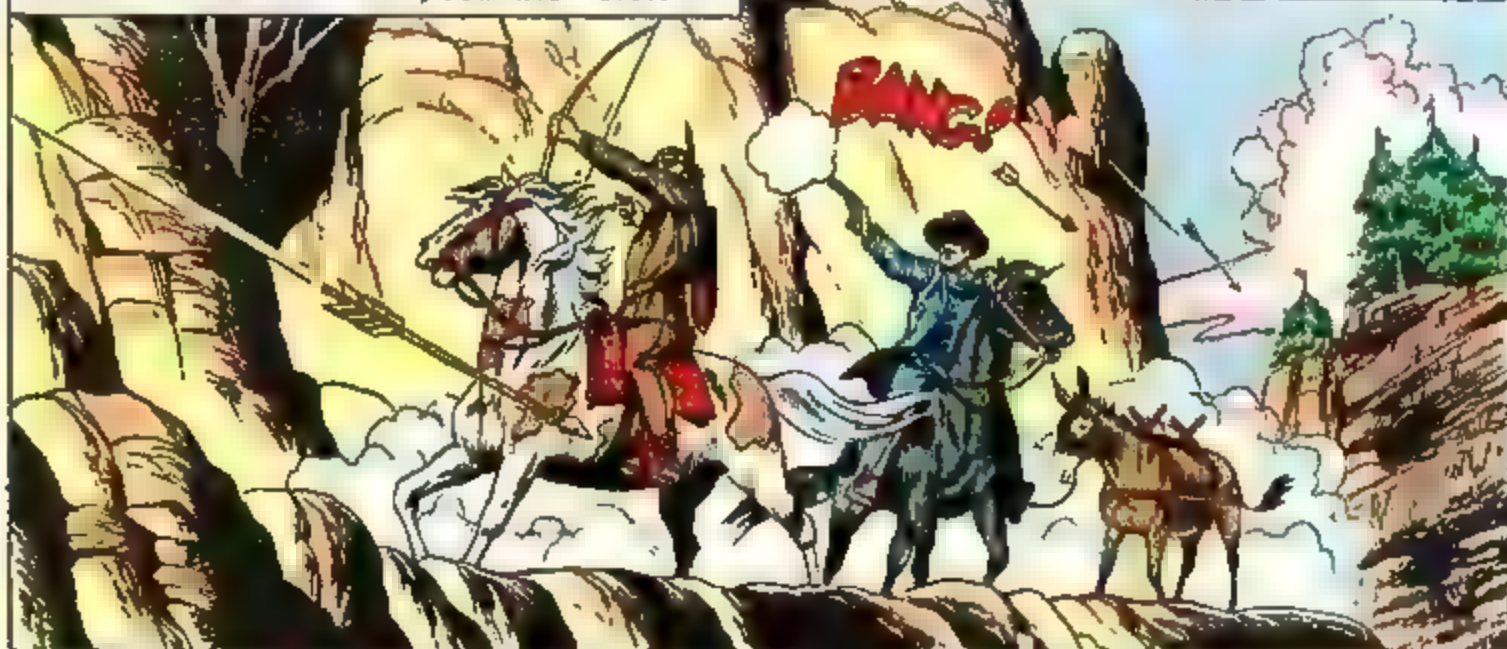
TONTO AND THE WHITE MEDICINE MAN COME MAKE CERTAIN THEY ADVANCE **NO FURTHER!**



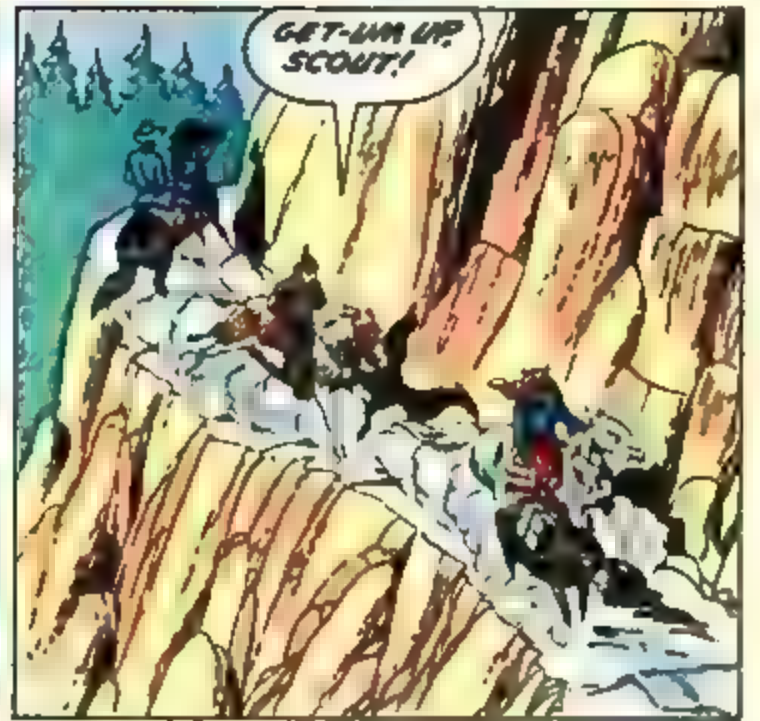
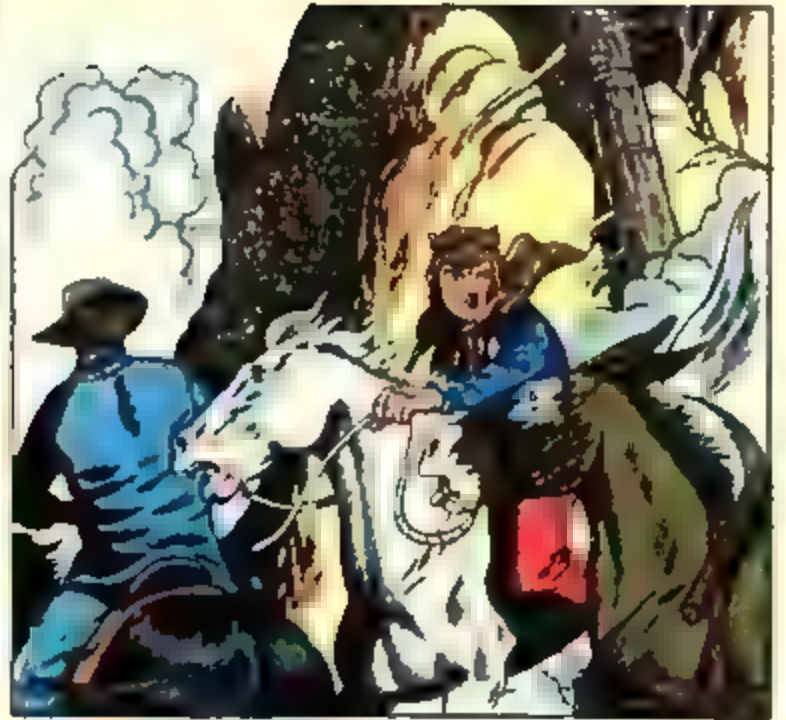
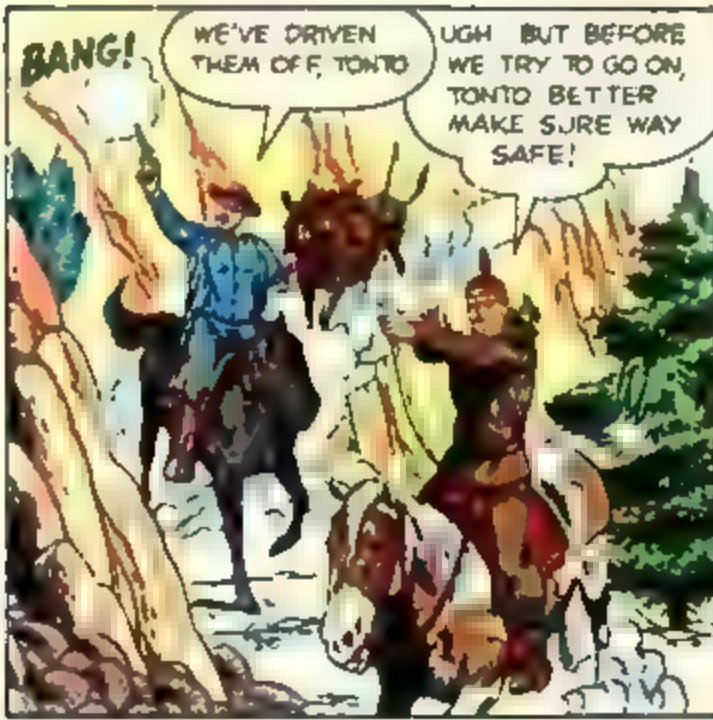




AS THE AMBUSHERS LOOSEN THEIR ARROWS, TONTO AND THE DOCTOR EDGE THEIR HORSES BACK ALONG THE NARROW TRAIL, SEEKING COVER---

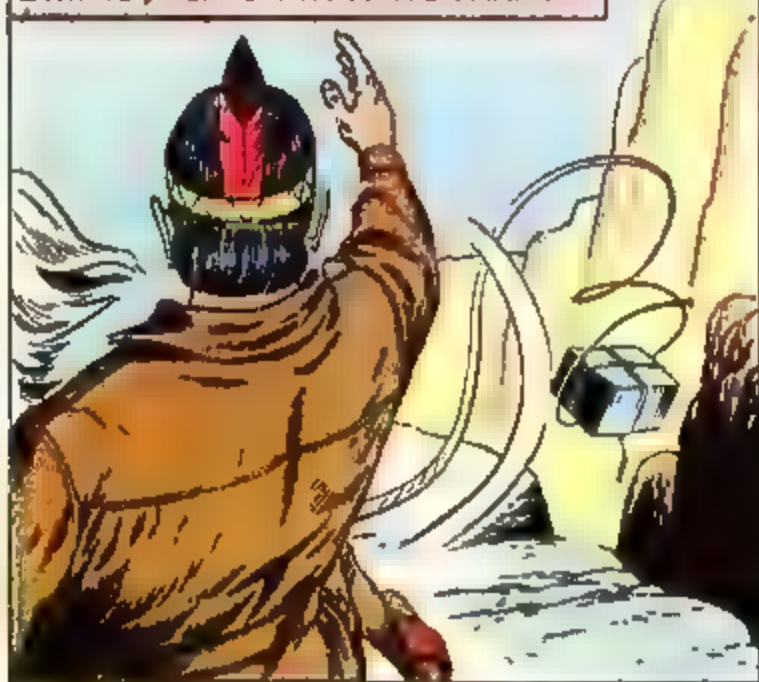




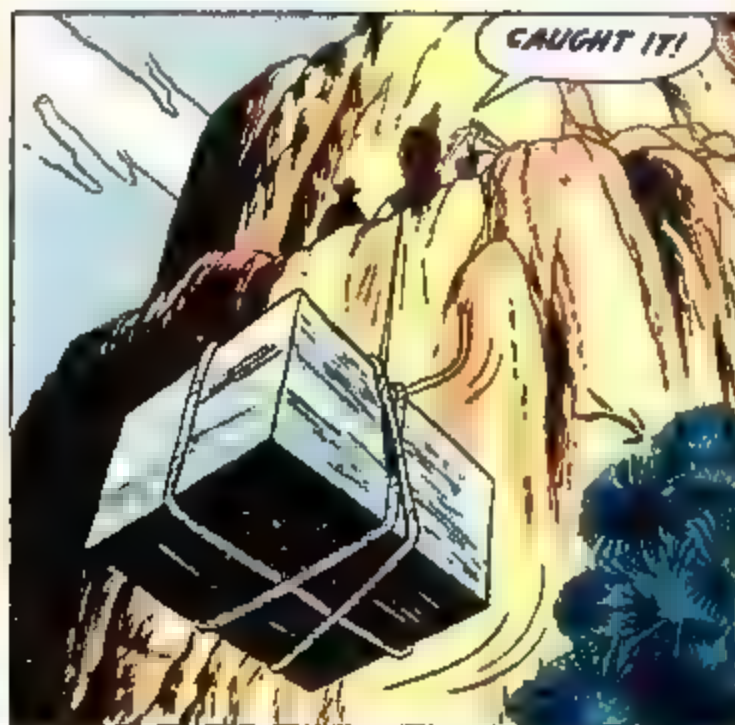




SWIFTLY TONTO WHIRLS HIS LARIAT---



CAUGHT IT!



SOON, THEY REACH CAMP AND THE ARMY DOCTOR EXAMINES THE STRICKEN CHIEF---

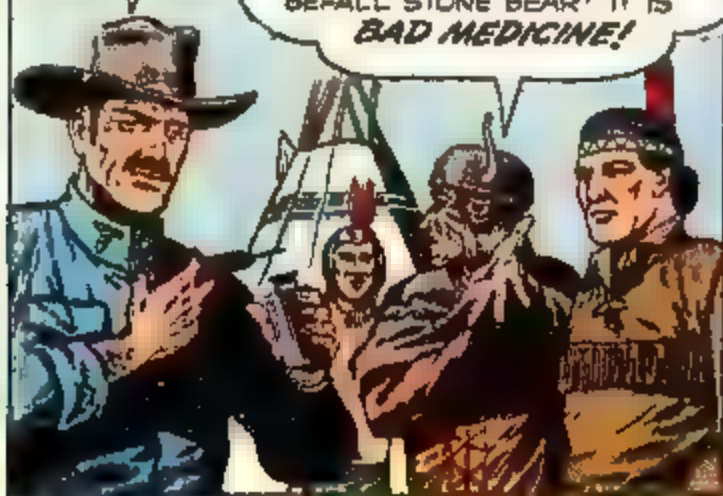
TONTO DIAGNOSED THE SYMPTOMS CORRECTLY! STONE BEAR HAS SMALLPOX!

CAN YOU CURE-UM?



THE SERUM IN THIS VACCINATION SHOULD HALT THE DISEASE'S PROGRESS IN TIME---

---MY TRIBESMEN, LOOK! THAT NEEDLE-LIKE THING THE WHITE MEDICINE MAN HOLDS IS LIKE THE CROW ARROW THAT HAS CAUSED ALL THIS EVIL TO BEFALL STONE BEAR! IT IS **BAD MEDICINE!**



THUNDER CLOUD HAS CURED MANY BRAVES---BUT **THIS** SICKNESS IS BEYOND HIS POWERS TO HEAL! LET THE WHITE DOCTOR DO WHAT IS NECESSARY!

THE WAY TO CURE STONE BEAR IS BY FOLLOWING **ME** AGAINST THE **CROW!** AT THEIR CAMP I CAN DESTROY THE BAD MEDICINE THAT PLAGUES OUR CHIEF! THE WHITE SHAMAN'S NEEDLE WILL ONLY **HURT** OUR CHIEF!





HEAR ME...MY PEOPLE! I DO NOT WISH TO BE CURED AT THE RISK OF CAUSING *WAR* BETWEEN THE CROW AND US!...I TRUST TONTO...DO AS HE SAYS...



DOCTOR, YOU TREAT-UM NOW!



THERE! -NOW ALL WE CAN DO IS *WAIT*! WE WILL NOT KNOW ITS EFFECT FOR TWELVE HOURS!

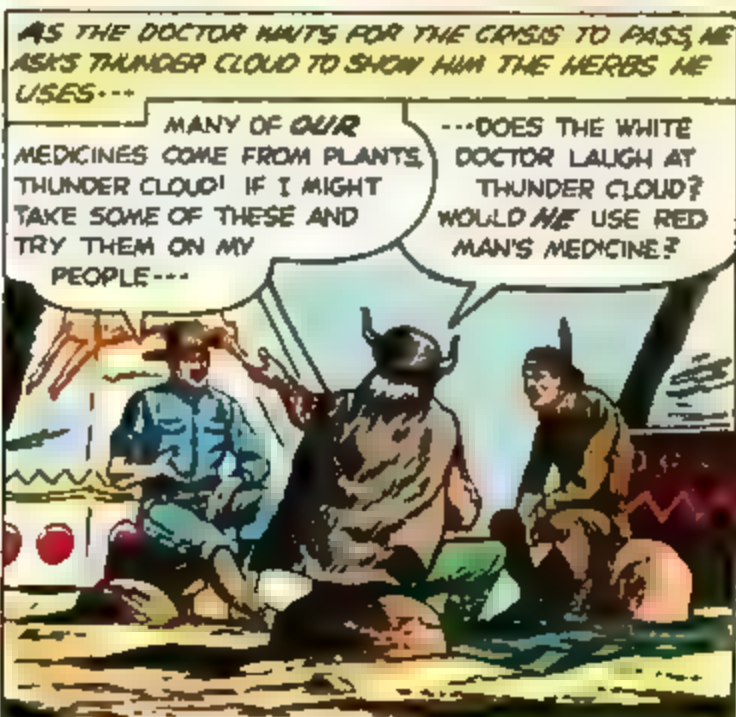
TONTO TELL-UM IT TAKE TIME BEFORE STONE BEAR SEEM BETTER!



AS THE DOCTOR WANTS FOR THE CRISIS TO PASS HE ASKS THUNDER CLOUD TO SHOW HIM THE HERBS HE USES---

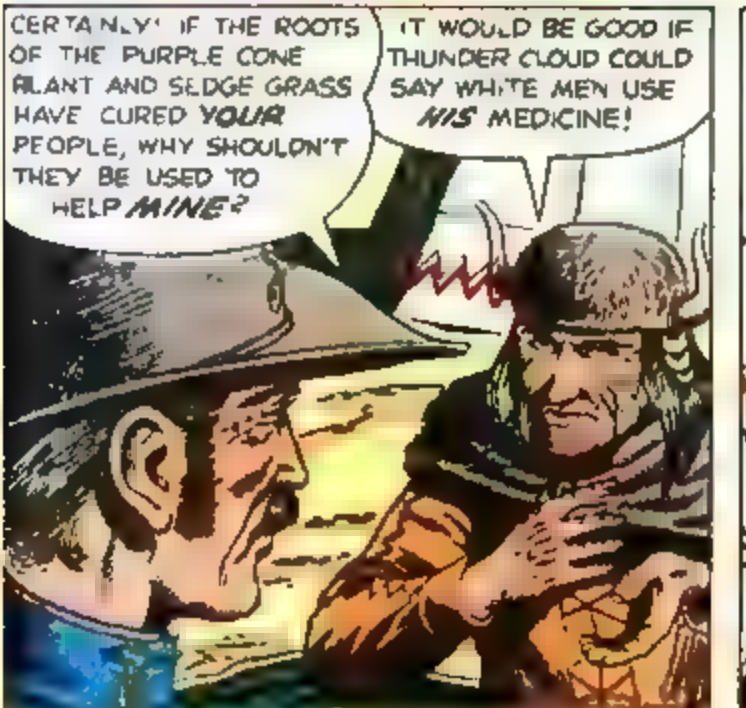
MANY OF OUR MEDICINES COME FROM PLANTS, THUNDER CLOUD! IF I MIGHT TAKE SOME OF THESE AND TRY THEM ON MY PEOPLE---

---DOES THE WHITE DOCTOR LAUGH AT THUNDER CLOUD? WOULD HE USE RED MAN'S MEDICINE?



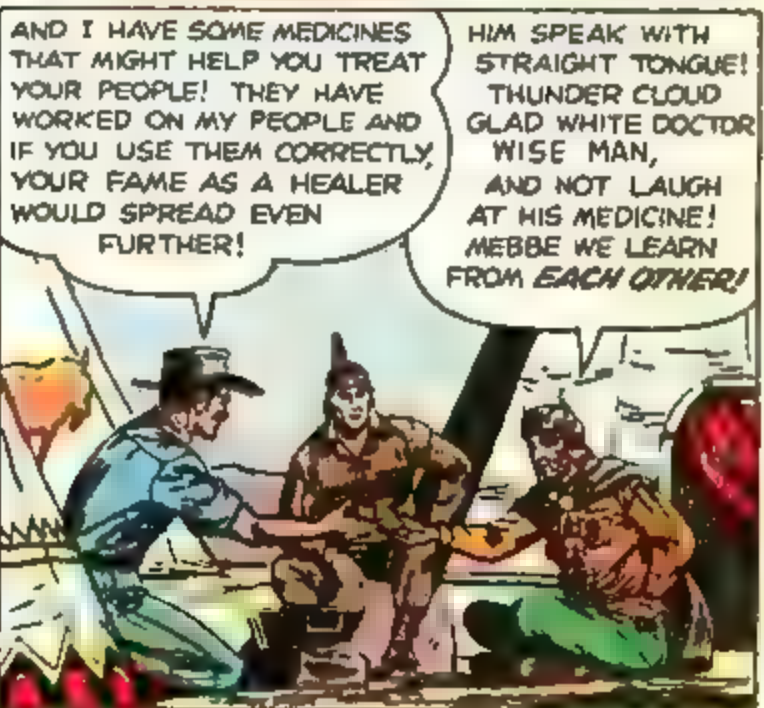
CERTAINLY! IF THE ROOTS OF THE PURPLE CONE PLANT AND SEDGE GRASS HAVE CURED *YOUR* PEOPLE, WHY SHOULDN'T THEY BE USED TO HELP *MINE*?

IT WOULD BE GOOD IF THUNDER CLOUD COULD SAY WHITE MEN USE *HIS* MEDICINE!

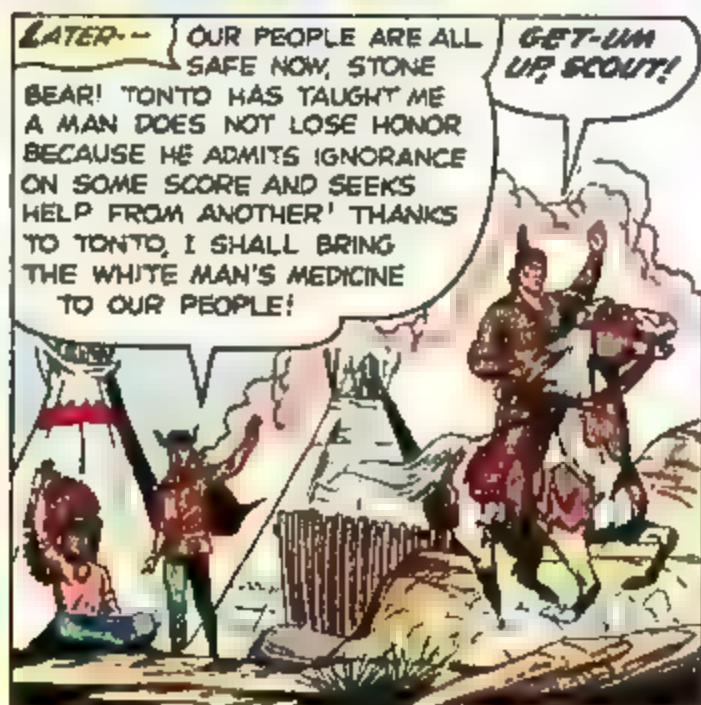
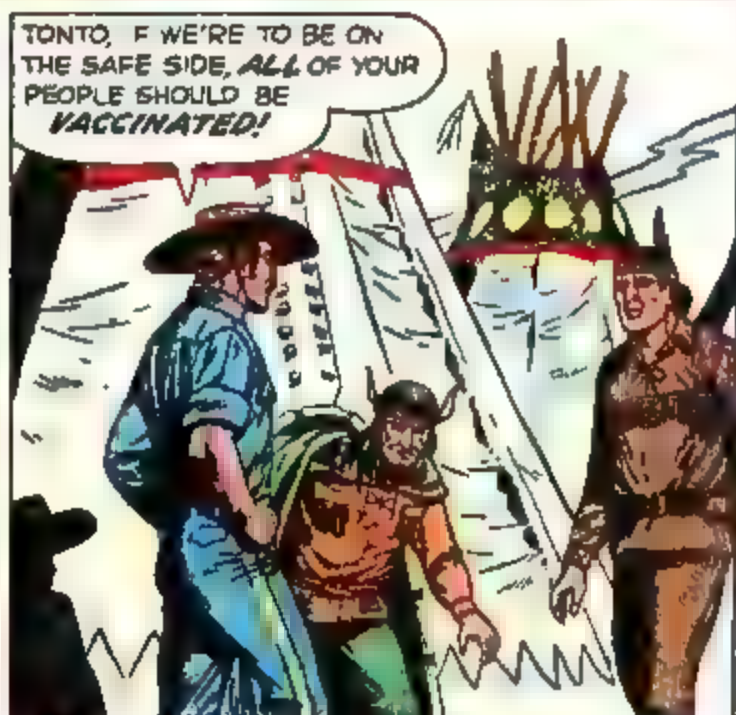
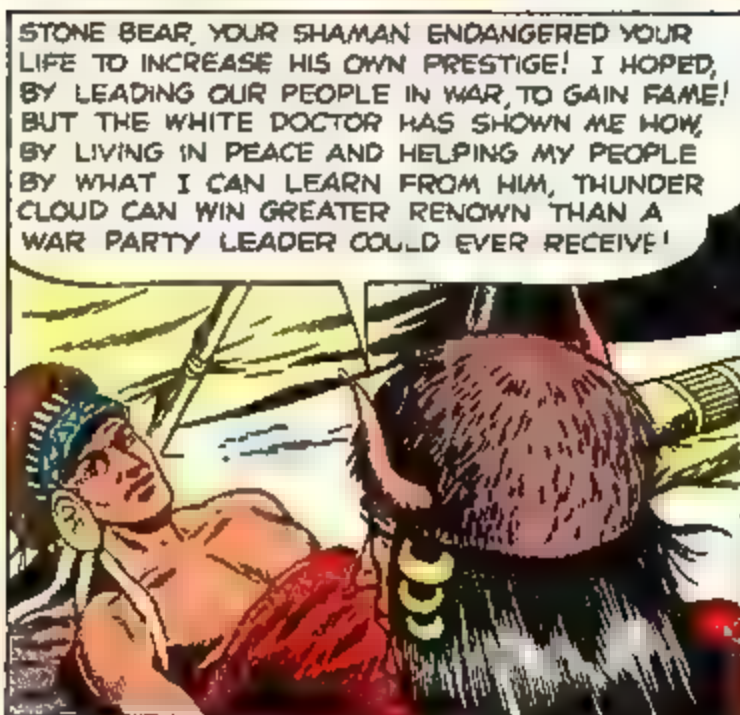
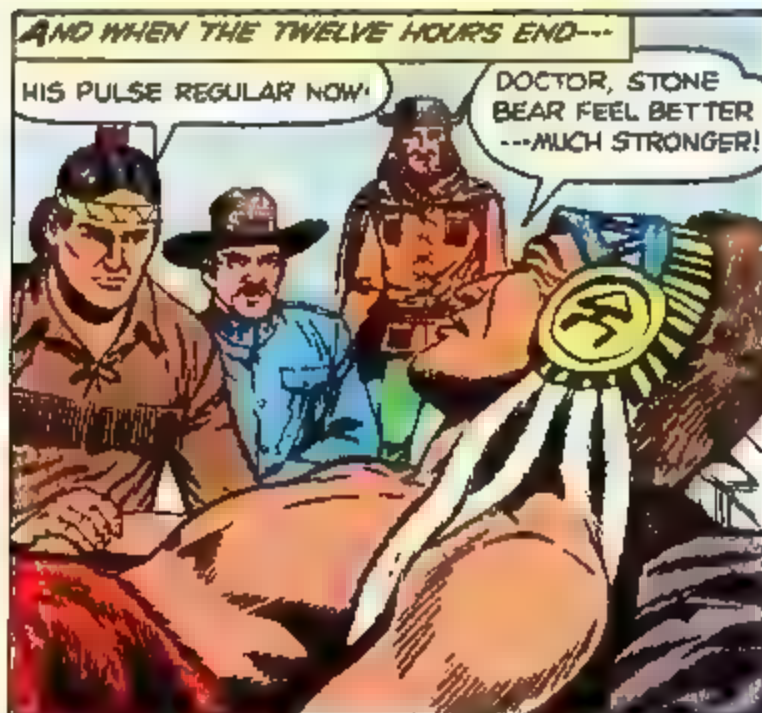


AND I HAVE SOME MEDICINES THAT MIGHT HELP YOU TREAT YOUR PEOPLE! THEY HAVE WORKED ON MY PEOPLE AND IF YOU USE THEM CORRECTLY, YOUR FAME AS A HEALER WOULD SPREAD EVEN FURTHER!

HIM SPEAK WITH STRAIGHT TONGUE! THUNDER CLOUD GLAD WHITE DOCTOR WISE MAN, AND NOT LAUGH AT HIS MEDICINE! MEBBE WE LEARN FROM *EACH OTHER*!









# INDIAN MONEY

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Indians used whatever they valued most for money. Often the item had a utility value, but frequently demand for the medium of exchange was based on its beauty or because it was scarce.

**WAMPUM** These colorful bead and shell belts were originally made as reminders of important events or as symbols of some important idea. But because of their beauty and the length of time required to make them by hand, they were considered very valuable.



**HORSES** Indians of the Great Plains often traded horses for things they wanted. Horses were valuable in so many ways. They could "buy" almost anything, including a wife.



**BEAVER PELTS** These became an almost universal "money" after the coming of the white man who used them to make hats.



**USEFUL METALS** The Aztecs used T-shaped pieces of copper which could be made into knives, arrowheads and other practical things.



**GOLD AND SILVER** Strangely enough, these metals were mainly for ornaments, probably because they were too soft to have practical use in themselves.



# THE MEDICINE MAN



The Indian medicine man attempted to cure disease by frightening away the evil spirits who supposedly caused it. Sometimes they used herbs or berries as medicine, but most often they depended on spells, songs and dances to make the evil forces leave the sick man. This Iroquois medicine man is shaking a shell to discourage the bad spirits while he sings a sacred song. Wooden masks hang on the pole behind him. It is believed that their menacing looks will help drive off the unwanted specters.



As the power of the fighting Indians declined, the war chief's authority over his tribesmen was soon transferred to the medicine man. Gradually, in many tribes, the medicine man became the real ruler. In the Far West, Wovoka, the great prophet, devised the Ghost Dance. At first, it was peaceful, but later the tribesmen believed it gave them power to win wars. Yet, at the battle of Wounded Knee, even the spells of great medicine men failed to protect the warriors who attacked the U. S. Army.



One of the believers in Ghost Dance was the great Sioux, Sitting Bull. And well he might believe, because he himself had been a great prophet of the Sioux years before. While participating in a great Sioux dance, he fasted and stared at the bright sun for hours until gradually a vision came before his eyes. He told his people that he had seen "many soldiers coming into camp upside down."

When the Sioux rode to battle a short while later, they destroyed the U.S. Cavalry, and killed General George Custer.



# the Lone Ranger

## THE CALL OF WILD HORSE VALLEY

SOON AFTER THE LONE RANGER ACQUIRES SILVER, HE AND TONTO RIDE BY THE ENTRANCE TO WILD HORSE VALLEY...

KENO SABAY  
SILVER LOOK  
PLENTY LONG AT  
VALLEY PASS!

YES, TONTO! IT MUST  
RECALL MEMORIES...THE  
VALLEY WAS HIS HOME  
BEFORE WE FOUND HIM!

WE'LL CAMP BY THIS  
STREAM TONIGHT,  
TONTO!

UGH! THERE PLENTY  
KINDLING WOOD HERE!

THAT NIGHT, AS THE LONE RANGER AND TONTO  
BED DOWN, A STRANGE RESTLESSNESS KEEPS  
SILVER AWAKE! EACH GUST OF WIND FROM  
THE VALLEY BRINGS THE SCENT OF HIS HOME-  
LAND TO THE GREAT WHITE STALLION! SOON,  
THE TEMPTATION TO REVISIT IT IS TOO STRONG  
---SILVER SNAPS HIS TETHER---

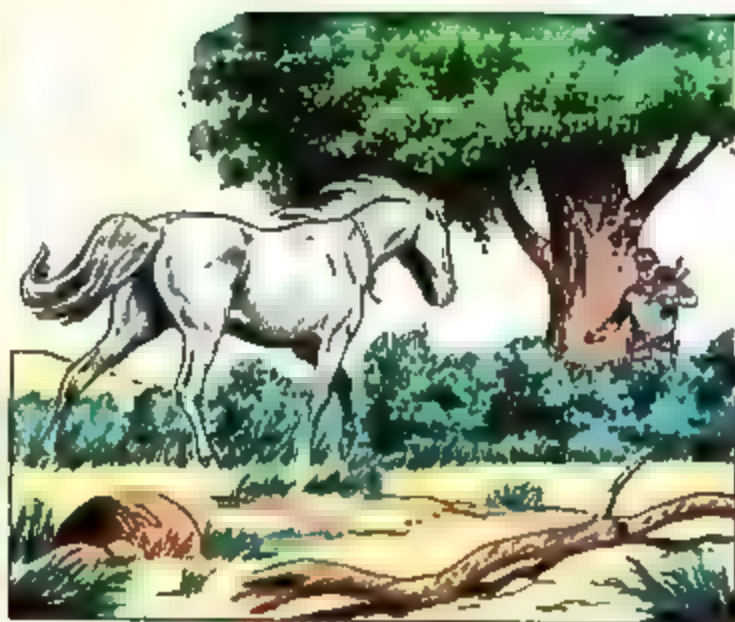
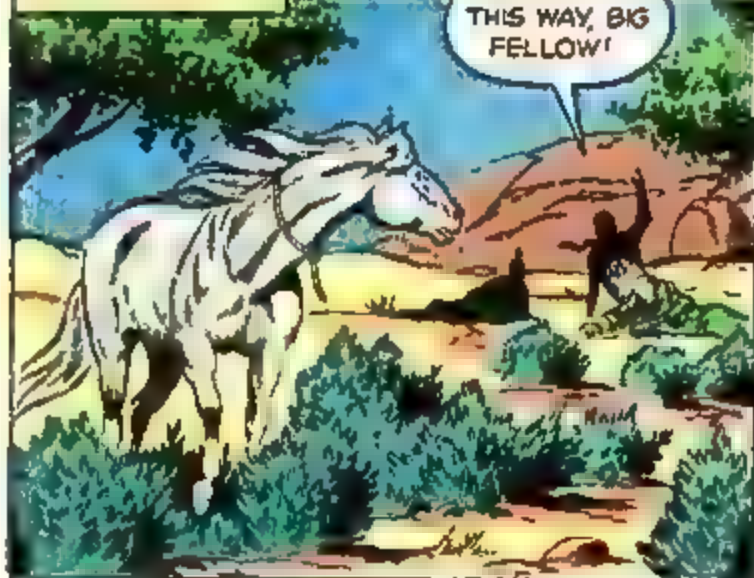
UNRESTRAINED BY ROPE OR REIN, SILVER  
STARTS FOR THE PASS---

SILVER? WHOA, BOY!  
HERE, SILVER!



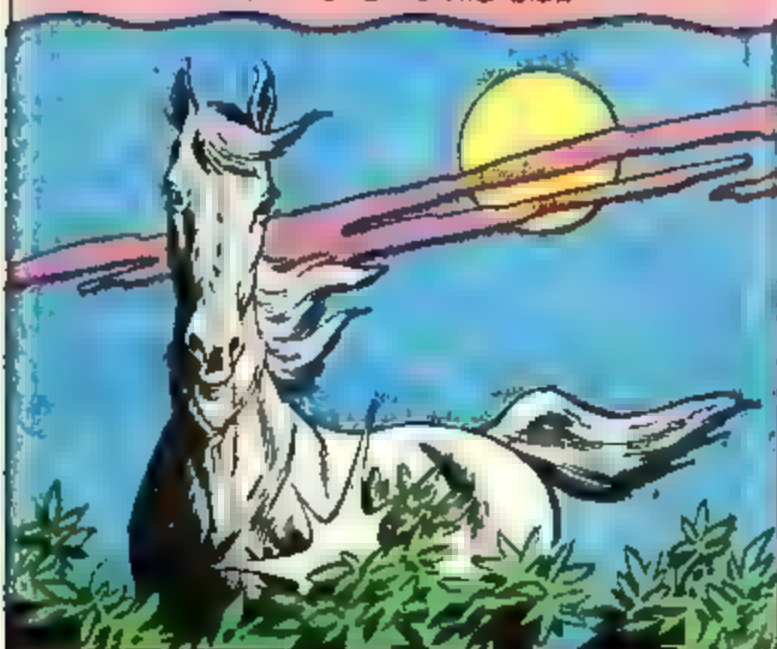
THE SOUND OF THE MASKED MAN'S VOICE BRINGS SILVER UP SHORT! AGAIN THE MASKED RIDER CALLS AND THE STALLION TURNS TO LOOK BACK---

THIS WAY, BIG FELLOW!



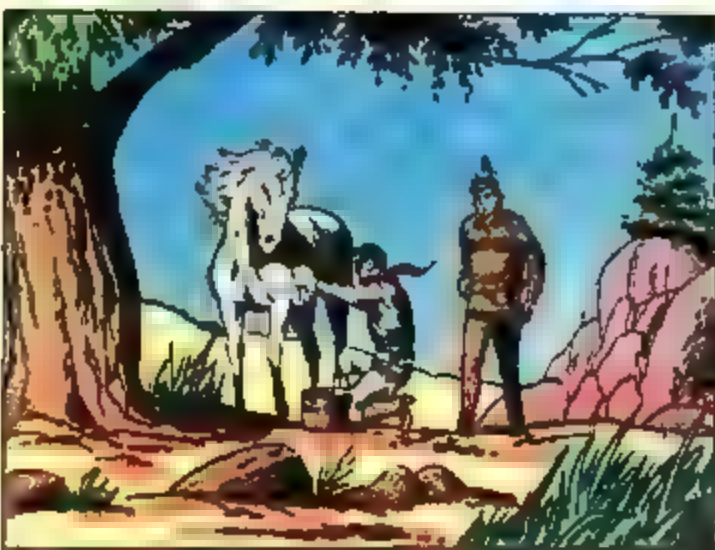
FOR THE MOMENT, THE INSTINCTIVE DRIVE TO THE VALLEY IS STILLED! SILVER TROTS BACK TOWARD CAMP---

BUT, AS HE RETURNS, A BURR SCRATCHES AND THEN PAINFULLY STICKS TO HIS SIDE---



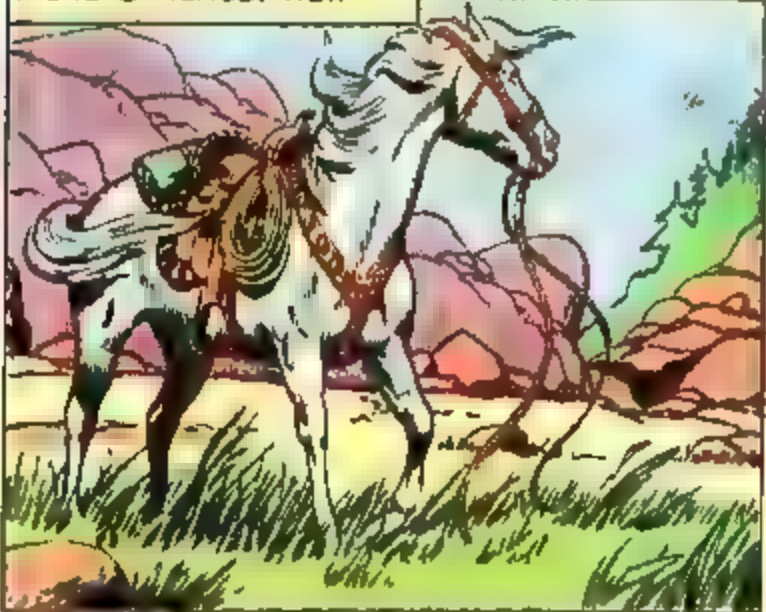
SILVER COMPLAINS WITH SHORT WHINNIES! CAREFULLY, THE LONE RANGER SEEKS THE CAUSE OF SILVER'S PAIN AND THEN HE SEES THE BURR---

EASY, SILVER!  
---THERE!



THEN, THE MASKED MAN BATHES THE SORE SPOT WITH COOLING WATER AND ONCE AGAIN, SILVER EXPERIENCES THE KINDNESS OF THIS MAN AND IS GLAD HE DIDN'T RUN OFF TO THE VALLEY---

BUT IN THE MORNING, SILVER NERVOUSLY PAWS THE GROUND, AS THE VALLEY SEEMS TO BECKON MORE STRONGLY NOW---





SILVER SEES THE MASKED MAN WATCHING HIM! HE TRIES TO STAY NEAR THE LONE RANGER, BUT SOME DEEP INNER FORCE SLOWLY BUT SURELY LEADS HIM TOWARD THE VALLEY...

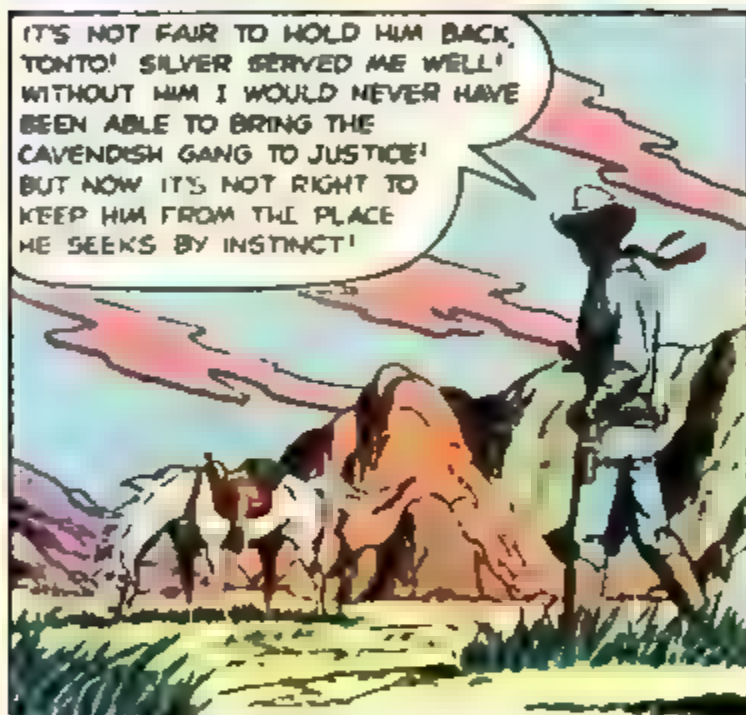


IT'S NO USE, TONTO! SILVER CAN'T RESIST THE CALL OF WILD HORSE VALLEY! THE MEMORIES OF HIS UNFETTERED YOUTH ARE ALL CENTERED THERE... THE SIGHT OF IT MUST BRING TO MIND HIS PAST WILD FREEDOM!

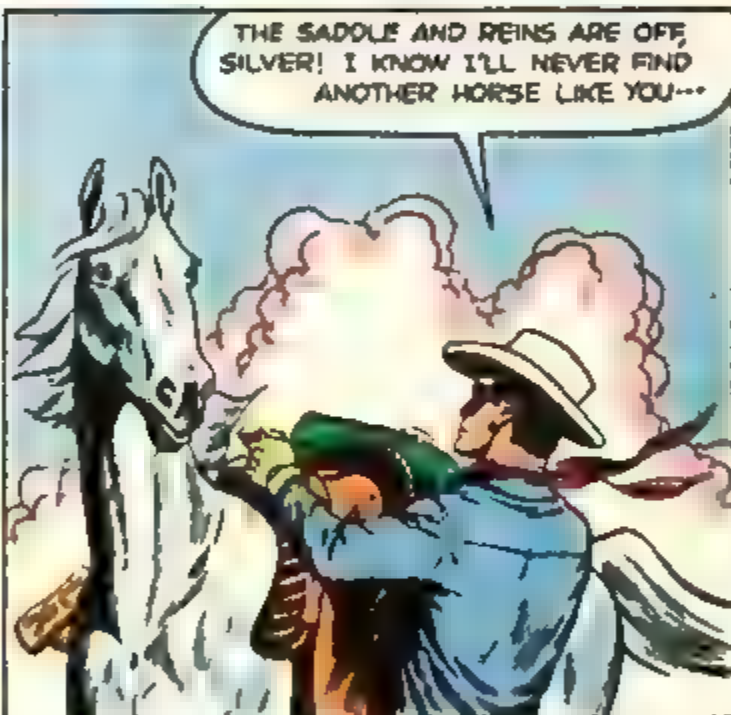
BUT YOU NOT LET-UM GO, KEMO SABAY?



IT'S NOT FAIR TO HOLD HIM BACK, TONTO! SILVER SERVED ME WELL! WITHOUT HIM I WOULD NEVER HAVE BEEN ABLE TO BRING THE CAVENDISH GANG TO JUSTICE! BUT NOW IT'S NOT RIGHT TO KEEP HIM FROM THE PLACE HE SEEKS BY INSTINCT!

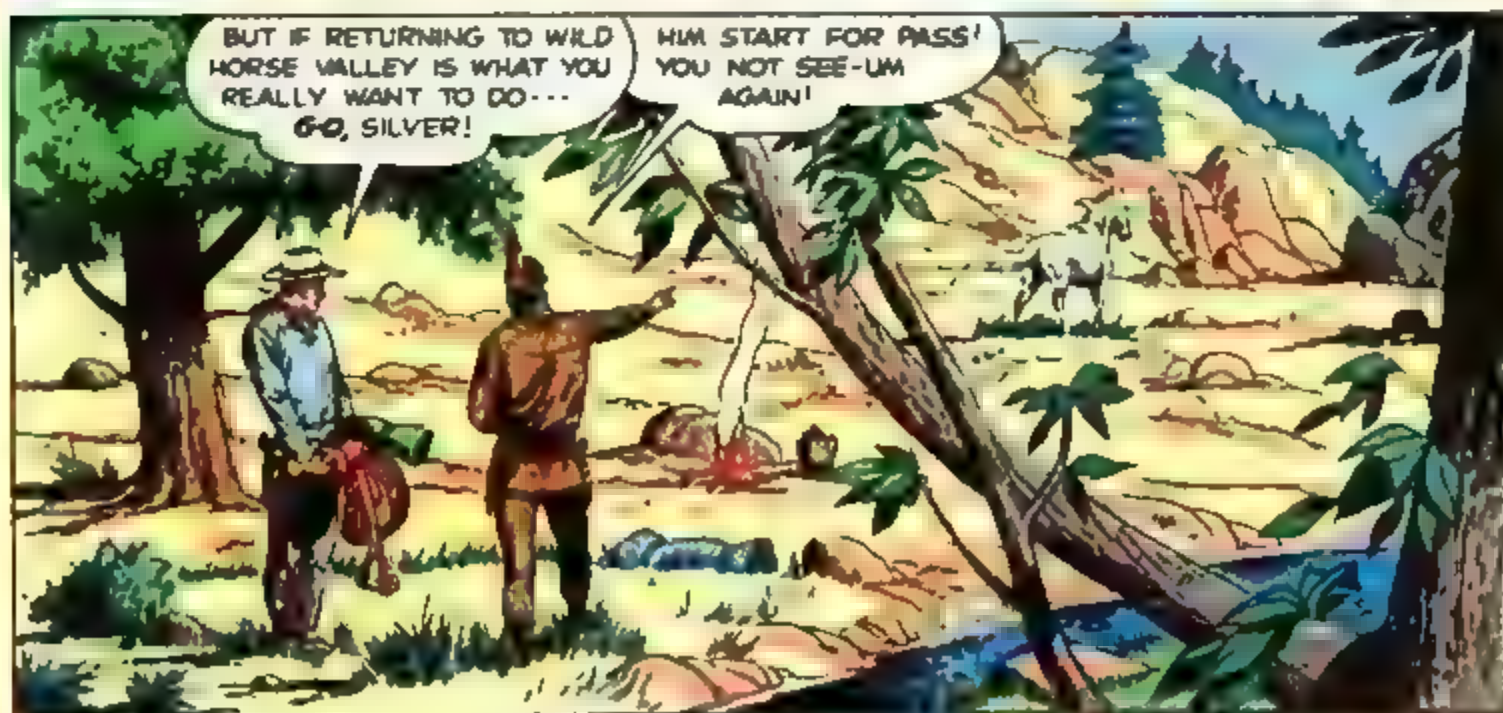


THE SADDLE AND REINS ARE OFF, SILVER! I KNOW I'LL NEVER FIND ANOTHER HORSE LIKE YOU...



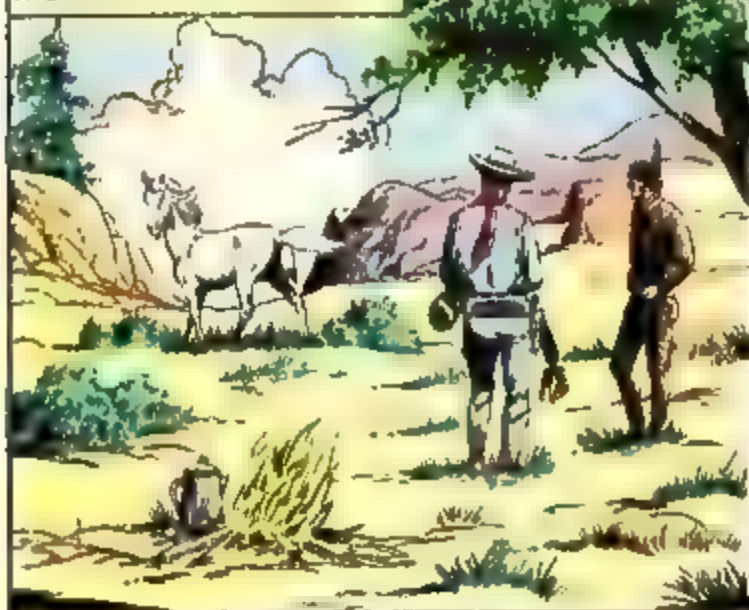
BUT IF RETURNING TO WILD HORSE VALLEY IS WHAT YOU REALLY WANT TO DO... GO, SILVER!

HIM START FOR PASS! YOU NOT SEE-UM AGAIN!

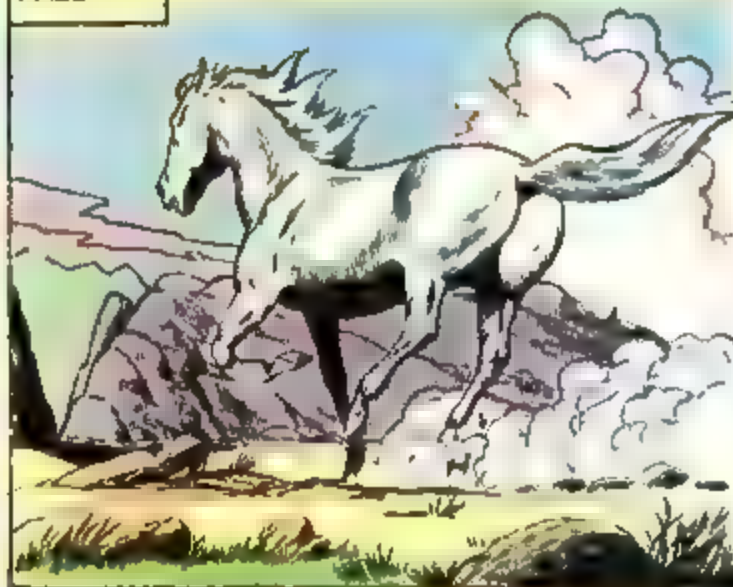




AT A GENTLE TROT, SILVER STARTS FOR THE VALLEY, SLOWLY AT FIRST, LOOKING BACK AT HIS MASKED FRIEND---



THEN, HE TURNS HIS HEAD AND FACES THE VALLEY! HIS WHITE MANE WAVING, HE GALLOPS AWAY FROM THE LONE RANGER AND FOR THE PASS---

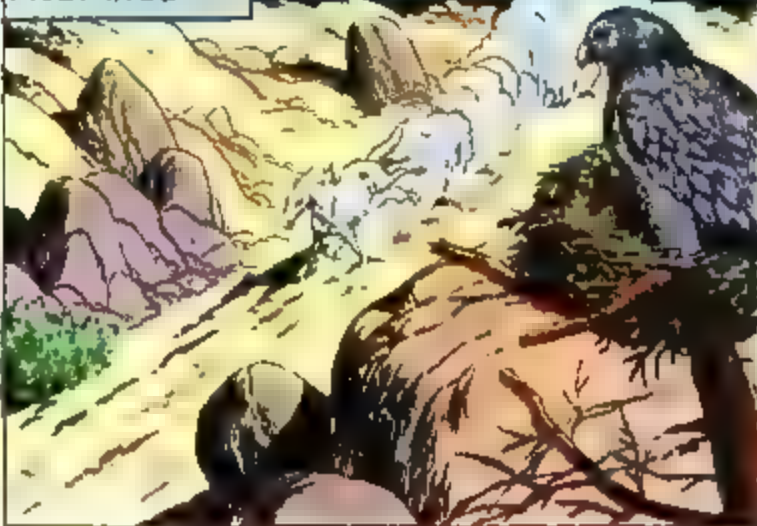


IT WASN'T AN EASY THING TO DO, TONTO---BUT THE **RIGHT** THINGS RARELY ARE! ---I'LL REMAIN HERE IN CAMP WHILE YOU FIND A HORSE FOR ME!

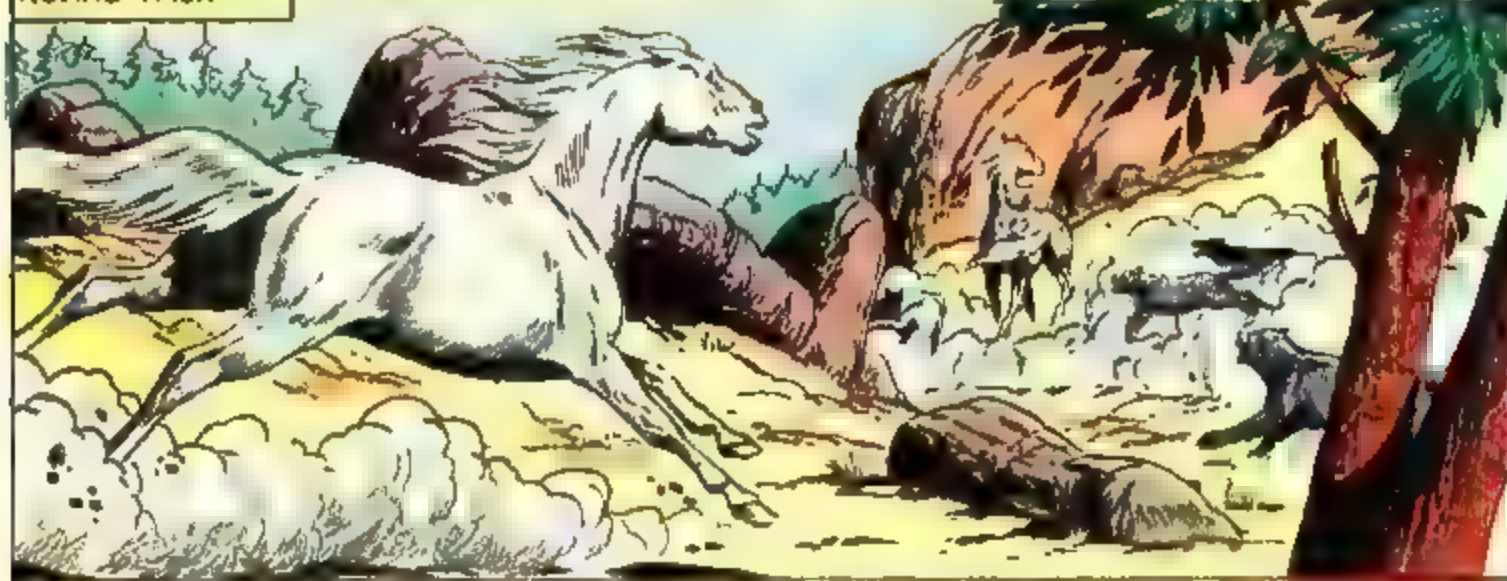
UGH! BUT TONTO KNOW HIM NEVER FIND HORSE LIKE SILVER!



THROUGH THE PASS SILVER RACES! HIS EYES FLASH AS THEY SEE THE OLD FAMILIAR LAND-SCAPE! HERE HE WAS BORN! HERE HE WAS RAISED AND PROVED HIMSELF! HERE HE BELONGS, LEADING HIS PROUD BAND OF MUSTANGS---

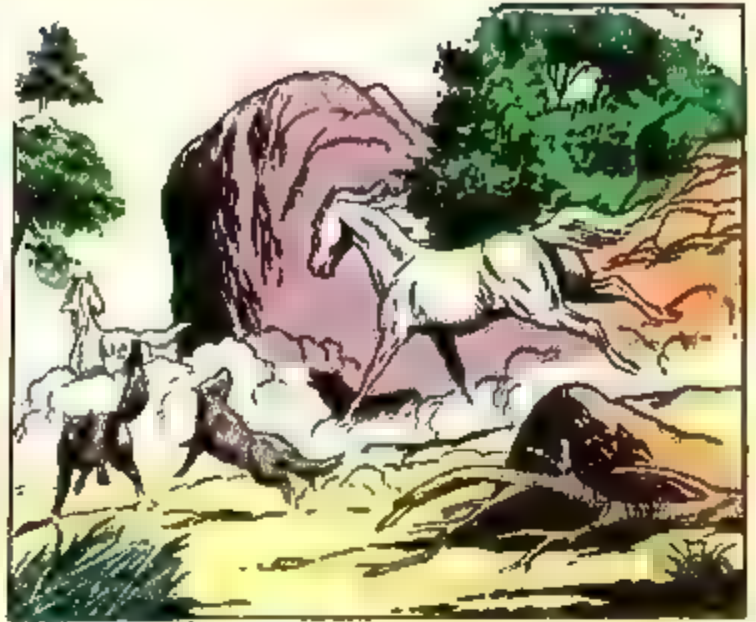
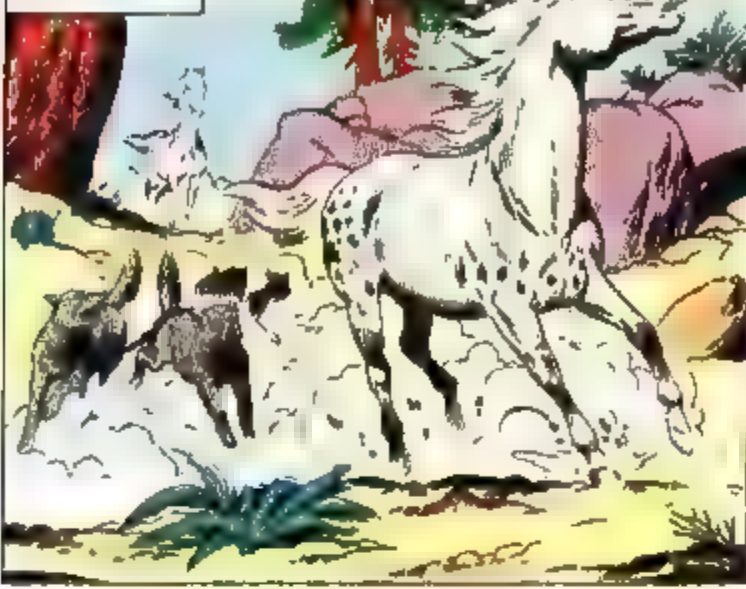


BUT SUDDENLY, AN ENEMY SCENT FILLS SILVER'S NOSTRILS! WOLVES! HE MOVES SWIFTY FORWARD AND THEN HE HEARS THE TERRIFIED WHINNY OF A MARE! THE BAND OF MUSTANGS HAS BEEN BROKEN! THE STRENGTH THEIR UNITY GAVE THEM IS GONE! NOW EACH LONE HORSE IS PREY TO THE ROVING PACK---



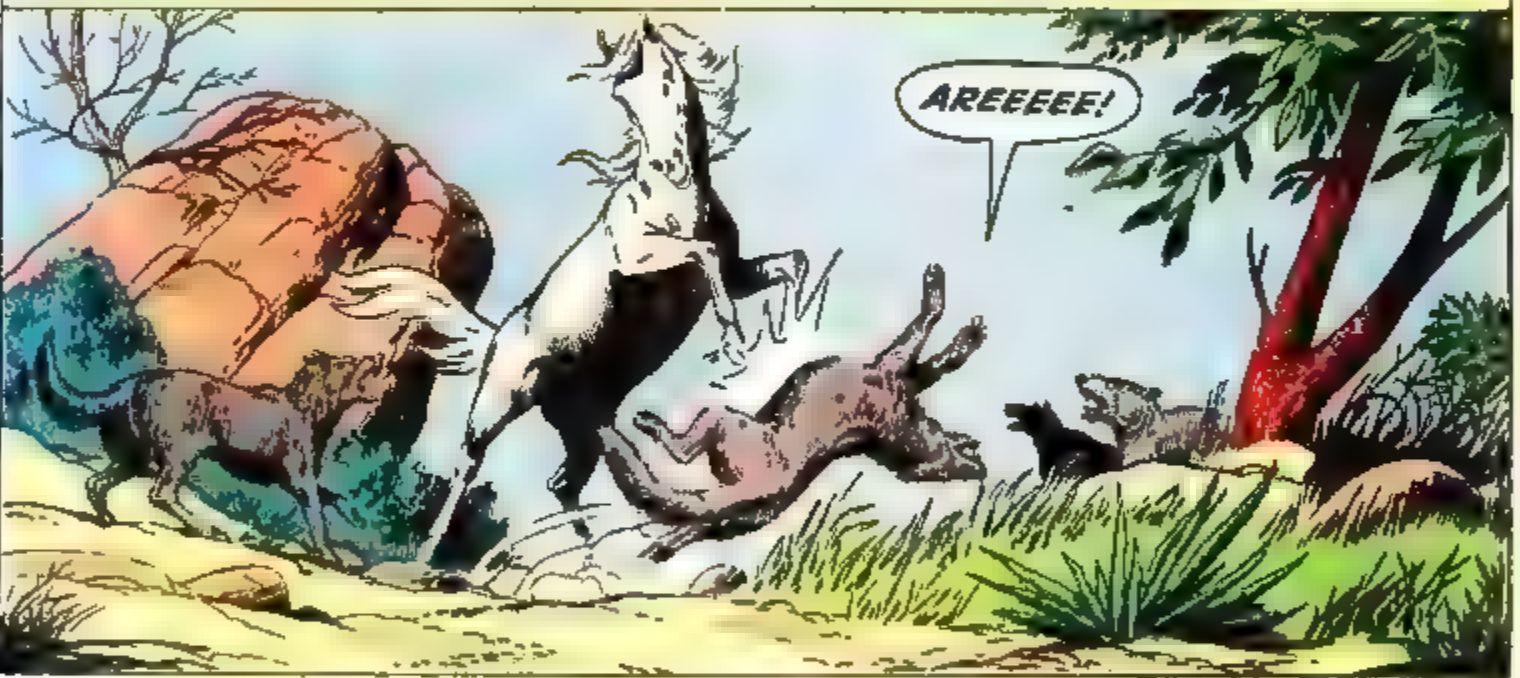


DOWNWIND OF THE PACK, SILVER GALLOPS AFTER THE FRIGHTENED MARE'S PURSUERS, HOPING TO BE UPON THEM BEFORE THEY SEE HIM---



INTENT UPON THE TIRING MARE, THE PACK LOOKS ONLY FORWARD, AS SUDDENLY, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION REACHES IT---

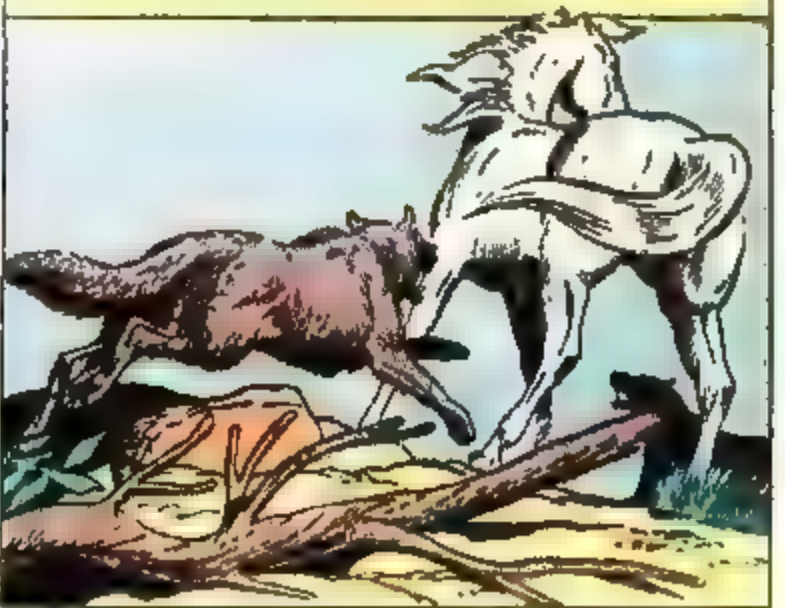
REARING TO FREE HIS FORELEGS, SILVER KICKS POWERFULLY, CATCHING A WOLF SQUARELY---



HIS FLAILING HOOF STRIKE TERROR INTO THE PACK, BUT THE WOLF LEADER LOPEs OFF FROM THE FIGHT, MAKING A WIDE CIRCLE TO COME UP BEHIND SILVER---

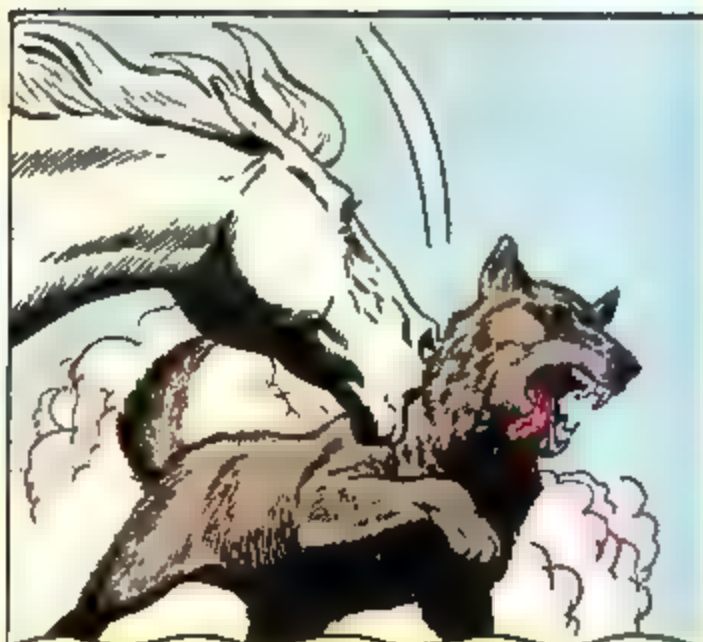
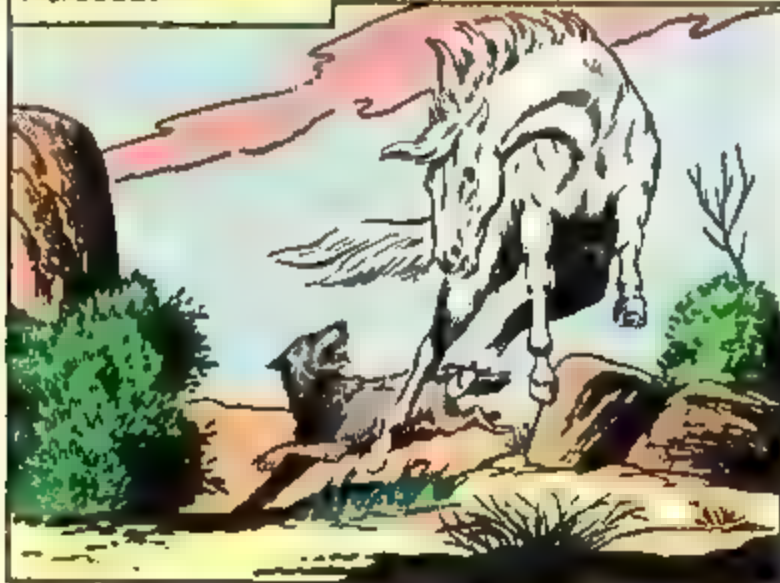


WITH A SAVAGE GROWL, THE CUNNING PACK LEADER SPRINGS AT SILVER FROM THE REAR, HOPING TO HAMSTRING THE STALLION---



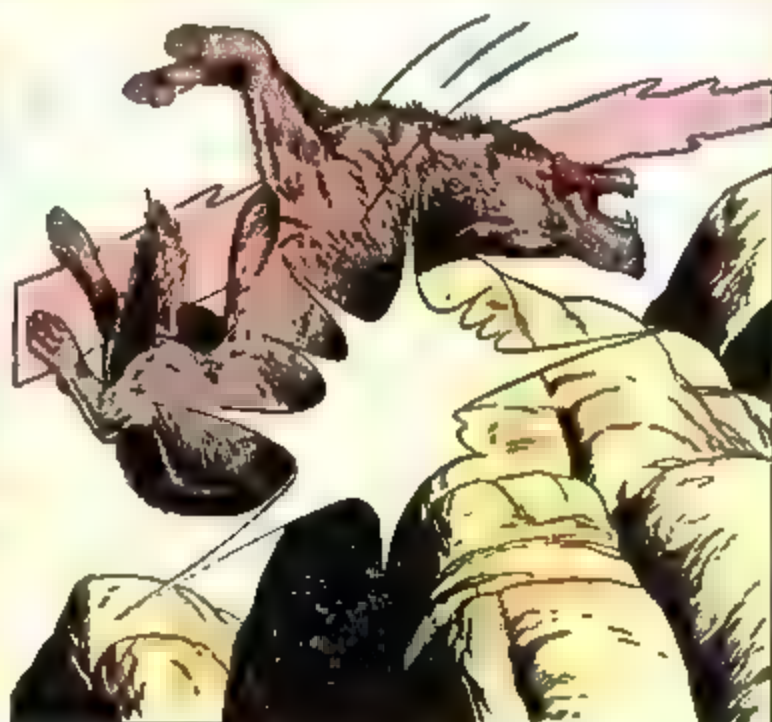
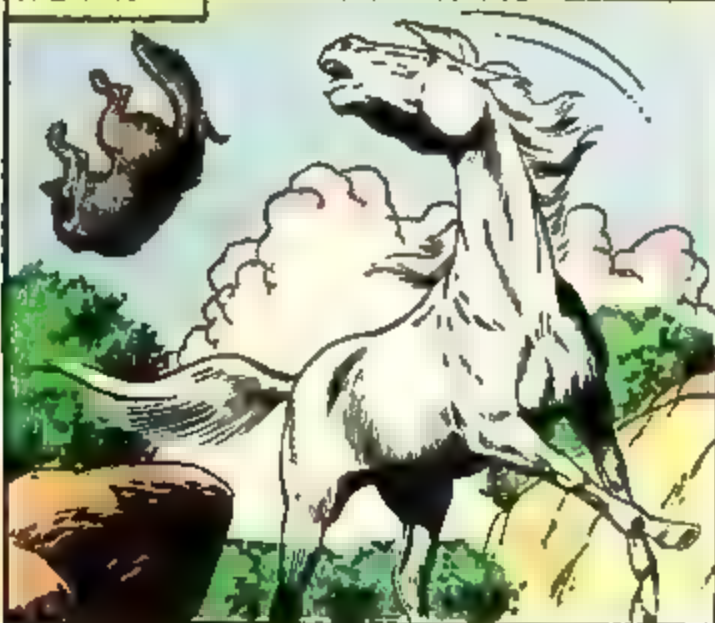


BUT A HORSE'S EYES ARE PLACED SO HE CAN SEE ALMOST BEHIND HIMSELF JUST IN TIME, SILVER SIDESTEPS, AS THE PACK LEADER'S JAWS SNAP VICIOUSLY---

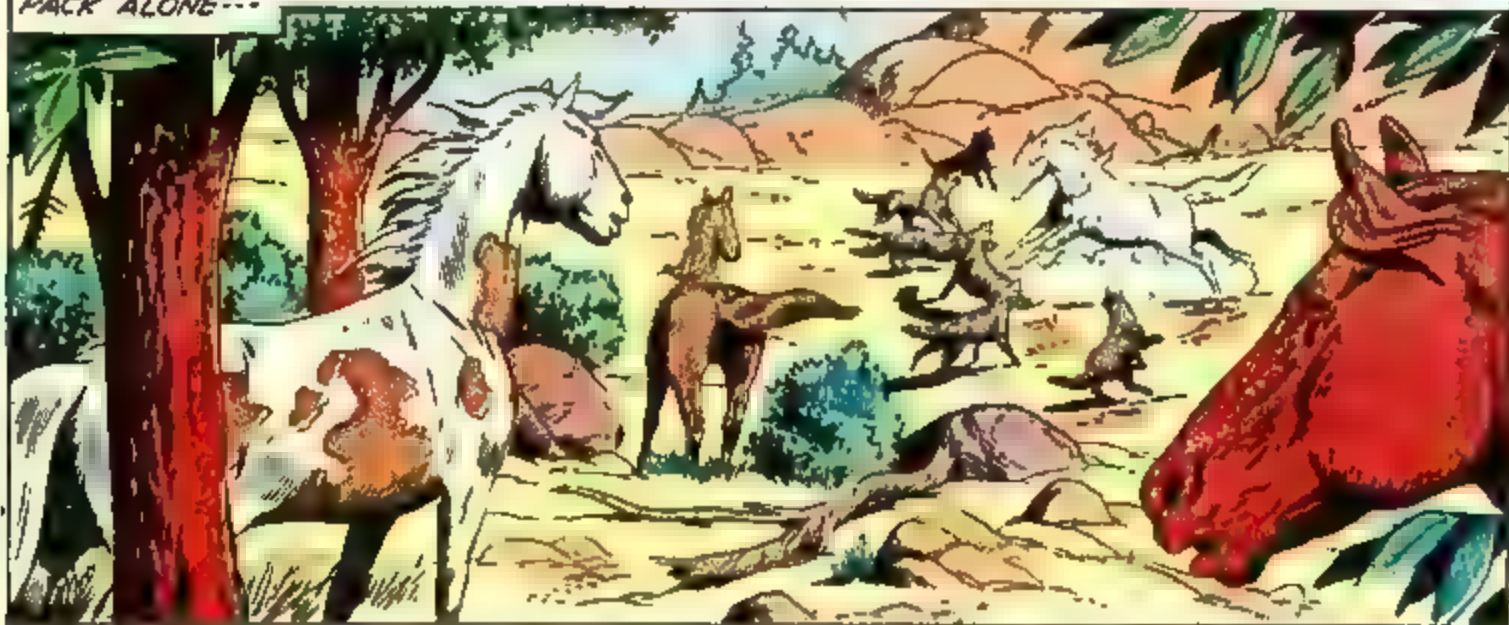


THEN SILVER LUNGES AND HIS TEETH CLOSE AROUND THE PACK LEADER'S FURRY NECK---

AS THE HELPLESS LEADER SQUEALS IN PROTEST, SILVER TOSSES HIM HIGH INTO THE AIR---



ATTRACTED BY THE TRIUMPHANT WHINNY OF SILVER, THE SCATTERED MUSTANGS COME ONE BY ONE FROM THE WOODS, AS BELOW THEM, THEY SEE THE VALIANT WHITE HORSE FIGHTING THE PACK ALONE---





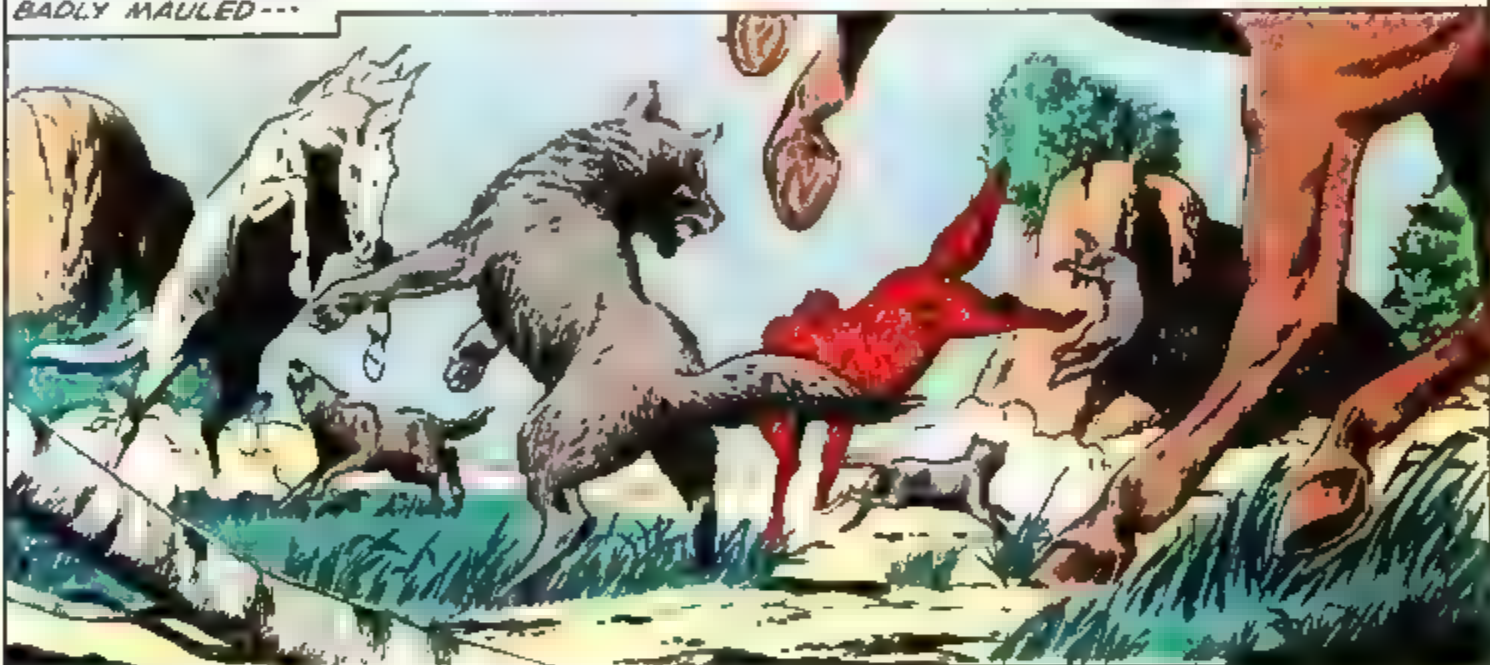
AGAIN AND AGAIN SILVER STRIKES ANY WOLF BRAVE ENOUGH TO ADVANCE TOWARD HIM! THEN THE WHOLE PACK HARRIES HIM ON ALL SIDES---



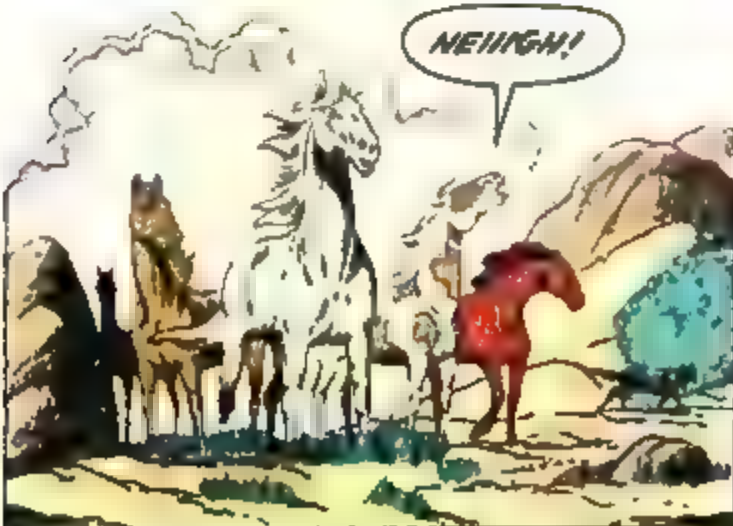
BUT, RALLIED BY THE COURAGE OF THEIR FORMER LEADER THE MUSTANGS TEAR INTO THE PACK BITING AND KICKING---



UNDER THE SUDDEN ATTACK OF A REUNITED BAND OF FIERCE MUSTANGS, THE WOLVES ARE BADLY MAULED---



NEIGH!



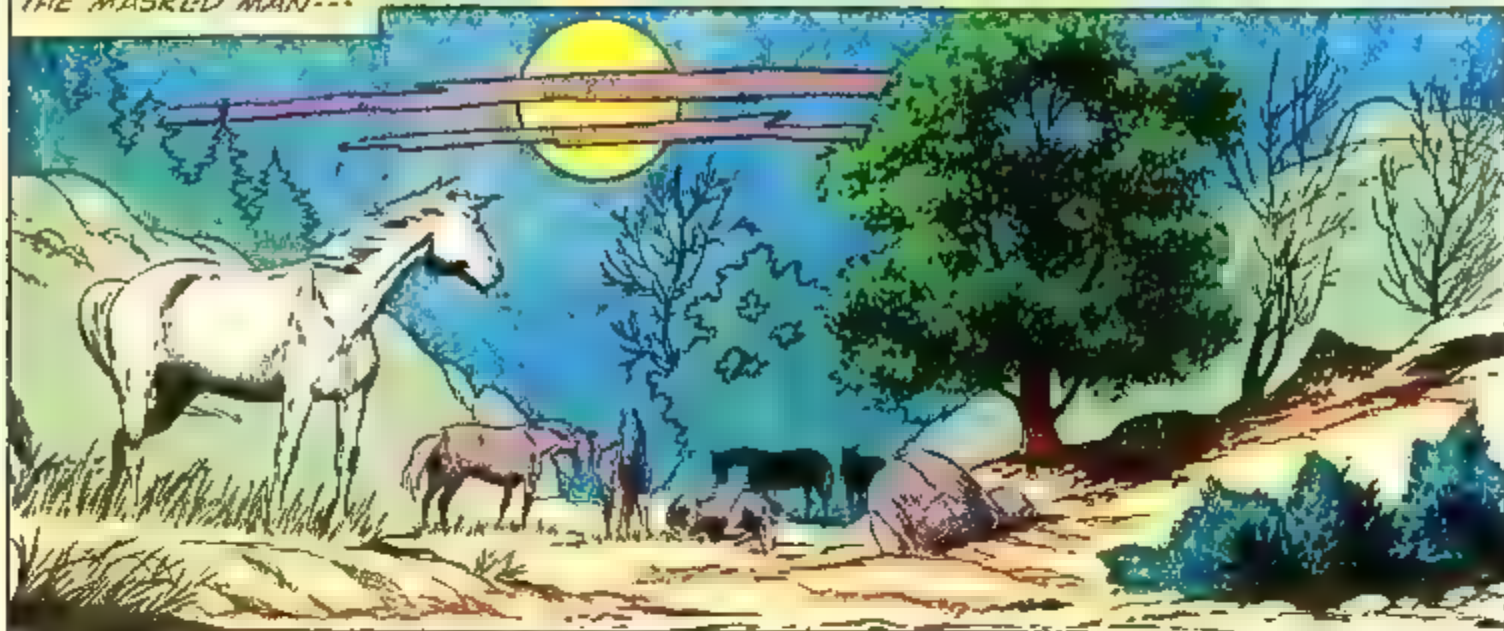
STILL STINGING FROM NIPS AND KICKS THE PACK SLINKS OFF IN DEFEAT! THE MUSTANGS GATHER ABOUT SILVER WHINNYING JOYFULLY! THE BAND IS RE FORMED, THEIR LEADER HAS RETURNED TO WILD HORSE VALLEY--

BUT ONE POWERFUL BLACK STALLION EYES SILVER JEALOUSLY! NOT FOR LONG WILL HIS REIGN OVER THE HERD REMAIN UNCHALLENGED!

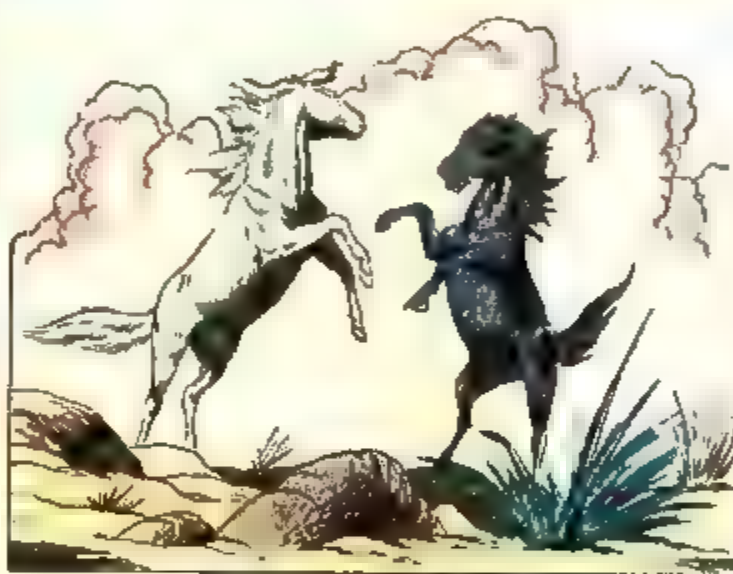
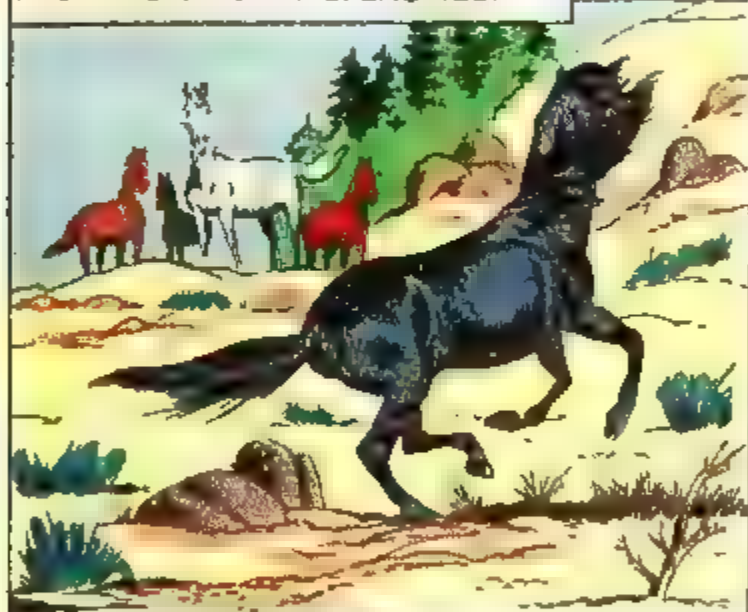




THAT NIGHT, AS HE STANDS GUARD OVER HIS REUNITED BAND, BACK IN WILD HORSE VALLEY, SILVER IS STILL NOT CONTENT! HE MISSES THE SIGHT OF THE CAMPFIRE AND THE COMPANIONSHIP OF THE MASKED MAN---



NEXT DAY THE BLACK STALLION PRANCES BACK AND FORTH IN FRONT OF SILVER, WHINNYING AND WHISTLING CHALLENGINGLY---

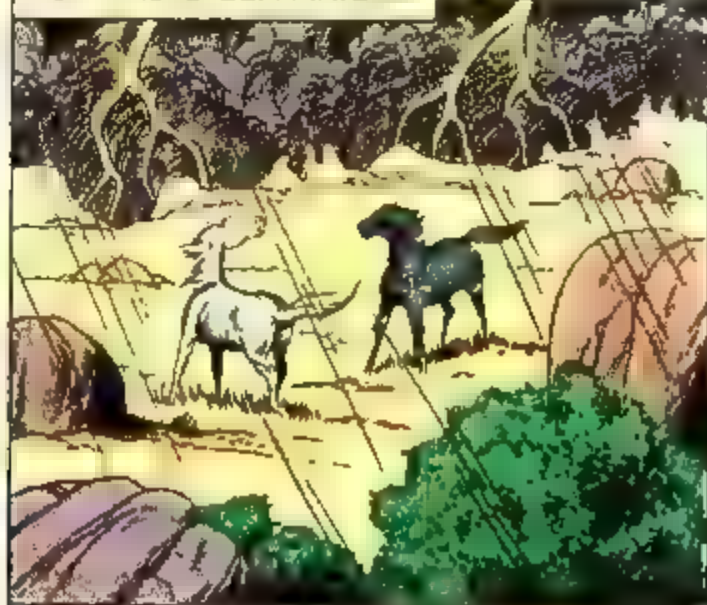


EARS LAID BACK FLAT, MOUTHS OPEN AND READY, THE TWO STALLIONS APPROACH EACH OTHER, THEIR SHARP FOREFEET WAITING FOR A CHANCE TO STRIKE---

FOR AN HOUR, THEY RAKE EACH OTHER WITH THEIR HOOFS, STRIKE EACH OTHER WITH THE FULL WEIGHT OF THEIR PONDEROUS BODIES, BUT NEITHER HORSE GAINS THE ADVANTAGE---

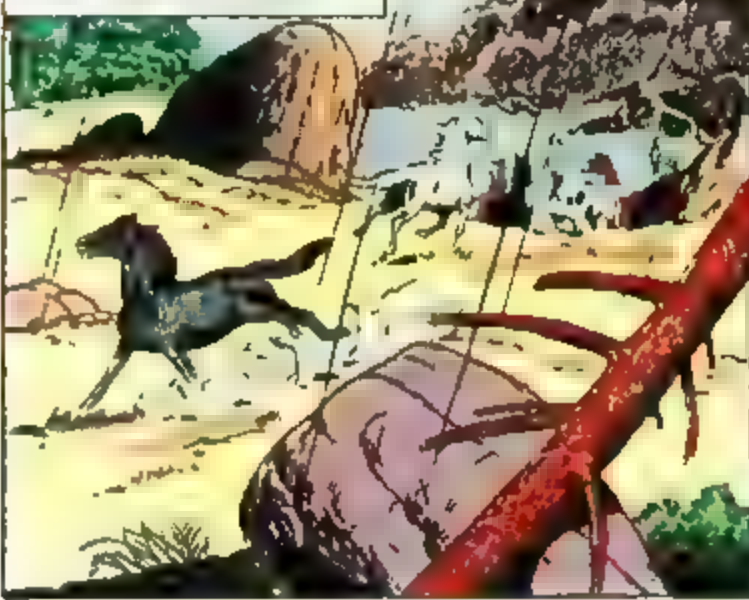


SUDDENLY, A STORM BREAKS AND AS LIGHTNING ZIGZAGS ACROSS THE DARKENING SKY, THE HORSES SEPARATE---

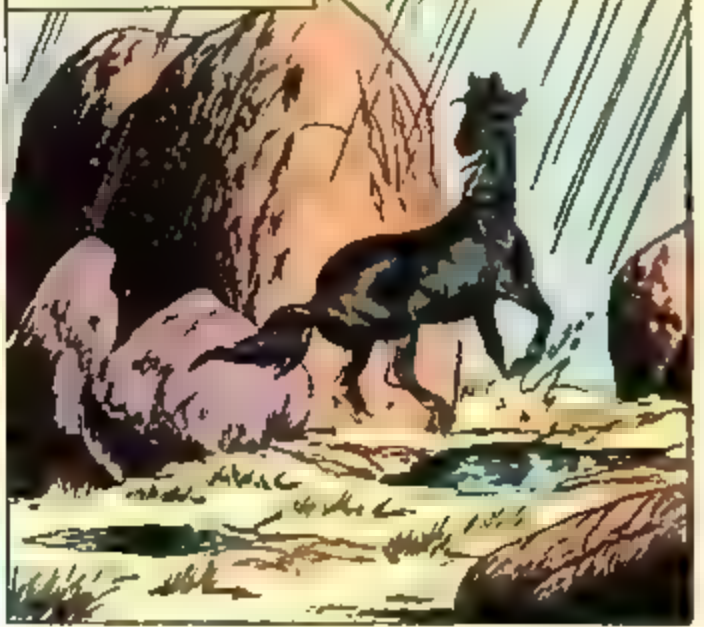




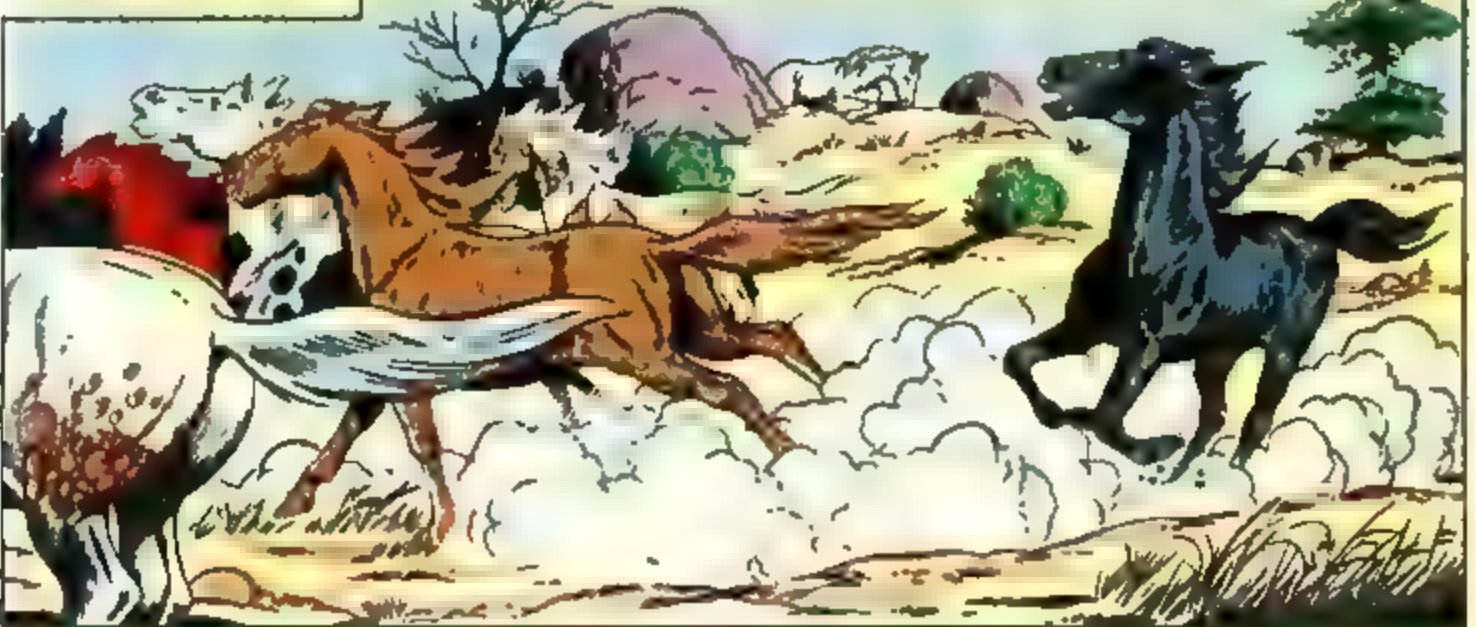
THE BLACK TURNS FOR OPEN GROUND, GALLOPING FROM THE BAND OVER WHICH SILVER IS STILL THE MASTER---



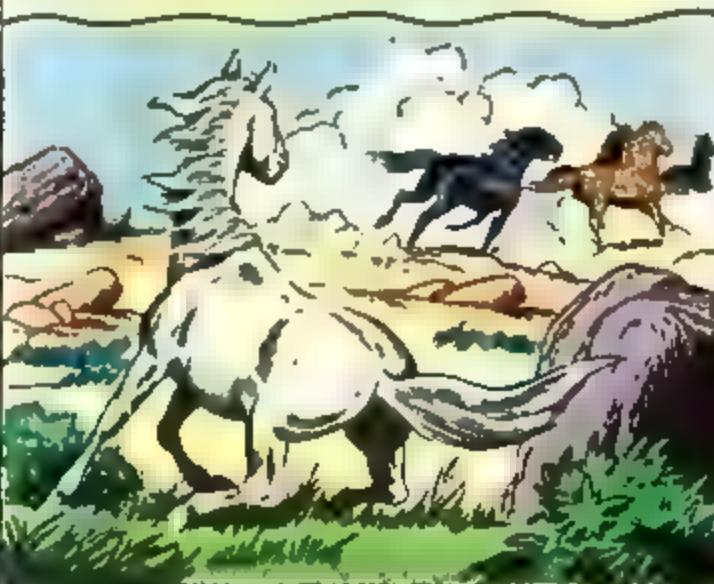
BUT ONCE OUT OF SIGHT, THE WILY BLACK DOUBLES BACK --



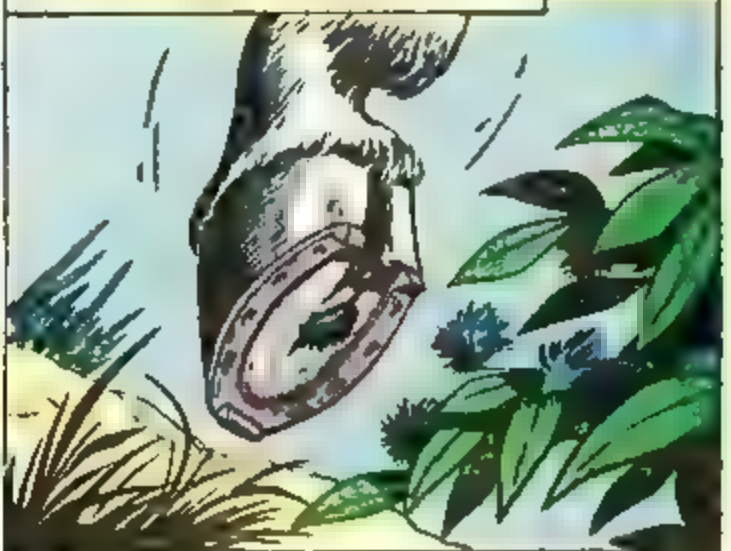
AS SILVER, BATTLE-WEARY, RESTS, THE BLACK THUNDERS DOWN ON THE MUSTANGS AND DRIVES THEM OFF---



WITH NIPS AND WHINNIES, THE BLACK SENDS THE STOLEN HORSES OFF BEFORE HIM, AS SILVER LEAPS UP TO GIVE CHASE---

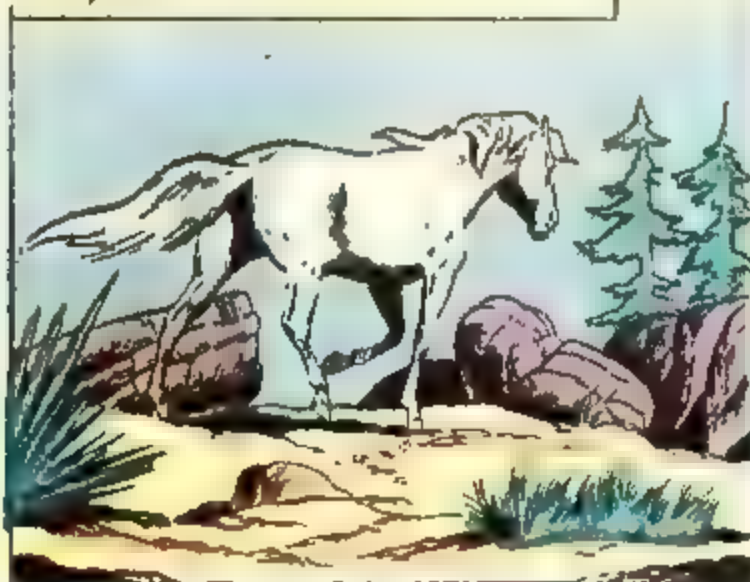


BUT SUDDENLY, THE GREAT WHITE STALLION IS FORCED TO HALT! HIS FOREPAW THROBS WITH PAIN! A BURR IS BURIED DEEPLY IN IT, MAKING PURSUIT IMPOSSIBLE---

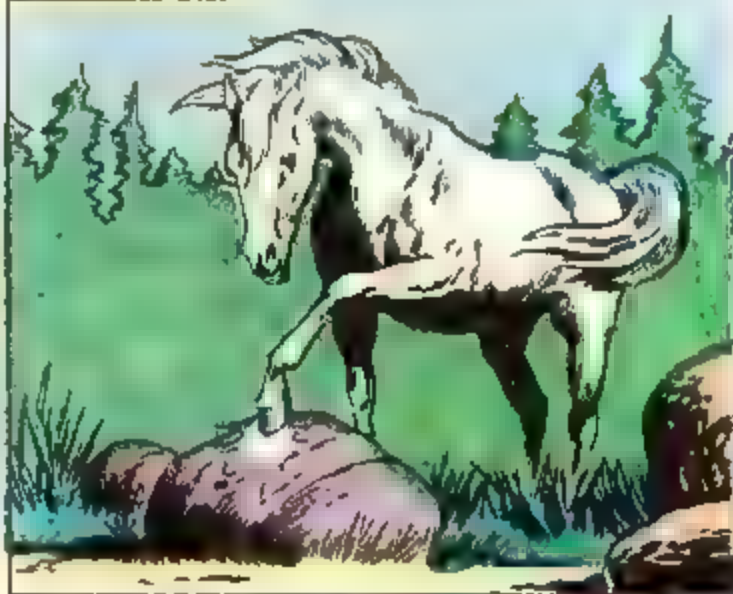




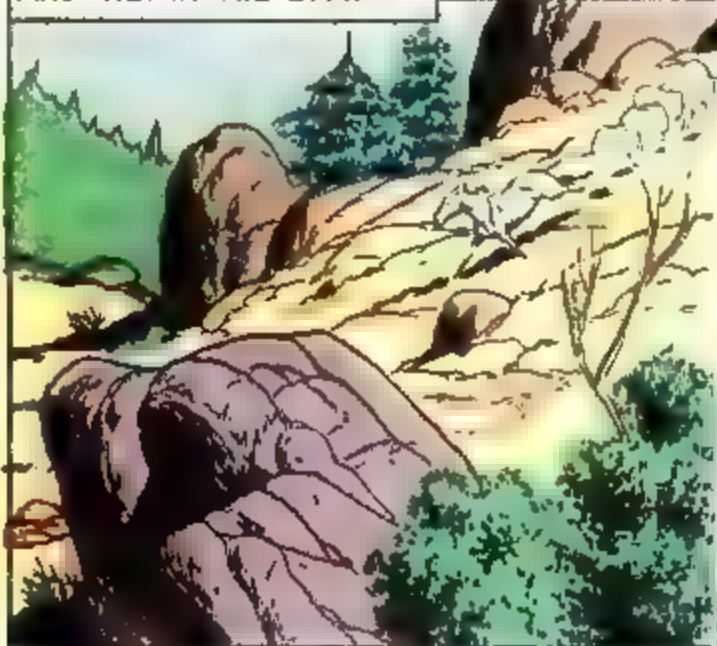
BUT HERE, THERE IS NO MASKED MAN, WHOSE UNDERSTANDING KINDNESS CAN HELP SILVER! THE MASKED MAN'S COMFORTING TOUCH IS GONE, SILVER IS NOW ON HIS OWN--



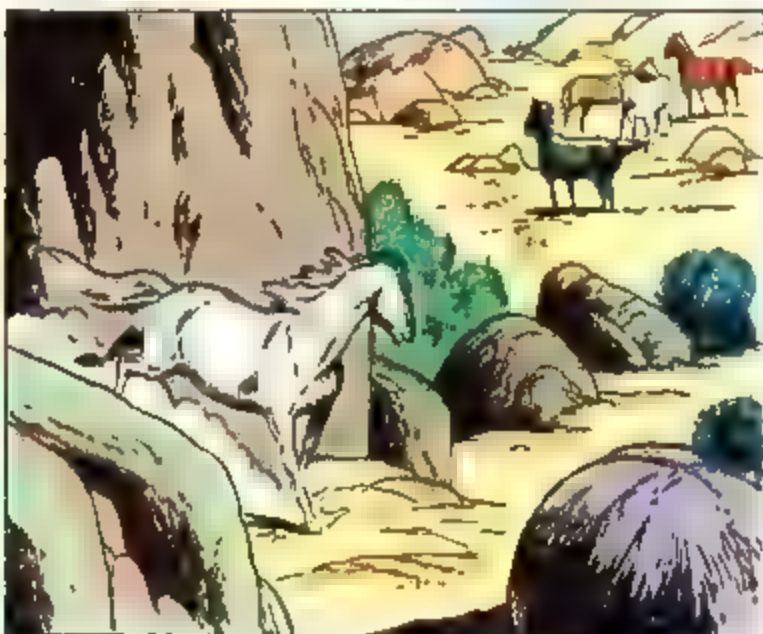
ALL NIGHT, SILVER WORKS PAINFULLY, TRYING TO REMOVE THE BURR! AT DAWN, THE BURR FALLS OUT--



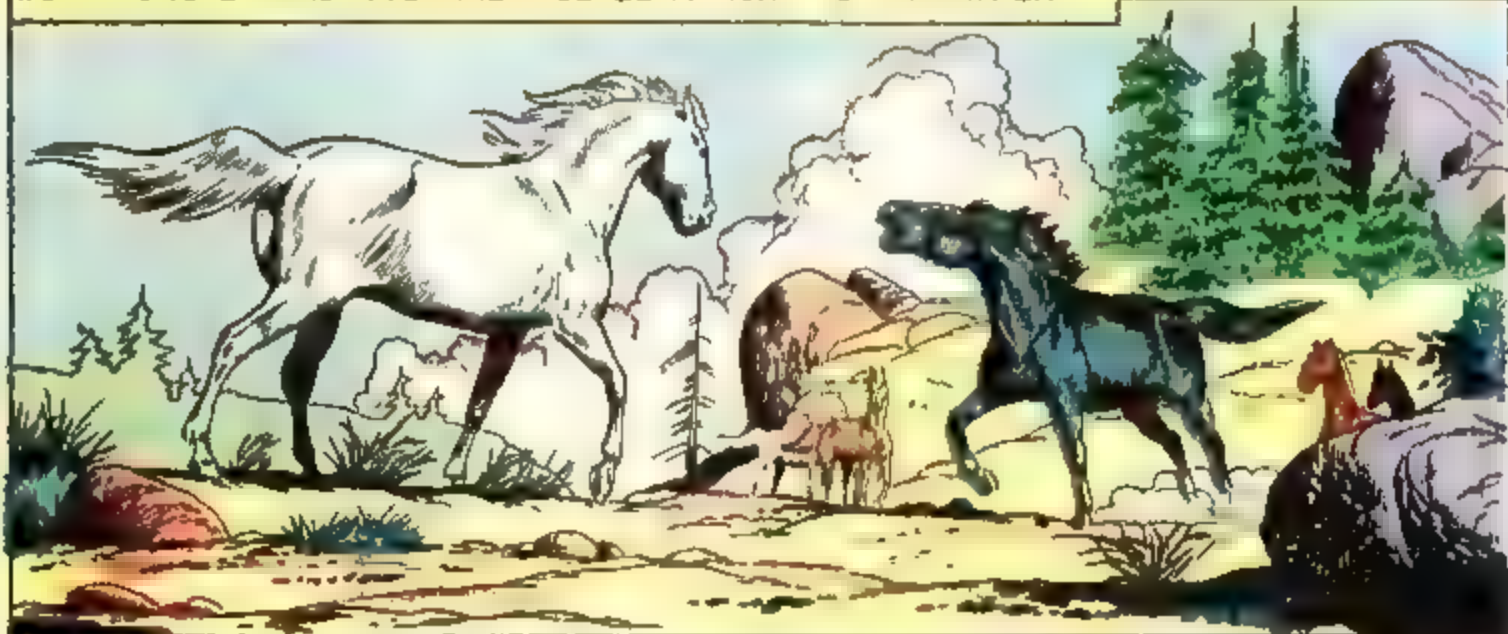
THEN SILVER RACES OFF TO FIND THE BLACK AND REWIN HIS BAND--



SOON, SILVER SEES THE BLACK, ALERT AND READY, GUARDING THE STOLEN MUSTANGS---



SILVER WHINNIES AN ANGRY CHALLENGE AND THE BLACK STALLION ADVANCES TOWARD HIM, BOTH HORSES REALIZING THIS WILL BE A FIGHT TO THE FINISH

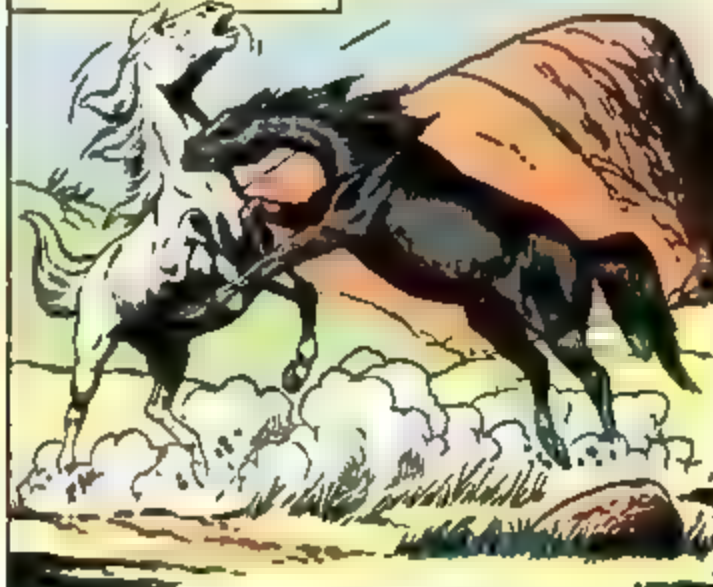




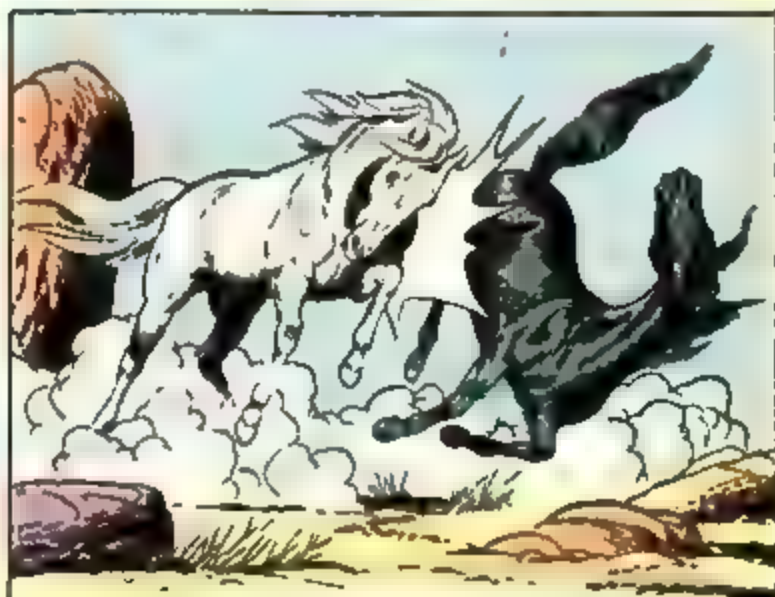
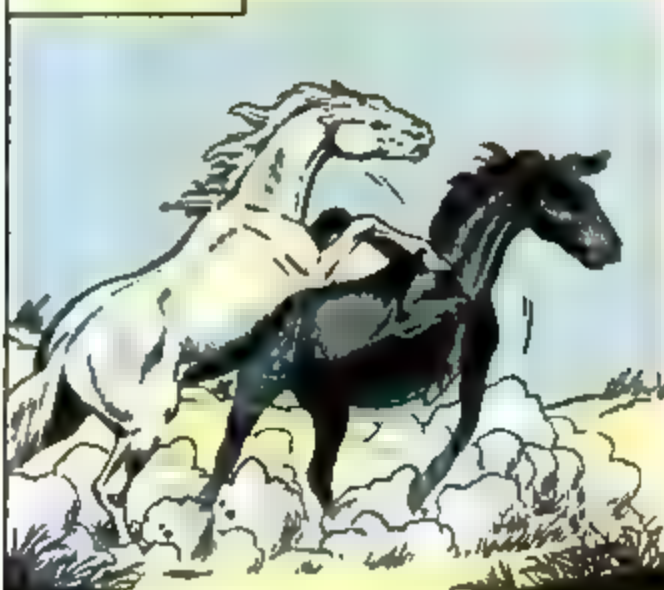
AS THE BAND WATCHES TO SEE WHICH HORSE WILL WIN FINAL MASTERY OVER IT, THE TWO STALLIONS LOCK IN GRIM COMBAT---



SUDDENLY, THE BLACK FINDS AN OPENING AND BITES AT SILVER'S THROAT, HOPING TO SEVER HIS JUGULAR VEIN---

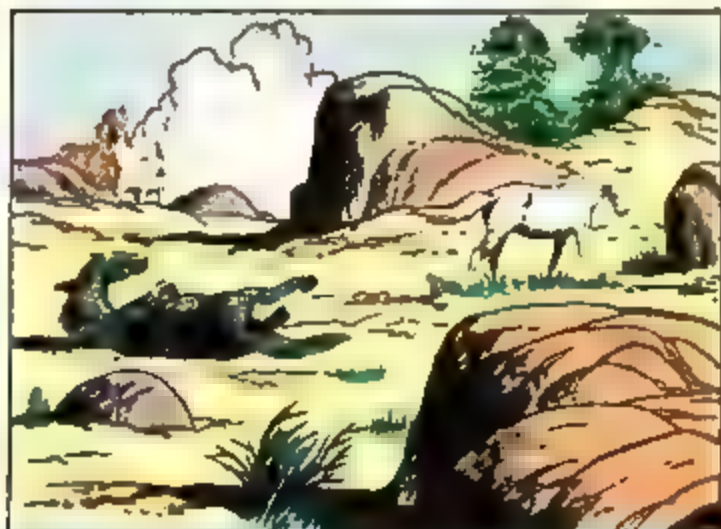


BUT A SHARP DOWNWARD BLOW OF SILVER'S POWERFUL LEG FORCES THE BLACK OFF---



TURNING QUICKLY, SILVER HURLS HIS WHOLE WEIGHT AGAINST THE BLACK! HE CATCHES HIM OFF BALANCE---

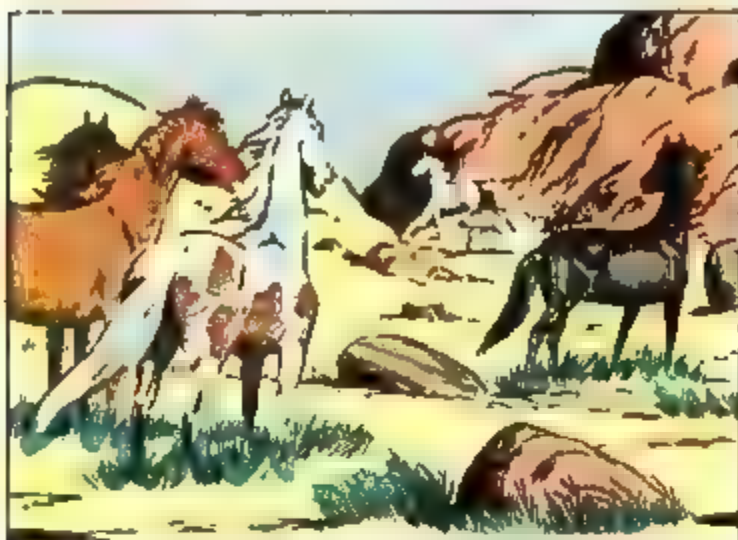
DOWN THE BLACK FALLS! NOW HE IS AT THE MERCY OF SILVER'S HOOF! A FEW QUICK BLOWS AND THE BLACK WILL LIE MOTIONLESS, NEVER TO CHALLENGE HIM AGAIN---



BUT THE TRIUMPHANT SILVER NEVER DELIVERS THE FINAL BLOWS! THE BLACK STALLION HAS PROVED HIMSELF A GAME AND CLEVER LEADER! NOW SILVER IS WILLING TO LEAVE THE BAND OF WILD HORSES TO THE BLACK---



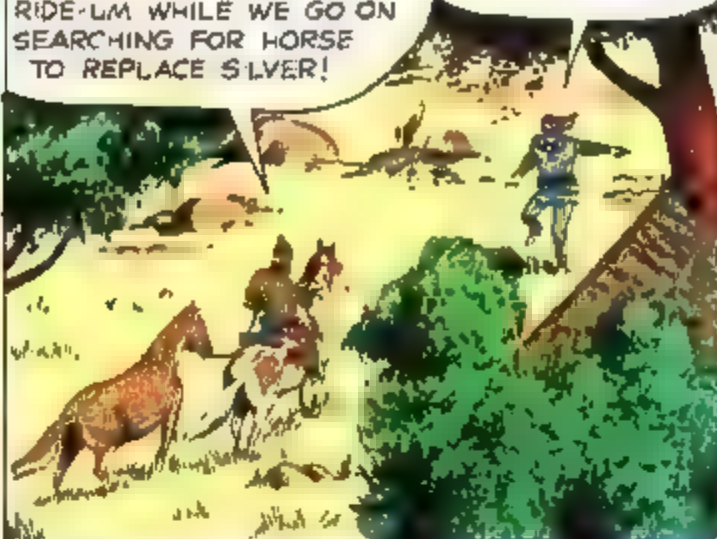
FOR SILVER HAS LEARNED, ON HIS RETURN TO WILD HORSE VALLEY, THAT THERE IS SOMETHING OUTSIDE THE VALLEY WHOSE CALL IS EVEN STRONGER THAN THAT OF THE VALLEY -- THE MASKED MAN'S UNDERSTANDING FRIENDSHIP.



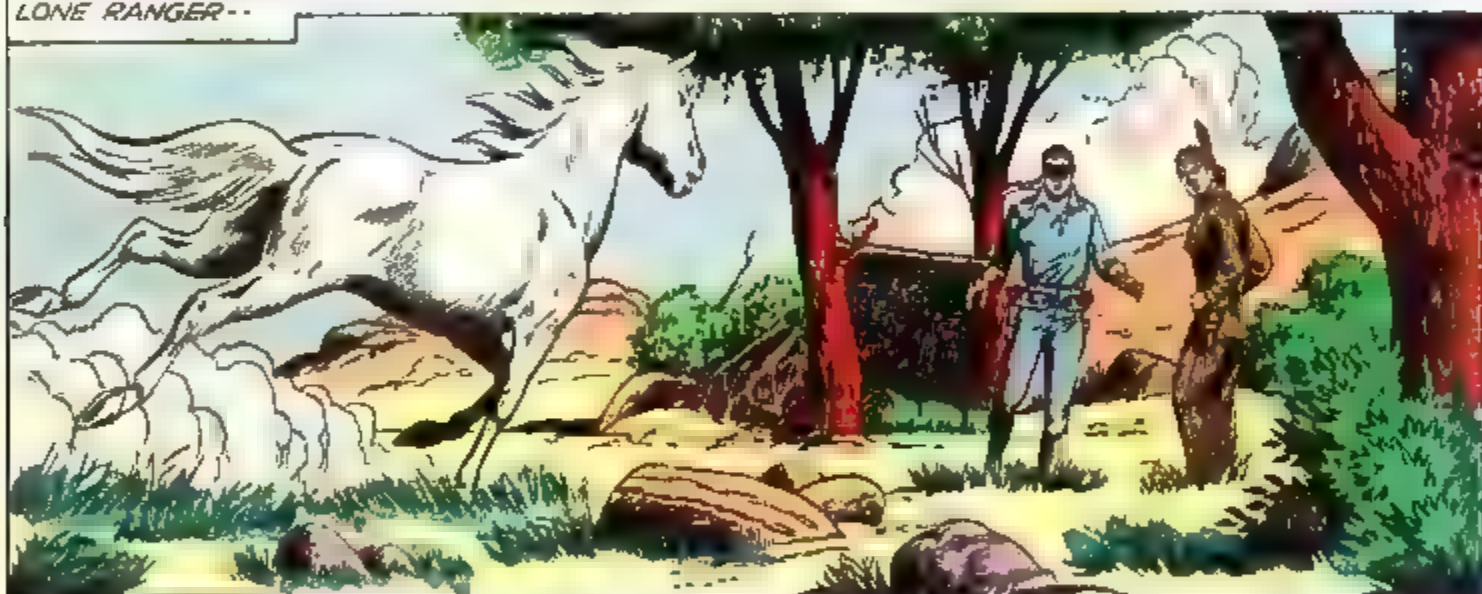
MEANWHILE, AT THE LONE RANGER'S CAMP...

WE BRING JM THIS HORSE KEMO SABAY! HIM NOT FINE AS SILVER, BUT YOU CAN RIDE-UM WHILE WE GO ON SEARCHING FOR HORSE TO REPLACE SILVER!

THAT WILL NOT BE NECESSARY NOW, TONTO! LOOK!



AT THE SIGHT OF THE MASKED MAN, SILVER WHINNIES JOYFULLY AND GALLOPS FASTER TOWARD HIM! TRUE, THE CALL OF WILD HORSE VALLEY TOOK HIM FROM THE MASKED MAN, BUT IF HE HAD NOT GONE THERE, SILVER WOULD NEVER HAVE REALIZED THE STRENGTH OF HIS BOND WITH THE LONE RANGER--



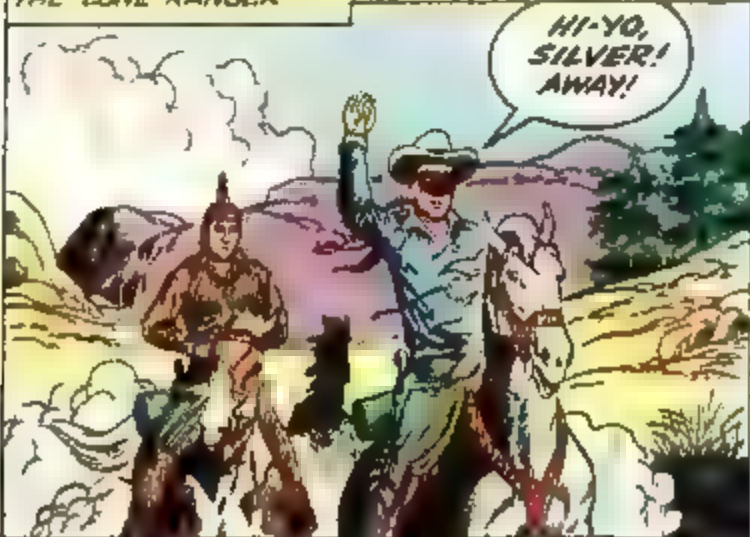
SILVER BACK, KEMO SABAY!

AND SINCE HE RETURNED OF HIS OWN FREE WILL, TONTO IT MEANS HE'LL ALWAYS REMAN WITH ME!



EAGERLY SILVER STEADIES HIMSELF AS THE MASKED MAN SADDLES HIM! THEN TURNING HIS BACK ON WILD HORSE VALLEY, HE RACES FORWARD TO THE FAMILIAR RINGING CRY OF THE LONE RANGER--

HI-YO, SILVER! AWAY!





# ways of the WILD HORSE

One of the most amazing things about the wild horse was his ability to live on wild grass alone, without the need of oats, wheat, corn and other cultivated foods to survive. The Spanish Explorers who first brought the *mestizo* or "mustang" to our Southwest territory never would have believed their stray horses would one day develop into a sturdy wild breed.



*The horse could find food even in winter. Burning, late-summer, sun-dried grasses of the plains provided good hay, and the wild band of horses had only to paw away the snow to reach it. Gradually, the few horses the Spaniards lost multiplied until there were large herds ranging the Great Plains.*



*A great stallion became the leader of each band of mustangs. He watched over the mares and colts that made up his family, and guided them to good grass and shelter. But sometimes a strange stallion met the band and challenged the old leader. At such times a battle took place with all the band watching to see who would be victorious. Then, the losing stallion would run away, leaving the other the undisputed master of the herd.*



*The wild ones had many enemies. Sometimes, the enormous buffalo herds thundered down onto a wild horse band and engulfed them in a stampede. The mountain lion came sometimes to steal a colt, and the wolf was always ready to attack. When a pack of wolves caught a group of horses where they could not run away, a great battle took place. Many a dangerous wolf was kicked into oblivion by the well-used heels of a mustang mother protecting her colt.*



# WESTERN WILDFIRE

In the late summer and fall, the buffalo grass dries under a merciless sun. It is then that any spark or flash of lightning can start a raging grass fire. When the wind is blowing, the fire moves at incredible speed ahead of it, sometimes overtaking even the swift antelope as he flees before it.



The only real safety lies behind the wall of flames, where the grass has already burned away. Some animals, acting by instinct, run deliberately at the fire and leap safely through it to the other side! Wild horses have been known to do this frequently. The ancestral memory of the times when their wild forebears leaped to safety may explain why tame horses sometimes run into burning barns, or refuse to leave their flaming stalls when a stable catches fire.



When the grass fire approaches a settlement on the wings of the wind, the ranchers and farmers have only one way to save their growing crops and their buildings. They try to clear a firebreak in the fire's path by cutting and removing all the grass in a wide swath. When the fire reaches the cleared ground, it cannot cross over because there is nothing to burn. Everyone stands on the safe side with buckets of water or blankets to put out stray sparks.



But when you are alone on the plains, it is impossible to build a firebreak. Never run directly away from the racing grass fire. If the wind blows hard enough, the fire can travel faster than you can run. Instead, run to one side, with the wind blowing on your left or right cheek and try to get to one side. A grass fire cannot travel against the wind and it moves very slowly to the right or left. If you can get to one side, the fire will pass you by. As a last resort, men have been known to leap straight through the flames to the charred earth behind!



# the Lone Ranger

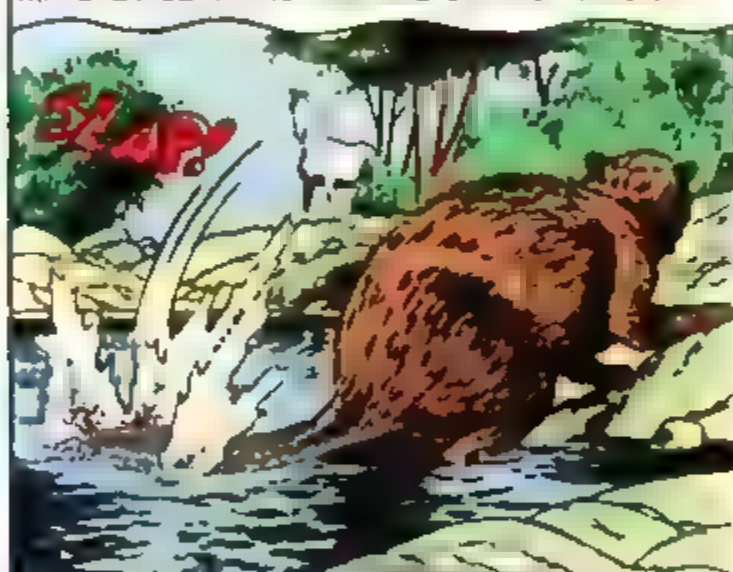
## DANGER AT BEAVER POND

IN JULY, AS SILVER ROAMS WILD HORSE VALLEY, HE SUDDENLY STOPS, HIS EARS RAISED ATTENTIVELY TO CATCH A STRANGE NEW SOUND---

SLAP! SLAP! SLAP!



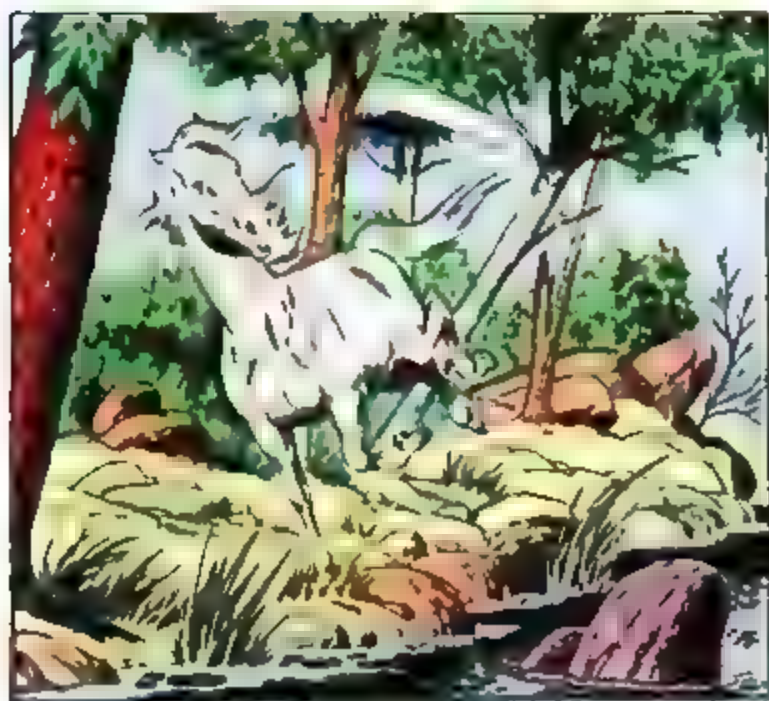
CAUTIOUSLY SILVER APPROACHES A STREAM FROM WHERE THE NOISE SEEMS TO COME! THERE HE SEES WHO IS MAKING IT -- A BEAVER, SIGNALING HER MATE BY SLAPPING HER TAIL ON THE WATER---



BUT BEFORE SILVER CAN LOOK MORE CLOSELY AT THE STRANGELY-TAILED CREATURE THERE IS A SPLINTERING CRACK BEHIND HIM---



CRAAA-AACK!



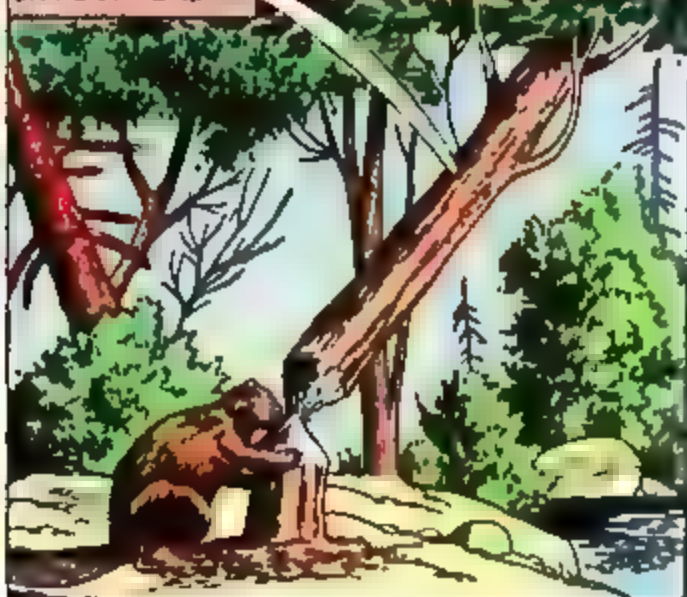
AND SILVER SEES THAT A THREE AND A HALF FOOT BEAVER HAS FELLED A TREE MANY TIMES HIS SIZE! AN OLDER COLONY HAS BECOME OVERCROWDED AND TWO BEAVERS HAVE MIGRATED TO WILD HORSE VALLEY TO START A NEW COLONY---



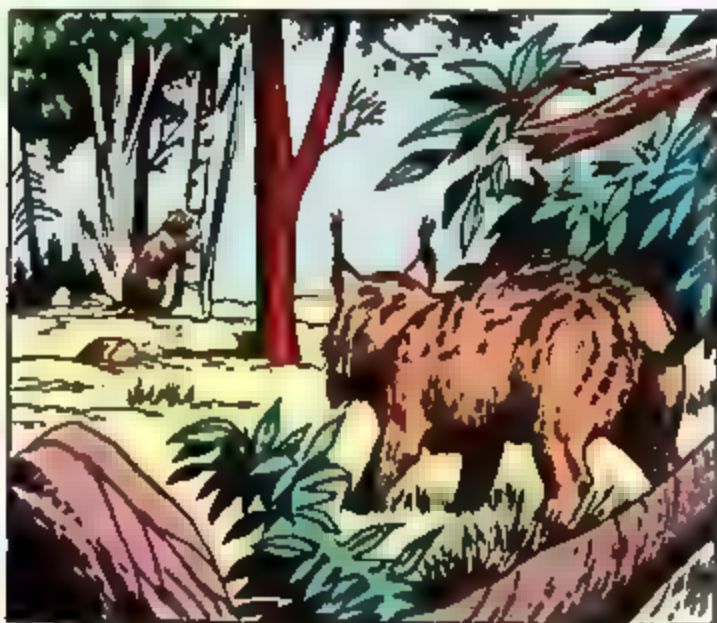
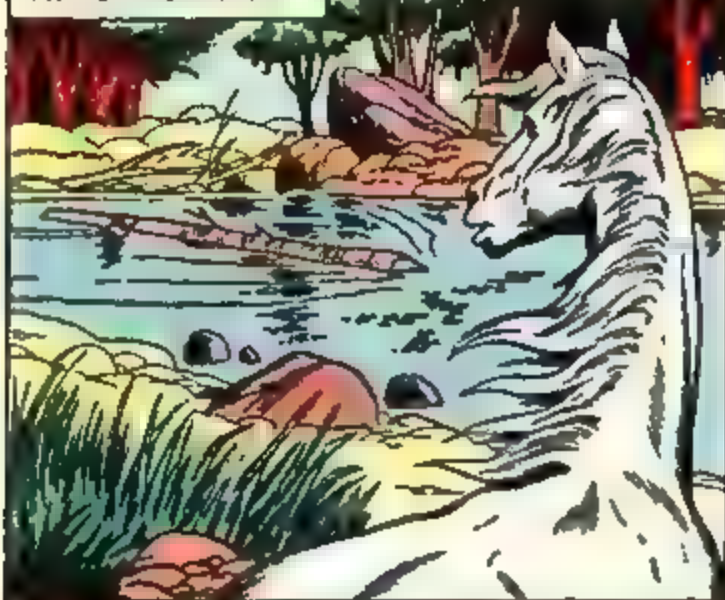
THE NEXT DAY SILVER SEES THE BEAVERS LEAVE THEIR TEMPORARY HOME IN THE BANK! WHEN THE DAM BEGINS TO BACK UP THE STREAM, THE HOLE WILL BE SAFELY UNDERWATER---



FOR OVER TWO HOURS, THE BUSY MALE BEAVER WORKS ON AN EIGHT INCH THICK TREE, UNTIL AT LAST



THEN HE DRAGS IT DOWN TO THE STREAM AND MANEUVERS IT INTO PLACE, THE BUTT END FACING UPSTREAM---



WHILE THE BEAVERS CHEW BUSILY, A LYNX STALKS THEM DOWNWIND---

BUT THE BEAVER ISN'T FANICKED INTO RUNNING! IF HE WAS HE COULDN'T USE HIS POWERFUL TAIL! INSTEAD HE ROLLS ONTO HIS BACK SO HE CAN STRIKE WITH HIS TAIL---

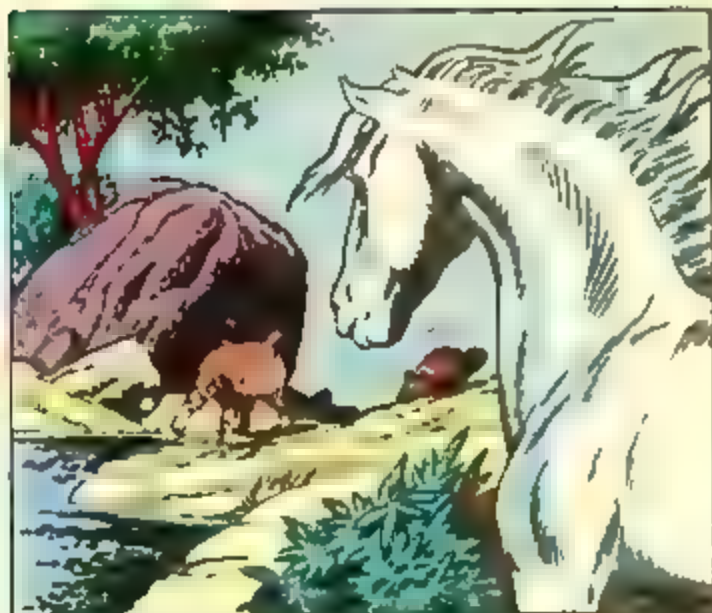


THE LYNX CLOSES IN CONFIDENTLY, AS SUDDENLY, WITH HIS FULL THIRTY POUNDS BEHIND THE BLOW, THE BEAVER LASHES OUT WITH HIS TAIL---



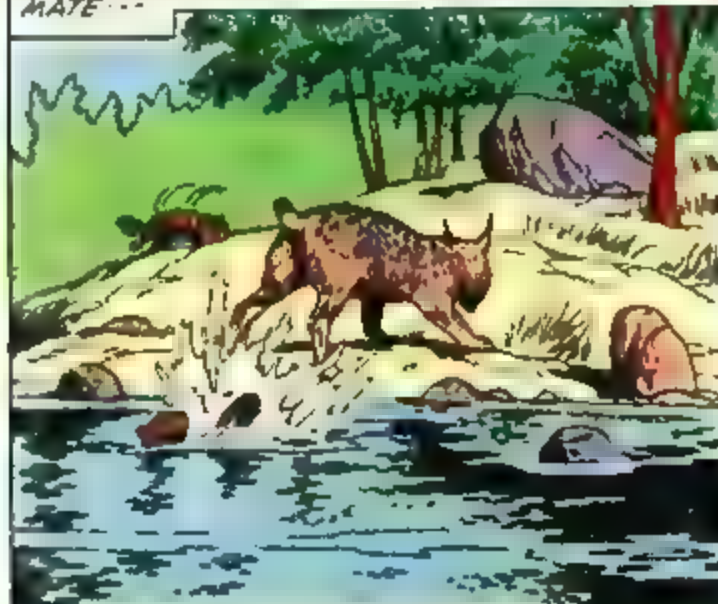


AS THE SURPRISED LYNX STANDS STILL, MOMENTARILY STUNNED THE BEAVER ROLLS FOR THE STREAM---

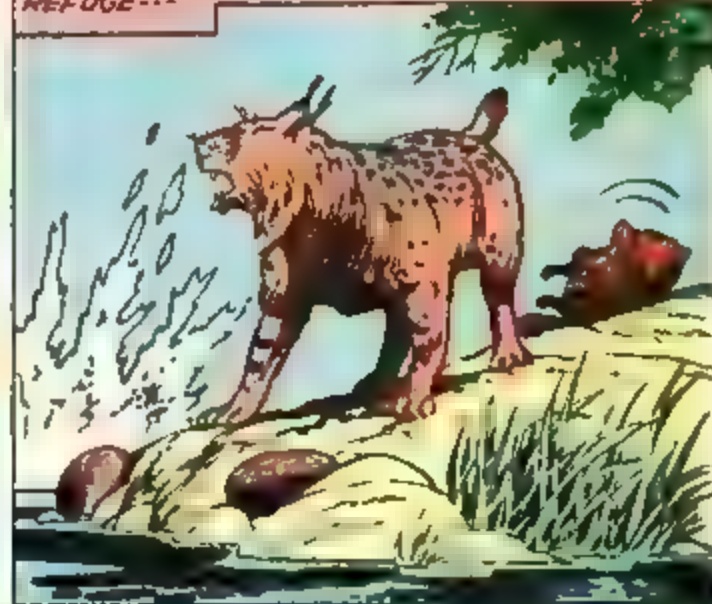


BUT THEN SILVER SEES THE WILY LYNX CUT OFF THE BEAVER FROM THE SAFETY OF THE WATER---

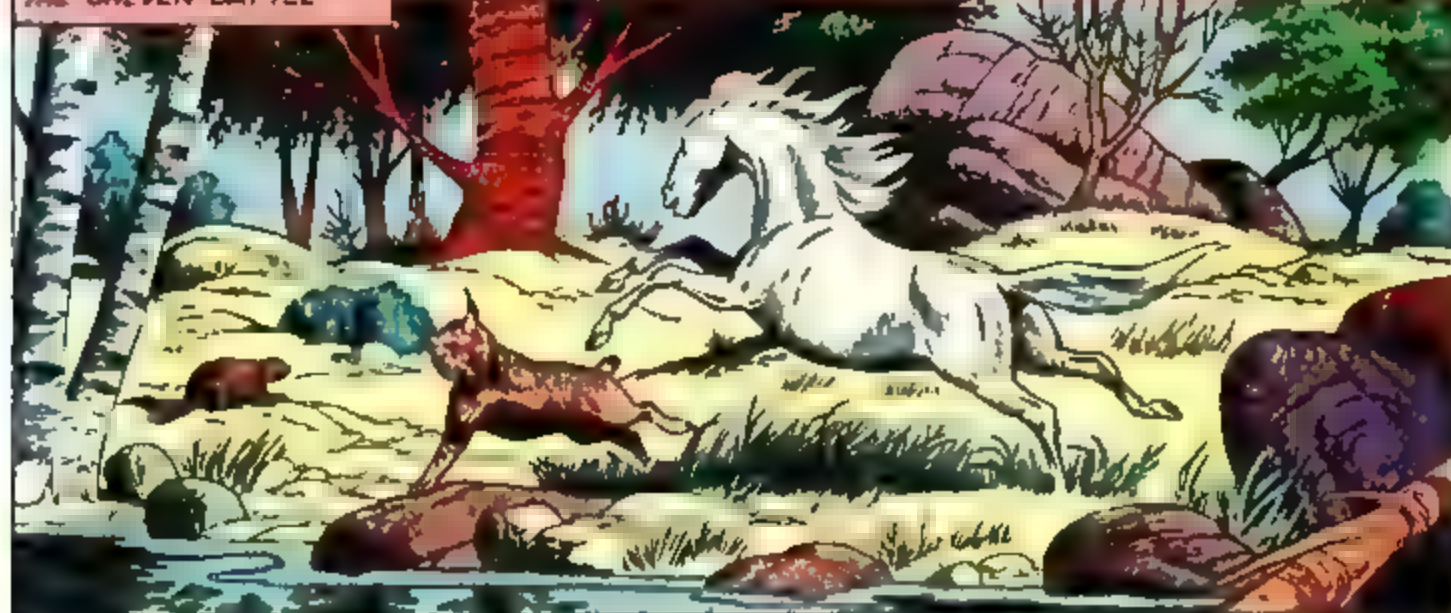
IN THE STREAM, THE BEAVER'S MATE SPLASHES THE LYNX, HOPING TO DIVERT HIM FROM HER MATE---



AS THE ANGRY LYNX TURNS TO THE STREAM, THE BEAVER ROLLS A BIT NEARER ITS WATERY REFUGE---

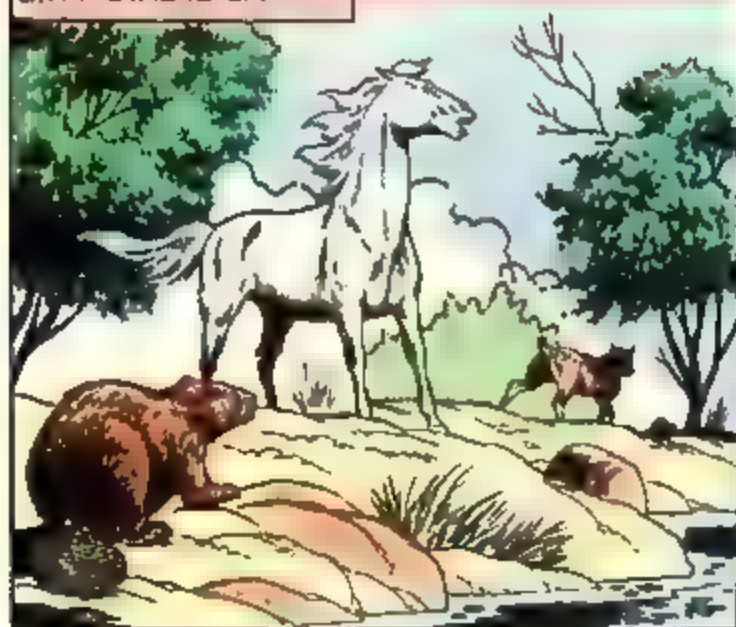


BUT AS THE LYNX AGAIN CUTS OFF THE GAME BEAVER, SILVER WHINNIES LOUDLY AND CHARGES INTO THE UNEVEN BATTLE---

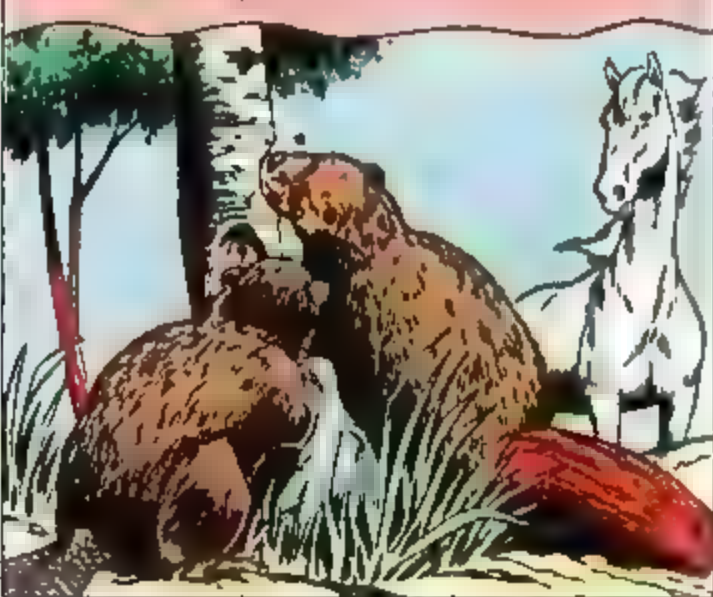




AT THE FIRST BLOW OF SILVER'S SHARP HOOF, THE LYNX STALKS OFF...



THE BEAVERS LOOK UP THANKFULLY AT SILVER! THEN THEY SCURRY OFF FOR A HURRIED MEAL OF THE SAP-SATURATED BARK OF AN ASPEN TREE...



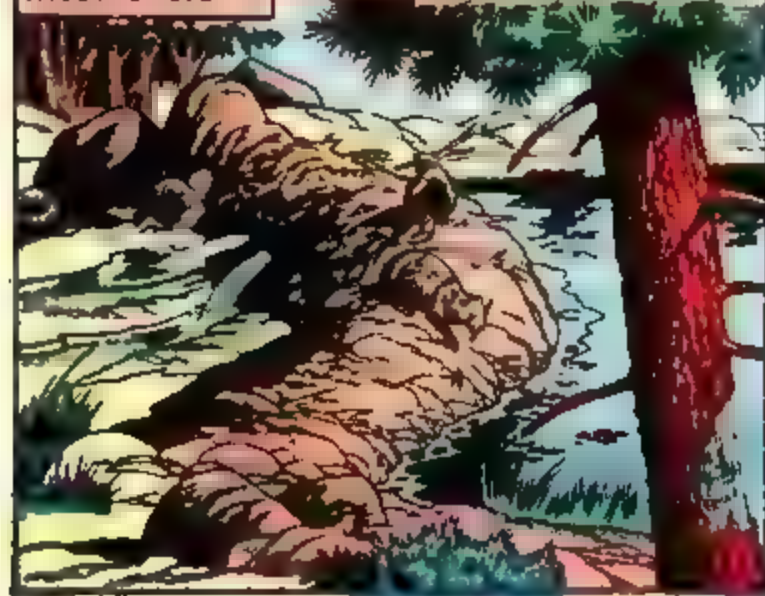
FOR A MONTH SILVER WATCHES THE BEAVERS CONTINUE THEIR DAM BUILDING! HE SEES THEM DIGGING CANALS TO THE STREAM, SO THAT INSTEAD OF HAVING TO DRAG DISTANT LOGS TO THE DAM SITE, THEY CAN FLOAT THEM THERE--



AND AS MORE LOGS HALT THE FLOW OF THE STREAM, THE WATER RISES, COVERING THE BEAVERS' TEMPORARY BANK HOME AND GIVING THEM ADDED PROTECTION FROM THEIR ENEMIES---



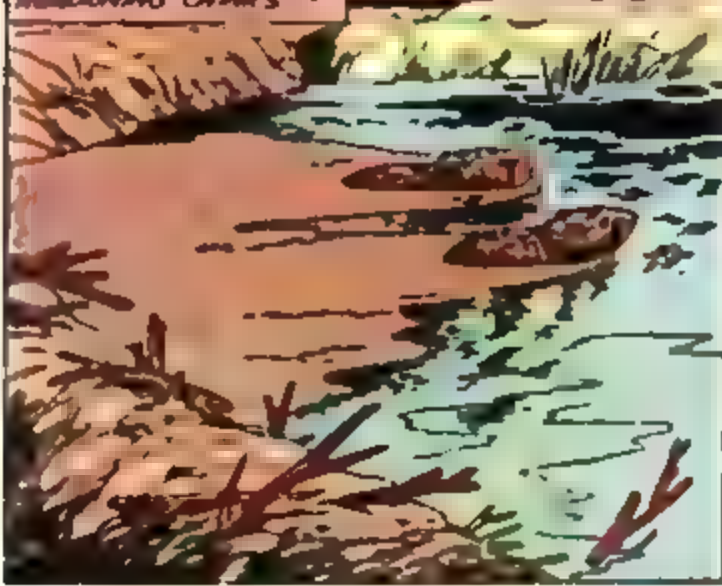
BUT THE DAM STILL LEAKS AND THE BEAVERS USE SMALL STICKS AND BRANCHES TO FILL IN THOSE SPOTS---



AND WITH HIS FOREPAW, THE BEAVER PLASTERING MUD IN ALL THE CRACKS---



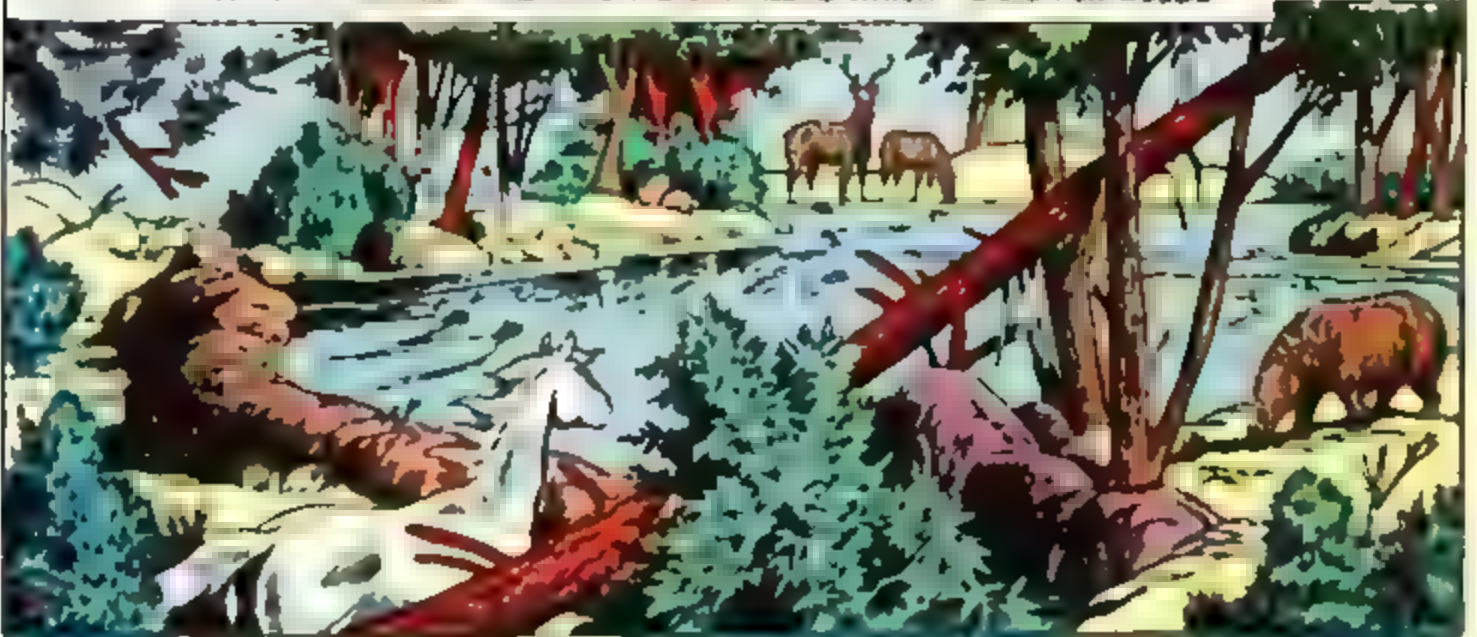
AS THE BEAVERS SWIM UPSTREAM, THEY STIR UP AND MUDDY THE WATER ABOVE THE DAM AND THE RESULTING SILT FLOATS DOWN AND FILLS THE REMAINING CHANES.



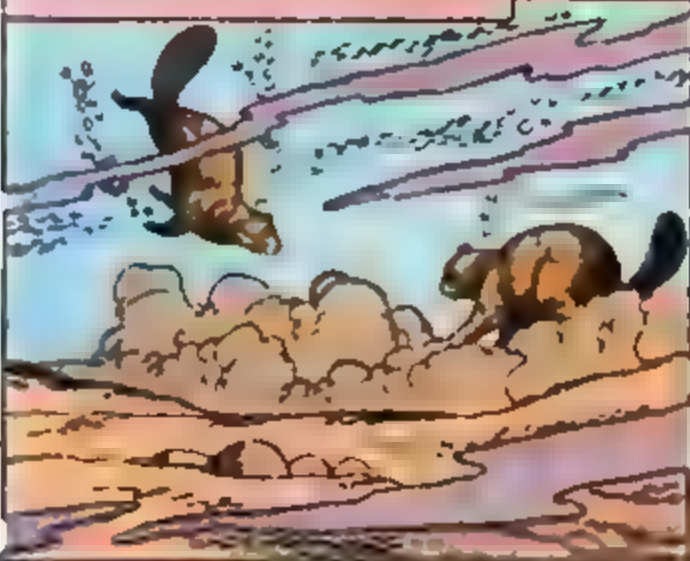
SILVER STANDS BY THE POND BANK, CONTINUALLY SURPRISED AT HOW LONG THE BEAVERS CAN REMAIN UNDERWATER. THEIR SPECIAL TYPE NOSTRILS AND SLOW RATE OF BREATHING LET THEM STAY DOWN AS LONG AS TEN MINUTES...



BY FALL, THE WATER HAS BACKED UP SO MUCH THAT PASSING DEER STOP TO EXAMINE THE NEW DRINKING PLACE AND A GRIZZLY HAS A NEW BANK ALONG WHICH TO DIG FOR BULBS...



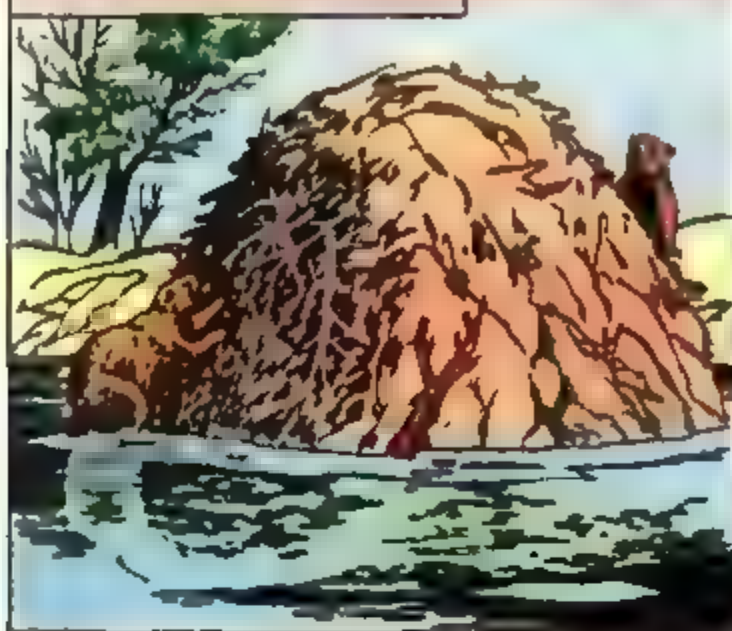
THEN THE BEAVERS BEGIN THEIR FINAL TASK BEFORE WINTER COMES...MAKING A LODGE! FIRST THEY BUILD A MUD FLOOR AT THE DEEPEST PART OF THE POND...



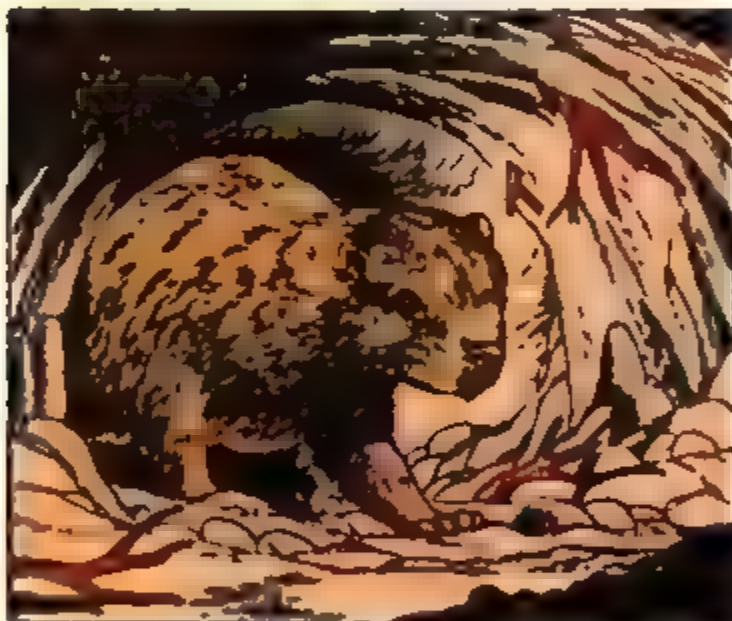
THEN THEY SINK SAPLINGS INTO THE MUD AS IF MAKING A TEEPEE! BUT AS THEY WORK, AN OTTER, WATCHES MENACINGLY...



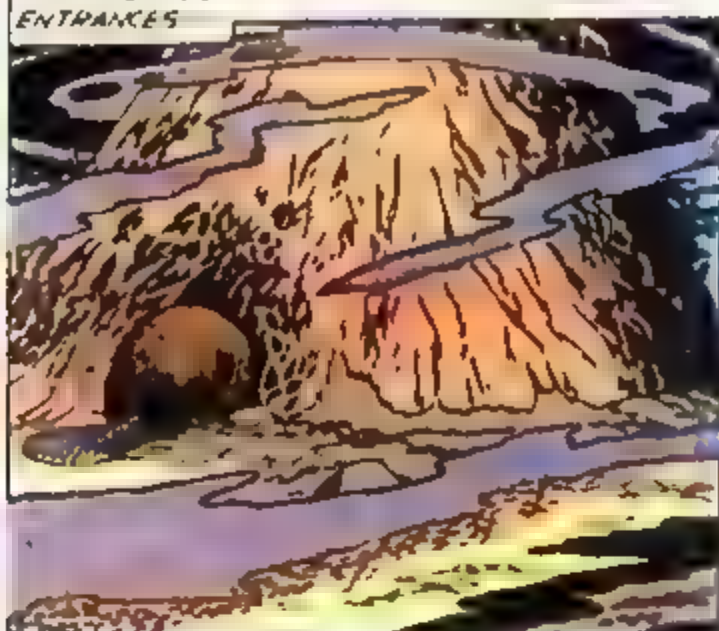
WHEN THE LODGE IS COMPLETED ALL THE CRACKS ARE FILLED IN WITH MUD---



AND THE MAIN CHAMBER ABOVE THE WATER LEVEL IS ROOMY ENOUGH FOR A FUTURE FAMILY--

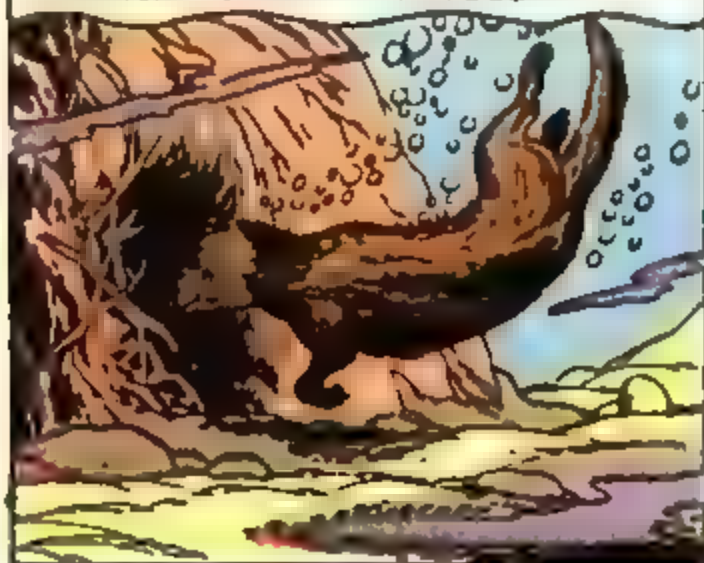


THEN THE BEAVERS TUNNEL UP THROUGH THE MUD AND WOOD TO THE LODGE TOP MAKING TWO ENTRANCES



THEN ONE DAY IN NOVEMBER AS SILVER SEES THE POND IS BEGINNING TO FREEZE, AN OTTER STARTS OVER THE ICE FOR THE LODGE WHILE THE BEAVERS ARE AWAY--

OF ALL THE BEAVERS' ENEMIES, THE OTTER ALONE IS ABLE TO SWIM UNDERWATER AND SLIP INTO THE LODGE THROUGH THE TUNNEL ENTRANCE AND REMAIN IN AMBUSH---



BUT WHEN THE BEAVERS RETURN SILVER WHINNIES AND STAMPS, TRYING TO WARN THEM AWAY---

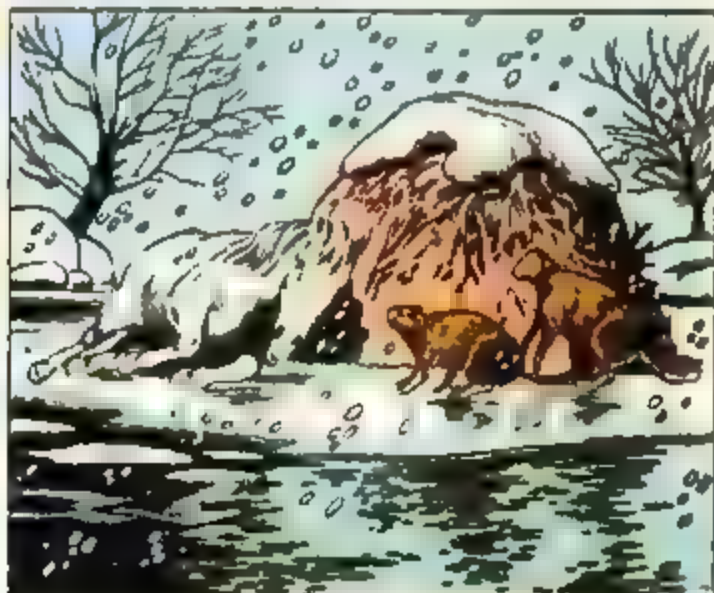
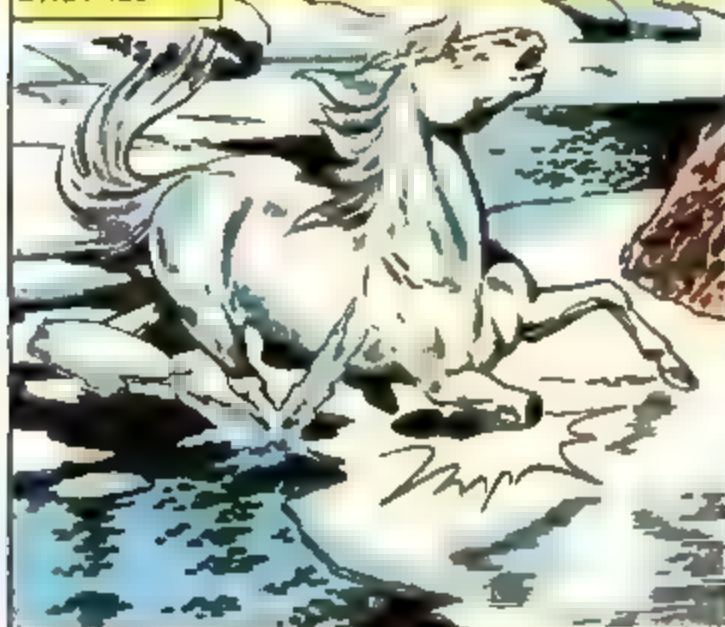




THE BEAVERS WAIT ON THE ICE BY THEIR LODGE UNTIL THE IMPATIENT OTTER FINALLY COMES OUT OF THE HUT! SILVER GIVES CHASE, BUT THE NEWLY-FORMED ICE ISN'T STRONG ENOUGH TO SUPPORT THE GREAT WHITE STALLION, AS SUDDENLY...

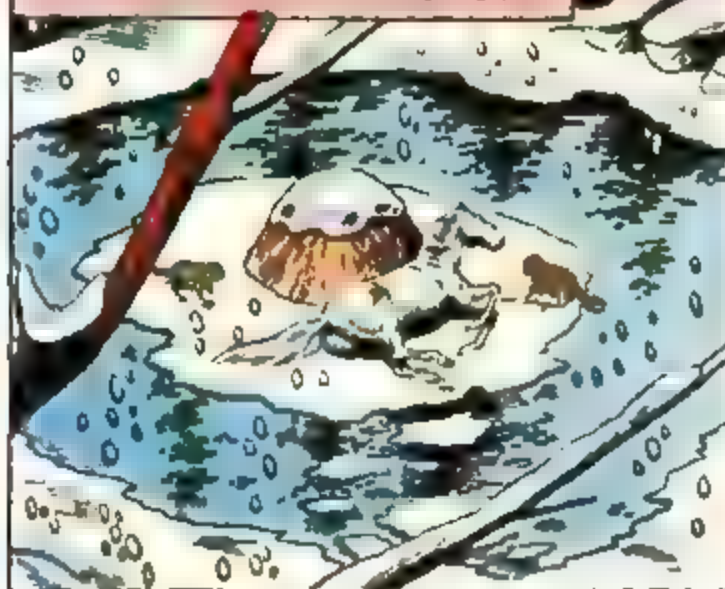


SILVER FALLS HEAVILY, HIS RIGHT FORELEG BADLY STRAINED---

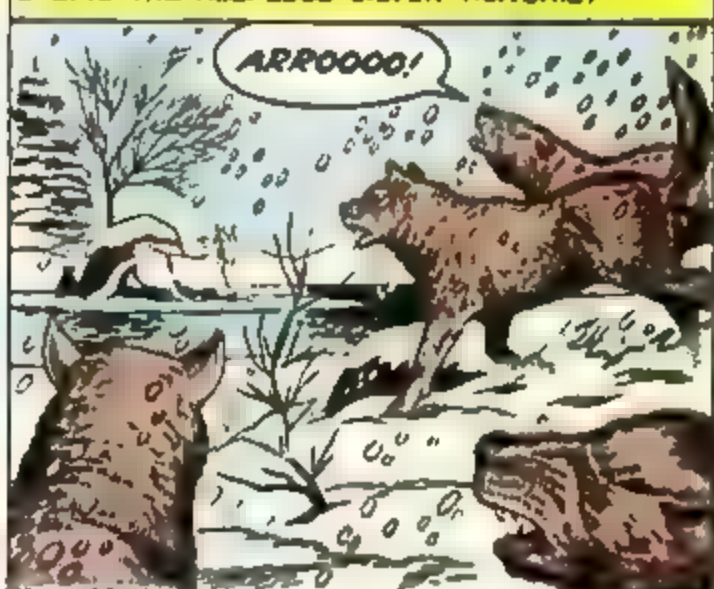


SNOW STARTS TO FALL, AS SILVER MANAGES TO DRAG HIMSELF TO THE SHELTER OF THE LODGE TO REST HIS WOUNDED LEG---

SILVER REALIZES HE CANNOT CROSS BACK TO THE SHORE UNTIL THE ICE OF THE POND JOINS THE SMALL ISLAND OF ICE HE IS NOW ON---



SUDDENLY, A HOWL SOUNDS THROUGH THE SNOW! AT THE POND EDGE A WOLF PACK APPEARS, EYEING THE HELPLESS SILVER HUNGRILY---

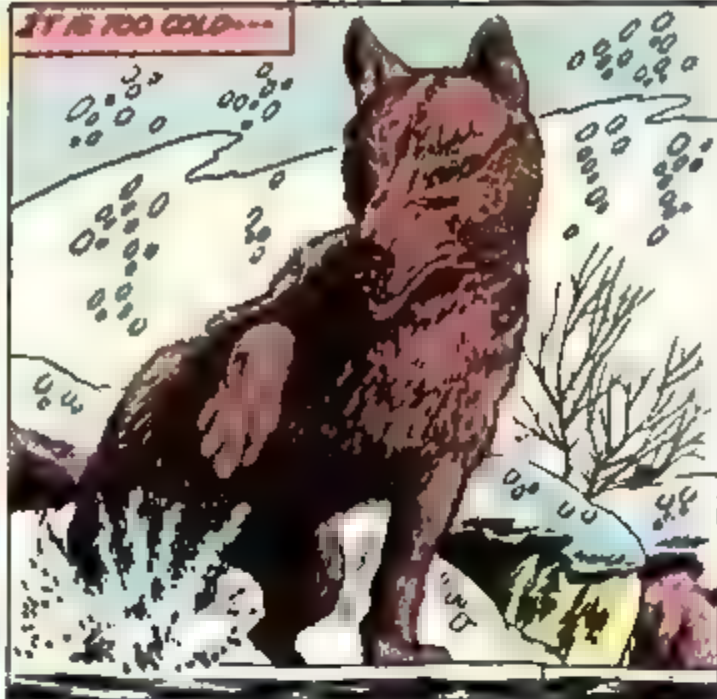




THE PACK LEADER GOES TO THE EDGE OF THE ICE TO TEST THE WATER THAT SEPARATES THE PACK FROM ITS TEMPTING PRIZE---



IT IS TOO COLD---



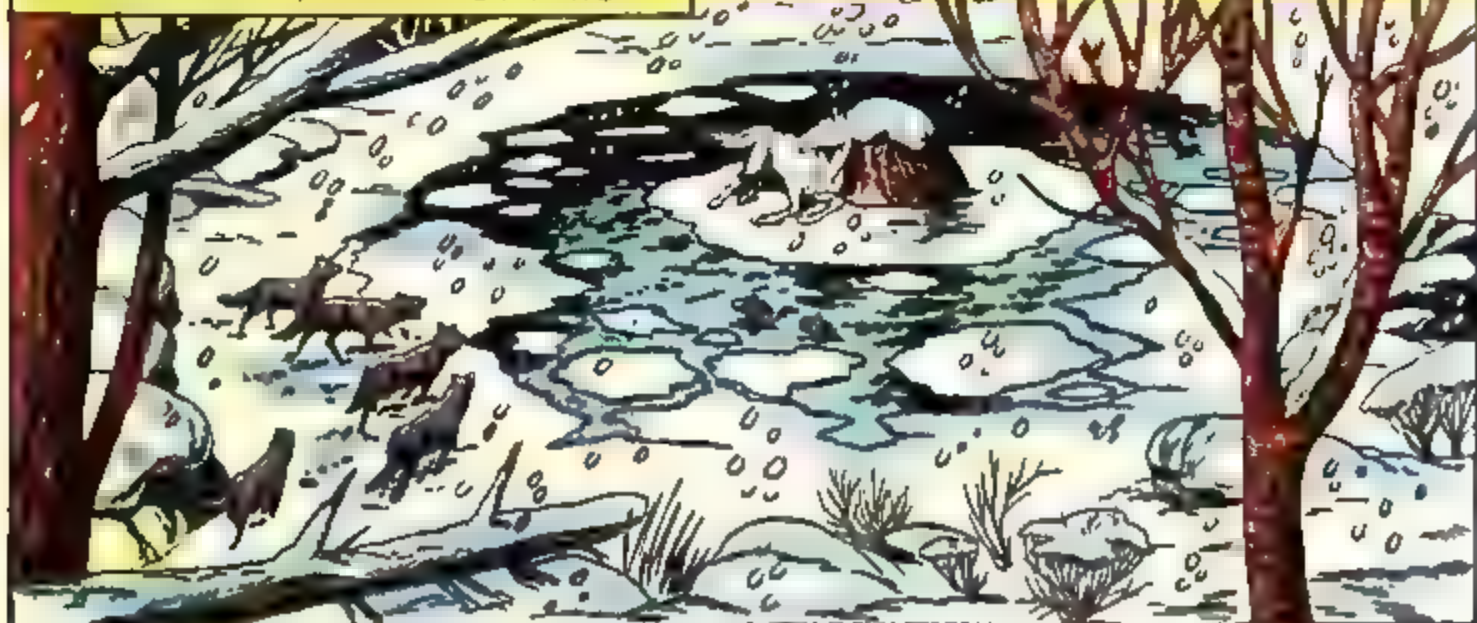
THE PACK SETTLES DOWN TO WAIT FOR THE POND TO FREEZE OVER COMPLETELY, KNOWING THAT THEN IT WILL BE ABLE TO REACH SILVER AND THE BEAVERS' LODGE---



BUT THE CLEVER BEAVERS KNOW THEIR ONLY HOPE TO HELP SILVER, WHO HAS SAVED THEM TWICE ---AND TO MAKE CERTAIN THAT THE WALLS OF THEIR LODGE FREEZE SOLID---IS TO KEEP THE WATER OPEN! THEY BEGIN TO SWIM IN IT---

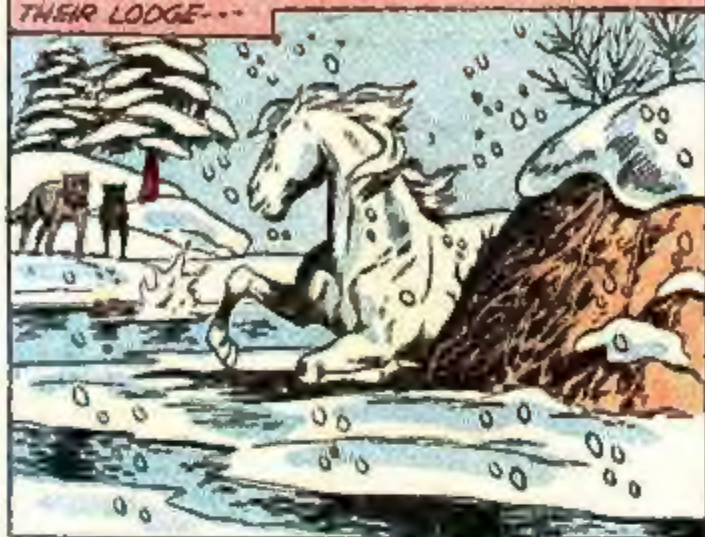


AROUND AND AROUND THE BEAVERS CIRCLE THE ICE ISLAND BY THEIR LODGE, KEEPING THE WATER FREE OF ICE, AS THE PACK WAITS---





FOR HALF A DAY, THE BEAVERS, BY CONSTANT SWIMMING, KEEP THE WATER OPEN. BUT AT LAST, THE DISTANCE BETWEEN THE POND ICE AND THE ICE ISLAND NARROWS DANGEROUSLY AND THE BEAVERS DIVE TO TAKE REFUGE IN THEIR LODGE---



AND SOON THE POND IS ONE SHEET OF ICE! NOW THE PACK CAN REACH SILVER---



BUT AS THE PACK CLOSES IN, SILVER STRUGGLES TO HIS FEET! TIME THE BEAVERS WON FOR HIM WAS ENOUGH TO ALLOW HIS FORELEG TO REGAIN SOME OF ITS STRENGTH! THE GREAT WHITE STALLION READIES HIMSELF TO MEET THE PACK'S ATTACK---



HIS FORELESS KICKING, SILVER CATCHES THE LEADING WOLF---



FOUR WOLVES BACK AWAY UNDER THE SHARP RAKING OF HIS HOOFS! THEN SILVER'S TEETH CLOSE ON THE FURRY NECK OF THE PACK LEADER AND HE TOSSES HIM HIGH IN THE AIR---





THEIR LEADER LYING WHIMPERING ON THE ICE, THE PACK BACKS AWAY, AS SILVER GALLOPS OFF---



AT THE BANK OF THE POND, SILVER LOOKS BACK TO SEE IF THE BEAVERS NEED HELP! BUT THE BEAVERS NOT ONLY GAINED TIME FOR SILVER'S LEG TO HEAL, THEY ALSO WON ENOUGH TIME FOR THEIR LODGE TO FREEZE SOLIDLY AND THE WOLVES TRY TO DIG INTO IT IN VAIN---

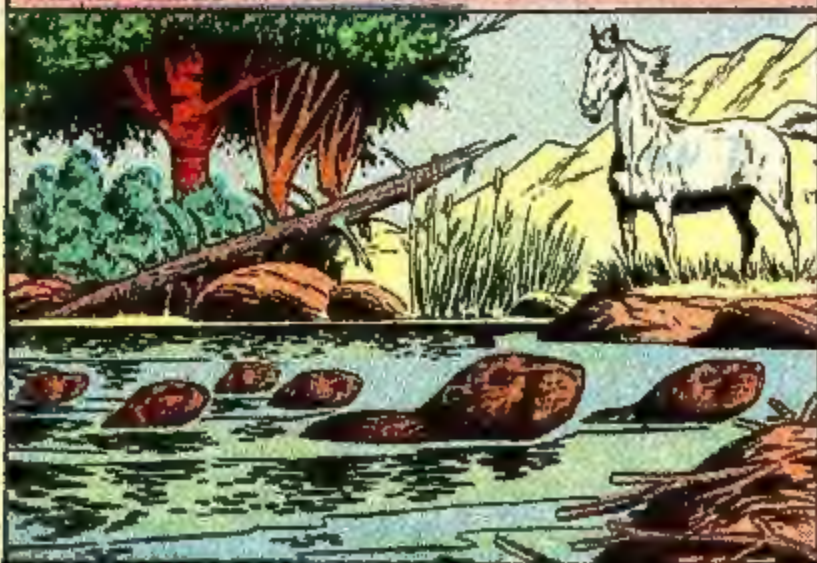


THEN THE BEATEN AND FRUSTRATED PACK LOPEs OFF SILENTLY---



WHEN SPRING COMES AGAIN TO THE VALLEY, SILVER HEARS A FAMILIAR SPLASHING SOUND---

BUT INSTEAD OF FINDING ONLY TWO BEAVERS, NOW THERE ARE FOUR LITTLE BEAVERS SPLASHING IN THE POND TOO! AND SILVER REALIZES HE HAS FOUR MORE ALLIES IN WILD HORSE VALLEY---



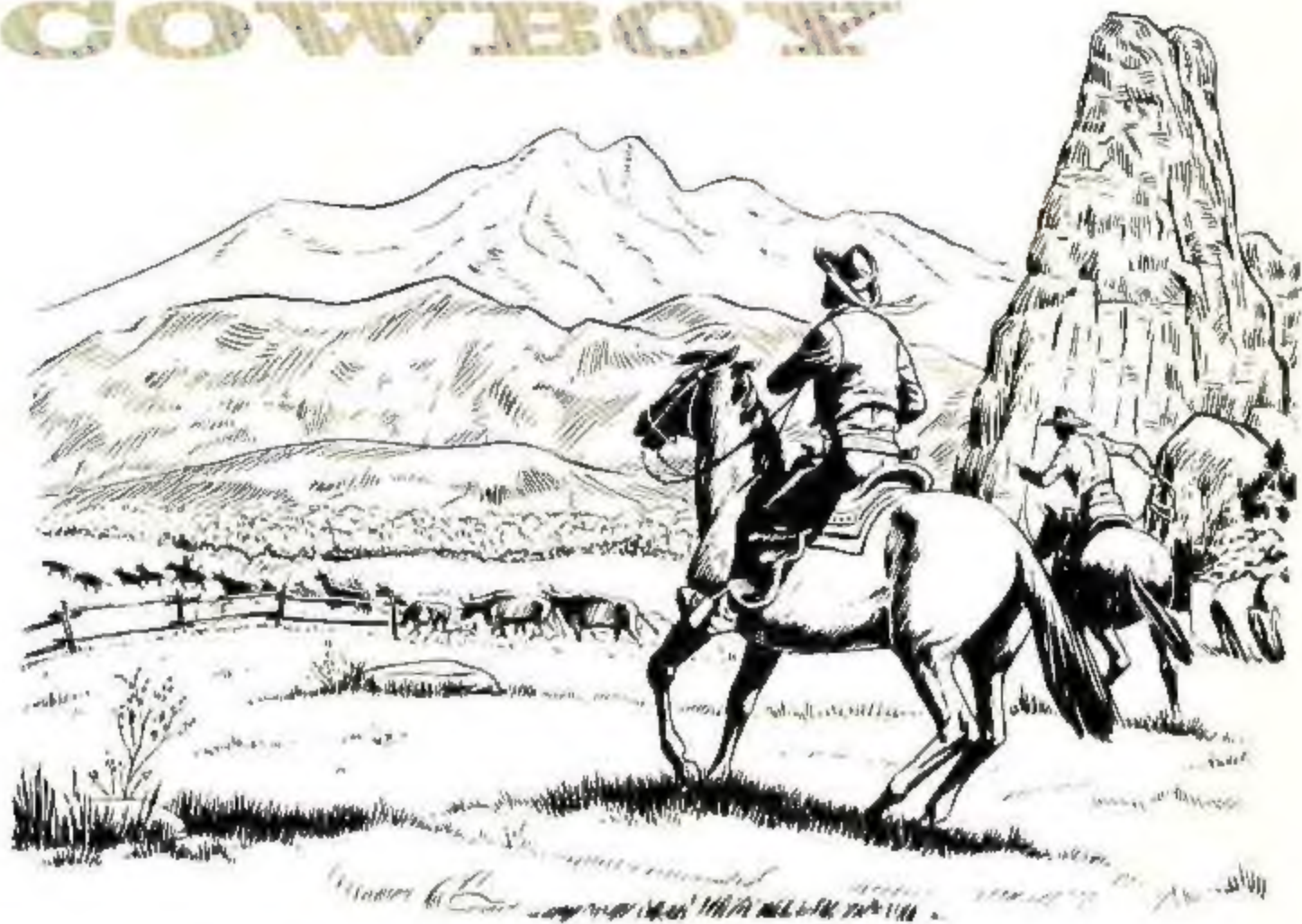
A PLEDGE **DELL** COMIC TO PARENTS

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# the COWBOY



The American cowboy occupies a unique and exciting place in the history of the American West.

His life is hard, and his work exhausting. Often, for three months at a time, during a great roundup or trail drive, he sleeps out of doors, working twelve to eighteen hours a day, branding calves and chasing strays. Dangers are great. Rattlesnakes, rustlers and stampedes are a constant menace, keeping the cowboy continually on guard, day and night.

Nevertheless, cowboys are an uncomplaining, courageous breed of men, prepared to sit out their evenings around a blazing campfire singing, or to spend a few days in town, after the drive, buying a new pair of boots, getting a haircut or just spending their money freely and generously with their friends.

The first cowboys were the Spaniards called the "vaqueros." They brought the first cattle to Texas. Later, Texas became a part of Mexico, and outsiders, especially Americans, were invited to settle there and begin ranch-

ing. But, within fifteen years, the newcomers had won their independence from Mexico. After ten years as a republic, Texas joined the United States. It was this last event that marked the beginning of the history of the American cowboy.

As cattle markets grew, the cowboys and their herds spread, stretching over vast areas of the American grasslands. Westward to the newly rich Californias, north to the huge stockyards of Chicago and south to the port of New Orleans, the cowboys drove their herds.

Out of the competition which grew between neighboring ranches of the old west, developed the modern-day rodeo. Here, the cowboys display their skills at bronc-busting, roping, bulldogging and other western specialties before large, enthusiastic audiences.

Today, as well as yesterday, wherever cattle roam, or a great "spread" lies, the leather-faced, reliable cowboy is still as much a part of the west as he was a century ago.





**Coming of the Railroad**



**Outlaw Capture**



**Peace with the Indians**



**The First Telegraph**